

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

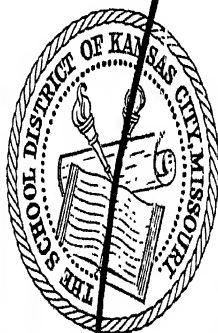


123 766

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

808.8 D42 .19

Kansas City
Public Library



This Volume is for
REFERENCE USE ONLY



PHOTO BY E. W. HAMMON

THE UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

A CYCLOPÆDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE, PRESENTING IN ALPHABETICAL ARRANGEMENT THE BIOGRAPHY, TOGETHER WITH CRITICAL REVIEWS AND EXTRACTS, OF EMINENT WRITERS OF ALL LANDS AND ALL AGES.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

W. H. DE PUY, A.M., D.D., LL.D.

EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE'S CYCLOPEDIA," "AMERICAN REVISIONS AND ADDITIONS TO THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA," ETC., ETC.

Our high respect for a well-read man is praise enough of literature.—Emerson.

Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—Samuel Johnson.

VOLUME XIX.

NEW YORK
J. S. BARCUS & CO.

1897

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang
 ā as in fate, mane, dale.
 u as in far, father, guard.
 ā as in fall, talk.
 ā as in ask, fast, ant.
 ā as in fare.
 e as in met, pen, bless.
 ē as in mete, meet.
 é as in her, fern.
 i as in pin, it.
 f as in pine, flight, file.
 o as in not, on, frog.
 ō as in note, poke, floor.
 o as in move, spoon.
 ō as in nor, song, off.
 u as in tub.
 ū as in mute, acute.
 ū as in pull.
 ū German u, French u.
 oi as in oil, joint, boy.
 ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

â as in prelate, courage.
 ç as in ablegate, episcopal.
 ô as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
 ð as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its sound is variable to, and in or-

dinary utterance actually becomes, the short *u*-sound (of but, pun, etc.).

Thus:

â as in errant, republican.
 ç as in prudent, difference.
 î as in charity, density.
 ò as in valor, actor, idiot.
 þ as in Persia, peninsula.
 ð as in *the* book.
 ŭ as in nature, feature.

A mark (˘) under the consonants *t*, *d*, *s*, *z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch*, *j*, *sh*, *zh*. Thus:

t˘ as in nature, adventure.
 d˘ as in arduous, education.
 s˘ as in pressure.
 z˘ as in seizure.
 y as in yet.
 B Spanish *b* (medial).
 ch as in German *ach*, Scotch *loch*.
 G as in German *Abensberg*, *Ham-burg*.
 H Spanish *g* before *e* and *i*; Spanish *j*; etc. (a guttural *h*).
 n French nasalizing *n*, as in *ton*, *en*.
 s final *s* in Portuguese (soft).
 th as in *thin*.
 TH as in *then*.
 D = TH.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

LIST OF AUTHORS, VOL. XIX.

(WITH PRONUNCIATION.)

- Taine (tān), Hippolyte Adolphe.
 Talfourd (tāl'fērd), Sir Thomas Noon.
 Talleyrand (tal'i rand; Fr. pron. tal-ā ron'), de Périgord, Charles Maurice.
 Talmage (tal'māj), Thomas De Witt.
 Tannahill (tan'a hīl), Robert.
 Tappan (tap'an), William Bingham.
 Tasso (tas'ō; It. pron. tas'sō), Torquato.
 Taylor (tā'lor), Bayard.
 Taylor, Benjamin Franklin.
 Taylor, Sir Henry.
 Taylor, Isaac.
 Taylor, Jane.
 Taylor, Jeremy.
 Taylor, Thomas.
 Taylor, Tom.
 Taylor, William.
 Taylor, William Mackergo.
 Tegner (teng nār), Elias.
 Temple (tem'pl), Sir William.
 Tennant (ten'ant), William.
 Tennyson (ten'i sən), Alfred.
 Tennyson, Charles.
 Tennyson, Frederick.
 Terence (tor'ens), Publius Terentius Afer.
 Terhune (tēr hūn'), Mary Virginia.
 Thackeray (thak'ə ri), Anne Isabella.
 See Ritchie, Anne Isabella.
 Thackeray, William Makepeace.
 Thianet (thian'et), Octave (Alice French).
 Thaxter (thaks'ter), Celia (Laighton).
 Theocritus (thē ok'ri tus).
 Theognis (thē og'nīs).
 Thierry (tyā rō'), Jacques Nicolas Augustin.
 Thiers (tyār), Louis Adolphe.
 Thirlwall (thēr'wāl), Connop.
 Tholuck (thōlek), Friedrich August Gotttren.
 Thomas (tom'as), Edith Matilda.
 Thompson (toup'sən), John Randolph.
 Thompson, Maurice.
 Thomson (tom'sən), James.
 Thomson, William McClure.
 Thoreau (thō'rō), Henry David.
 Thornbury (thōrn'bu ri), Walter.
 Thorpe (thōrp), Rose Hartwick.
 Thrale (thrāl), Hester Lynch (Salisbury).
 Thucydides (thū sid'i dōz).
 Tickell (tik'el), Thomas.
 Ticknor (tik'nor), George.
 Tieck (tēk), Ludwig.
 Tighe (ti), Mary Blackford.
 Tillotson (til'ot sən), John.
 Tilton (til'tən), Theodore.
 Timrod (tam'rod), Henry.
 Timothy Titcomb (tim'ə thi tit'kom).
 See Holland, Josiah Gilbert.
 Tincker (tink'ər), Mary Agnes.
 Tocqueville (tok'vil; Fr. pron. tok-vēl'), Alexis Charles Henri Clérel de.
 Tolstoi (tol'stoi), Count Lyeff Nikolaievitch.
 Tooke (tok), John Horne.
 Toplady (top'lā di), Augustus Montague.
 Tourgee (tōr zhā'), Albion Winegar.
 Townsend (toun'zend), Edward W.
 Townsend, George Alfred.
 Townshend (toun'zənd), Chauncey Hare.
 Trench (trench), Richard Chenevix.
 Trevelyan (tre vel'yan), George Otto.
 Trollope (trol'up), Anthony.
 Trollope, Frances (Milton).
 Trollope, Thomas Adolphus.
 Trowbridge (trō'brif), John Townsend.
 Trumbull (trum'bul), John.
 Tuckerman (tuk'ər mən), Henry Theodore.
 Tulloch (tul'ok), John.
 Tupper (tup'ər), Martin Farquhar.
 Turgeneff (tūr gān'yef), Ivan Sergeyevich.
 Twain (twān), Mark. See Clemens, Samuel Langhorne.
 Tylor (tī'lor), Moses Colt.
 Tyndal (tin'dəl), John.
 Tyler (tī'lor), Alexander Fraser.
 Tytler, Patrick Fraser.
 Udall (ū'dəl), Nicholas.
 Uhland (ū'lant), Johann Ludwig.
 Ullrich (ū'l'rik), Louis.
 Urquhart (ūrēl'art), David.
 Usher (ush'ər), James.
 Valdes (vāl dās'), Armando Palacio.
 Vanbrugh (van brū'), John.
 Vedas (vā'dās).

- Vega Carpio (vā'ga kar'pē ō), Lope Felix.
 Vere (vēr), Sir Aubrey de. See De Vere, Aubrey.
 Vere, Aubrey Thomas de. See De Vere, Aubrey Thomas.
 Vere, Max. Schele de. See De Vere, Max. Schele.
 Verestchagin (ve rest cha'gin), Alexander Vasilyévitch.
 Vergil (vér'jil) See Virgil.
 Verne (vern), Jules.
 Vernon Lee (vér'non lē). See Paget, Violet.
 Verplanck (vér plangk'), Gulian Crommelin.
 Very (ver'i), Jones.
 Viaud (vyō), Louis Marie Julien.
 Villon (vēl lōh'), François.
 Vincent (vin'sent), Frank.
 Vincent, John Heyl.
 Violet White (vīō let hwit). See Stannard, Mrs. Henrietta V.
 Virgil (vér'jil), Publius Vergilius Maro
 Vogelweide (fō'gel vī de), Walther von der.
 Volney (vol'ni; Fr. pron vōl nā'), Constantin François Chassebœuf.
 Voltaire (vol tār'), François Marie Arouet, de.
 Vondel (von'del), Joost van den.
 Wace (was), Richard.
 Wakefield (wāk'fēld), Nancy Amelia Woodbury (Priest).
 Walford (wāl'tōrd), Lucy Bethia Colquhoun.
 Walker (wā'kér), James Barr.
 Wallace (wol'ās), Alfred Russell.
 Wallace, Horace Binney.
 Wallace, Lewis.
 Wallace, Susan Arnold (Elston).
 Wallace, William Ross.
 Waller (wol'ér), Edmund.

Errata.

- Taylor (tā'lor), Ann.
 Thierry (tyā rē'), Amédée Simon Dominique.
 Thomas (tom'as), Hiram Washington.
 Towne (toun), Edward Owings.
 Upton (up'ton), George Putnam.
 Vigny (vēn yē'), Alfred Victor.

UNIVERSITY
OF
LITERATURE.

TAINE, HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE, a French critic, historian and literateur, born in 1828; died in 1893. He was educated at the Bourbon College, employed in the Paris Normal School, and in 1864 was appointed Professor of History and Æsthetics in the *École des Beaux-Arts*. Beginning with 1855, he has published numerous works, such as *Travels in the Pyrenees* (1855), and *in Italy* (1866), *Critical and Historical Essays*, two series (1864-65), a study of Carlyle and one of J. S. Mill; *French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century* (1856), *The Philosophy of Art in Italy* (1866), a *History of English Literature*, in four volumes (1864), widely known and used by students in this country; also *Philosophy of Art in Greece* (1870), *The Intellect* (1870), *Notes on England* (1871), and *Origin of Contemporaneous France* (5 volumes, 1876-1890). His works have been translated into English.

ART ENVIRONMENT.

In the first place the men of this period, A. D. 1500, are obliged to be interested in one

thing with which we are no longer familiar, because we no longer have it before us and pay no attention to it, and that is the body, the muscles and the different attitudes which the human figure in action presents to us. At this epoch a man, no matter what his rank might be, is expected to be a man of arms, to be skilled in the use of the sword and dagger in his own defense; consequently, and without being aware of it, he charges his memory with every form and attitude of the active or militant body. Count Balthazar de Castiglione, in describing a polished society, enumerates the exercises in which a man who is well brought up should be expert. You will see that gentlemen of those days have the education and, consequently, the ideas, not only of a master of arms, but again of a bull-fighter, of a gymnast, of a horseman, of a knight-errant.

"I require," says Castiglione, "that our courtier be a complete horseman, and, as it is a special merit of Italians to govern the horse with the bridle, to manœuvre it systematically, especially horses difficult of control, to run with lances, and to joust, let him in these matters be an Italian among the best. In tourneys and passages at arms, and in races within barriers, let him be one of the good among the best of the French. . . . In cudgeling, bull-fighting, casting darts and lances, let him excel among the Spaniards. . . . It is well, again, that he should know how to run and to jump. Another noble exercise is tennis, and I esteem it no slight merit to know how to leap a horse."

These are not simple maxims confined to conversation or to books; they were put in practice; the habits of men of the highest rank were in conformity with them. Julian de Medici, who was assassinated by the Pazzi, is lauded by his biographer, not only for his talent in poetry and his tact as a connoisseur, but again for his skill in managing the horse, in wrestling, and in throwing the lance. Cæsar

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINÉ.—

Borgia, that great assassin and able politician, possessed hands as vigorous as his intellect and his will. His portrait shows us the man of fashion, and his history the diplomatist; but his private life also shows us the matadore as we see it in Spain from whence his family came. "He is twenty-seven years old," says a contemporary; "he has a very handsome figure, and the Pope, his father, is much afraid of him. He has slain six wild bulls, fighting them on horseback with a pike, and he split the head of one of these bulls at a single blow."

Consider men thus educated, with experience in and taste for all corporeal exercises; they are fully qualified to comprehend the representation of the body, that is to say, painting and sculpture; a rearing horse, the curvature of the thigh, an uplifted arm, the projection of a muscle, every function and every form of the human body arouse in their minds inward and pre-existing images. They can be interested in its members, and become connoisseurs through instinct, without any self-distrust.

In the next place, the absence of justice and of a police, an aggressive life, and the constant presence of extreme danger fill the soul with energetic, simple and grand passions. It is accordingly ready to appreciate energy, simplicity and grandeur in attitudes and in figures; for the source of taste is sympathy, and in order that an expressive object should please us its expression must be in conformity with our moral condition.

In the last place, and for the same reasons, we have a deeper sensibility; for it is forced back within us by the terrible pressure of the various trials which encircle a human life. The more a man has suffered, dreaded or grieved, the more delighted he is to expand. The more his soul has been beset with painful anxieties or with dark thoughts, the greater his pleasure in the presence of harmonious and noble beauty. The more he has strained or bridled himself either for action or for dissimulation, the

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINÉ.—

more he enjoys when he is able to give vent to and to unbend himself. A calm, blooming Madonna in his alcove, the shape of a valiant youth over his dresser, occupies his eye the more agreeably after tragic preoccupations and funereal reveries. . . .

Let us try to bring together these diverse traits of character, and consider, on the one hand, a man of our time, rich and well educated, and on the other, a grand seignior of the year fifteen hundred, both selected from the class in which you look for judges. Our contemporary gets up at eight o'clock in the morning, puts on his dressing-gown, takes his chocolate, goes into his library, overlooks some piles of papers if he is a business man, or turns over the leaves of some fresh publications if he is a man of society; after this, with his mind filled and at ease, having taken a few turns on a soft carpet, and breakfasted in a handsome room warmed with a heater, he goes out to promenade on the boulevard, smoke his cigar and visit a club to read the newspapers, and talk about literature, stock quotations, politics, or railroad improvements. When he goes home, if on foot, an hour after midnight, he knows that the streets are lined with policemen and that no accident can well happen to him. His spirit is perfectly calm, and he goes to bed thinking that to-morrow he will do the samething over again. Such is life to-day. What has this man seen in the way of the body? He has perhaps entered a cold bath-house and contemplated the grotesque pool in which every human deformity is plashing about; perhaps if he is curious, he has looked two or three times in his life at the market athletes; and the most decided thing in the way of the nude that he has seen, is the common pink fleshings of the opera house. What an experience has he been subjected to in the matter of strong passions? Perhaps to some cases of wounded vanity or to some uneasiness about investments; he has made a poor speculation at the stock exchange or he has not secured a

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINÉ.—

place he hoped to get; his friends have reported in society that he was dull; his wife spends too much money or his son has committed imprudences. But the great passions which put his own life and the life of his kindred in peril, which may bring his head to the block or in a slipping-noose, which may precipitate him into a dungeon, lead him to torture or to execution, he knows nothing of. He is too tranquil, too well protected, too much parceled out into little delicate and pleasing sensations; except the rare chance of a duel, with its ceremonial and polite accompaniments, he is ignorant of the inner state of a man who is about to kill or be killed. Consider, on the contrary, one of those grand seigniors of whom I have just spoken. Oliveretto del Fermo, Alfonso d'Este, Cæsar Borgia, Lorenzo de Medici, and their gentlemen, all those who are at the head of affairs. The first concern in the morning for a Renaissance noble or cavalier, is to strip naked with his fencing master, a dagger in one hand and a sword in the other. Thus do we see him represented in engravings. What is his life devoted to and what is his principal pleasure! It consists of cavalcades, masquerades, entries into cities, mythological pageants, tourneys, receptions of sovereigns, in which he figures on horseback magnificently dressed, displaying his laces, velvet doublets and gold embroidery, proud of his imposing aspect and of the vigorous attitude by which, along with his companions, he enhances the dignity of his sovereign. On leaving his house for the day he generally has on a full suit of armor under his doublet; he is obliged to guard against the dagger strokes and sword thrusts which may possibly greet him at the corner of the street. Even in his own palace he is not at ease; the vast stone recesses, the windows barred with thick iron, the military solidity of the entire structure indicate a dwelling which, like a cuirass, has got to defend its master against sudden surprises. Such a man, when he is well locked up at home and sees

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINÉ.—

before him the fine form of a courtesan or of a Virgin, of a Hercules, of the eternal grandly draped or with vigorous development of muscle, is more capable than a modern of comprehending their beauty and physical perfection. He will appreciate, without being educated in a studio, through involuntary sympathy, the heroic nudities and terrible muscularities of Michael Angelo, the health, the placidity, the pure expression of a Madonna by Raphael, the natural and hardy vitality of a bronze by Donatello, the twining, strangely seductive attitude of a figure by da Vinci, the superb animal voluptuousness, the impetuous movement, the athletic force and joyousness of the figures of Giorgione and Titian.

A picturesque state of mind, that is to say, midway between pure ideas and pure images, energetic characters and passionate habits suited to giving a knowledge of and taste for beautiful physical forms, constitute the temporary circumstances which, added to the innate aptitudes of the race, produced, in Italy, the great and perfect painting of the human form. We have, now, only to descend into the streets, or to enter the studios, and we shall see it giving itself birth. It is not, as with us, a school production, an occupation of the critics, a pastime for the curious, an amateur's mania, an artificial plant cultivated at great cost, withering in spite of the compost heaped about it, foreign to the soil and painfully supported in an atmosphere made for maintaining the sciences, literatures, manufactures, policemen, and dress-coats; it forms a portion of a whole; the cities which cover their town halls and their churches with painted figures, gather around it countless *tableaux vivants* more transient but more imposing; it is only a summary of these. The men of this day are amateurs of painting, not for an hour, for a single moment in their life, but throughout their life, in their religious ceremonies, in their national festivities, in their public receptions, in their avocations and in their amusements.—*Art in Italy.*

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.—

TALFOURD, SIR THOMAS NOON, an English dramatist and reviewer, born in Stafford in 1795; died there in 1854. He was admitted to the practice of law, in London, 1821, and, after he became serjeant at law, was known as Serjeant Talfourd; subsequently, he was appointed judge. Twice he was elected to Parliament, and especially distinguished himself by advocating the rights of authors and procuring the Act of 1842. His dramas are: *Ion* (1835), *The Athenian Captive* (1838), *Glencoe* (1840), and *The Castilian* (1854). He edited the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Charles Lamb* (1837), and *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb* (1848), and wrote *Vacation Rambles* (1844), an account of his continental tours. His critical and miscellaneous writings were published in Philadelphia,—the second edition, with additions, in 1852.

WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE.

We have no need of resort to argument in order to show that genius is not gradually declining. A glance at its productions, in the present age, will suffice to prove the gloomy mistake of desponding criticism. . . . And first—in the great walk of poesy—is Wordsworth, who, if he stood alone, would vindicate the immortality of his art. He has, in his works, built up a rock of defence for his species, which will resist the mightiest tides of demoralizing luxury. Setting aside the varied and majestic harmony of his verse—the freshness and grandeur of his descriptions—the exquisite softness of his delineations of character—and the high and rapturous spirit of his choral songs—we may produce his “divine philosophy,” as unequalled by any preceding bard. And surely it is no small proof of the infinity of the re-

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.—

sources of genius, that in this late age of the world, the first of all philosophic poets should have arisen, to open a new vein of sentiment and thought, deeper and richer than yet had been laid bare to mortal eyes. His rural pictures are as fresh and lively as those of Cowper, yet how much lovelier is the poetic light which is shed over them. His exhibition of gentle peculiarities of character, and dear immunities of heart, is as true and genial as that of Goldsmith, yet how much is its interest heightened by its intimate connection, as by golden chords, with the noblest and most universal truths! His little pieces of tranquil beauty are as holy and as sweet as those of Collins, and yet while we feel the calm of the elder poet gliding into our souls, we catch farther glimpses through the luxuriant boughs into "the highest heaven of invention." His soul mantles as high with love and joy, as that of Burns, but yet "how bright, how solemn, how serene," is the brimming and lucid stream! His poetry not only discovers, within the heart, new faculties, but awakens within its untried powers, to comprehend and enjoy its beauty and its wisdom.

Not less marvellously gifted, though in a far different manner, is Coleridge, who, by a strange error, has been regarded as belonging to the same school, partaking of the same peculiarities, and upholding the same doctrines. Instead, like Wordsworth, of seeking the sources of sublimity and of beauty in the simplest elements of humanity, he ranges through all history and science, investigating all that has really existed, and all that has had foundation only in the strongest and wildest minds, combining, condensing, developing, and multiplying the rich products of his research with marvellous facility and skill; now pondering fondly over some piece of exquisite loveliness, brought from a wild and unknown recess; now tracing out the hidden germ of the eldest and most barbaric theories; and now calling fantastic spirits from the vasty deep,

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.—

where they have slept since the dawn of reason. The term "myriad-minded," which he has happily applied to Shakspeare, is truly descriptive of himself. He is not one, but Legion—"rich with the spoils of time"—richer in his own glorious and sportive fantasy. There is nothing more wonderful than the facile majesty of his images, or rather of his worlds of imagery which even in his poetry or his prose, start up before us self-raised and all perfect like the palace of Aladdin. He ascends to the sublimest truths, by a winding track of sparkling glory, which can only be described in his own language—

"The spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand
rounds

Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit."

—*Critical and Miscellaneous Essays.*

THE DEATH OF ION.

Ion.—Prithee, no more—Argives! I have a
boon

To crave of you. Whene'er I shall rejoin
In death the father from whose heart in life
Stern fate divided me, think gently of him!
Think that beneath his panoply of pride
Were fair affections crushed by bitter wrongs
Which fretted him to madness; what he did,
Alas! ye know; could you know what he suffer-
ed,

Ye would not curse his name. Yet never more
Let the great interests of the state depend
Upon the thousand chances that may sway
A piece of human frailty; swear to me
That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
The means of sovereignty: our country's space
So happy in its smallness, so compact,
Needs not the magic of a single name
Which wider regions may require to draw

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.—

Their interest into one ; but, circled thus,
Like a blest family, by simple laws
May tenderly be governed—all degrees,
Not placed in dexterous balance, not combined
By bonds of parchment, or by iron clasps,
But blended into one—a single form
Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords
Of sympathy pervading, shall endow
With vital beauty : tint with roseate bloom
In times of happy peace, and bid to flash
With one brave impulse, if ambitious bands
Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to
me

That ye will do this ? . . .

Medon and Others.—We swear it !

Ion.—Hear and record the oath, immortal
powers !

Now give me leave a moment to approach
That altar unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*

Gracious gods !

In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now ; and if there is a power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your
shapes

The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven ; to ye I offer up
This conscious being, full of life and love,
For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
End all her sorrows ! [*Stabs himself.*



TALLEYRAND.
(Portrait by Gerard.)

TALLEYRAND.—

TALLEYRAND, DE PÉRIGORD, CHARLES MAURICE, a French prelate, prince, and minister ; born at Paris in 1754 ; died in 1838. His father, of princely connections, was an officer of the royal household. Excluded from the rights of primogeniture by lameness, the son made the church a means to his ambition. He distinguished himself in college, became abbé, and, in 1789, bishop of Autun ; was elected by his clergy to the States-General ; was influential in advocating confiscation of church lands ; was president of the Assembly in 1790, was excommunicated by the Pope in 1791, and succeeded Mirabeau as director of the department of Paris ; was ambassador to England under Louis XVI, and also, after the Revolution, under Danton. Expelled from England, he falsely reappeared there as an exile, to intrigue ; helped to consolidate Napoleon's power, became Vice-Grand Elector of the empire, and after its fall, set up Louis XVIII, and was prime minister at the second restoration. He did much service to France at the Vienna Congress, but was, under all régimes, a time-server, unprincipled, vicious, and the embodiment of deceit and selfishness, even in his occasional able advocacy of good measures. An English translation of his *Memoirs*, which have long been in the possession of the Duc de Broglie, is about to be published (1890) in five volumes.

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, Oct. 10th, 1792.

Citizen Minister.

Permit me to request the favor of you to communicate to the other members of the executive council, some remarks concerning the real and relative situation of Great Britain and

TALLEYRAND.—

Ireland. . . . That in the British nation the far greater part of the inhabitants call loudly for a reform, and desire a revolution, which may establish a commonwealth, is undeniable ; but the British patriots possess neither our activity, our disinterestedness, nor our energy, philosophy, or elevated views ; and they have not yet been able to acquire for a support and rallying point, *the majority in the legislature*.

They may, however, and they certainly do intend to resort to arms in supporting their petitions for reform, and their attempt to recover their lost liberties. But as long as the strength and resources of the present government continue unimpaired, they may distress it, even shake it, but I fear, without aid from France, they will be unable to change, or to curb it. The ministers even expect to be reinforced with the interest and talents of all those violent alarmists, terrified or seduced by the eloquent sophistry of the fanatic E. Burke, who will add additional weight to the scale of the English aristocracy.

Everything indicates that the king of England will not long continue his present system of neutrality. All the colonels have lately received orders to hasten the complement of their regiments. Several more ships have just been put in commission. A report is prevalent of the militia being directly called out. Societies against *republicans* and *levelers* are talked of as encouraged by government. . . .

Is it besides probable, that England will remain neutral, without interference, should the efforts and valor of our armies be crowned with success ? Or, if encountering defeats, will she not take advantage of our disasters, by dividing our spoils with our foes ? We have it this moment in our power to command, not only the neutrality of Great Britain and Ireland, but if it be thought politic, to form an offensive and defensive alliance with the English, Scotch, and Irish commonwealths, established by our arms, and therefore naturally connected with

TALLEYRAND.—

the French republic by the strongest of all ties—a common interest, a common danger, or a common safety. . . . The regular troops in England do not amount to 20,000 men complete. . . .

By the last official return from the executive committee, you see that England alone contains 166,000 registered patriots, of whom 33,600 may be provided with fire-arms from our depots, and the remainder in four days armed with pikes. Our travelling agents assure us that besides these, as many more are ready to declare themselves in our favor, were we once landed, and able to support them effectually.

In Scotland there are no more than 9,500 regular troops. . . . In the same country the last official return makes the patriots amount to 44,200 registered, and double that number, who, from different motives, have not yet declared themselves.

In Ireland the regular troops amount to 10,400 men, and the registered patriots to 131,500, who expect to be joined by almost every Roman Catholic in the island, should anything be undertaken by us for their deliverance from their present oppressive yoke.

All these encouraging circumstances duly considered, my humble proposal is that our fleet at Toulon, now ready for sea on an expedition in the Mediterranean, after taking aboard 20 to 25,000 men, and arms for 100,000 more, change its destination, pass the strait of Gibraltar, and land in Ireland as an ally of the numerous oppressed patriots in that country. These forces are at present more than sufficient to deprive Great Britain forever of that important island, or at least to enable us to keep it as a depot during the war, and a security for her neutrality, in case our attempts to revolutionize her should not meet with an equal success.

I am, however, not too sanguine in my impressions or expectations when I assert, that at this period, even in England and Scotland, we

TALLEYRAND.—

shall meet with less resistance, and fewer obstacles than many may suppose, if we are only discreet, prudent, and above all *expeditious*. . . .

At three times. in forty-eight hours, we may, without opposition, land 50 to 60,000 men in twenty or thirty different points, under the names of emigrants, and seize the principal dock-yards, arsenals, and naval stations. With the assistance of our numerous secret adherents we may even occupy London itself, and *what is certain, and may be depended upon*, our landing will be the signal for a general revolt. . .

But, if unfortunately any unforeseen, or to me unknown reasons or impediments prevail, to prevent it from being carried into effect, pardon me when I fear that centuries will elapse before another such opportunity offers to France to seize on Ireland, to invade England and Scotland, and with their riches and power maintain an undisturbed sway over the universe, in proclaiming an universal republic.—*Memoirs of Talleyrand*, London, 1805.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.—

TANNAHILL, ROBERT, a Scottish poet, born at Paisley in 1774; died there in 1810. At an early age he was set at work as a weaver, and followed that occupation in his native city until he was twenty-six years old, when he went to Lancashire, England. At the end of two years he was recalled to Paisley by the failing health of his father, who died soon afterward. Tannahill wrote to a friend: "My brother Hugh and I are all that now remain at home with our old mother, bending under age and frailty; and but seven years back, nine of us used to sit at dinner together." A collection of his *Poems* was published in 1807, and three years afterwards he prepared a new and enlarged edition. The issue of this edition was declined by the publisher on account of "a press of engagements." This disappointment, and his own precarious health, preyed upon his spirits, and he fell into a condition of profound melancholy, in an access of which he burned all of his manuscripts. Returning from a short visit to Glasgow, he retired apparently to rest. His body was found next morning in a neighboring brook, where he had evidently drowned himself. A new edition of his poems was published in 1838, and a sumptuous "Centenary Edition" in 1874. Most of his poems are in the Scottish dialect, and his Scottish songs are second only to those of Burns. His life was wholly free from those irregularities which marred the career of Burns.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

Gloomy Winter's now awa';
Saft the westlin breezes blaw;
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw

ROBERT TANNAHILL.—

The mavis sings fu' cheerie O.
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell
Blooming like thy bonny sel',
My young and artless dearie O.

Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkillock's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
'Midst joys that never wearie O.
Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks
Feathery breckans fringe the rocks;
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks
And ilka thing is cheerie O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom and verdure spring;
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless with thee, my dearie O.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the rae
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I'll twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae drearie,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn

ROBERT TANNAHILL.—

On the night-breeze is swelling,
Sae merrily we'll sing
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light liltin' chorus.

Now the simmer's in prime,
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming,
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

The sun has gone down o'er the lofty Ben-
Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the
scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer
gloamin',
To muse on sweet Jessie, the Flower o'
Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its sauft fauldin'
blossom,
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green!
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the Flower o' Dum-
blane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny;
For guileless simplicity marks her his ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet Flower
o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the
e'ening;
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen:
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the Flower o'
Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and
vain;

ROBERT TANNAHILL.—

I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the Flower o'
Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest
grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splen-
dor,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dum-
blane.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Keen blows the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer;
The auld castle turrets are covered wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my
lover

Amang the broom bushes by Stanley's green
shaw!

The wild-flowers o' summer were spread a' sae
bonny,

The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken
tree;

But far to the camp they hae marched my dear
Johnie,

And now it is winter wi' nature and me. .

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak
mountain,

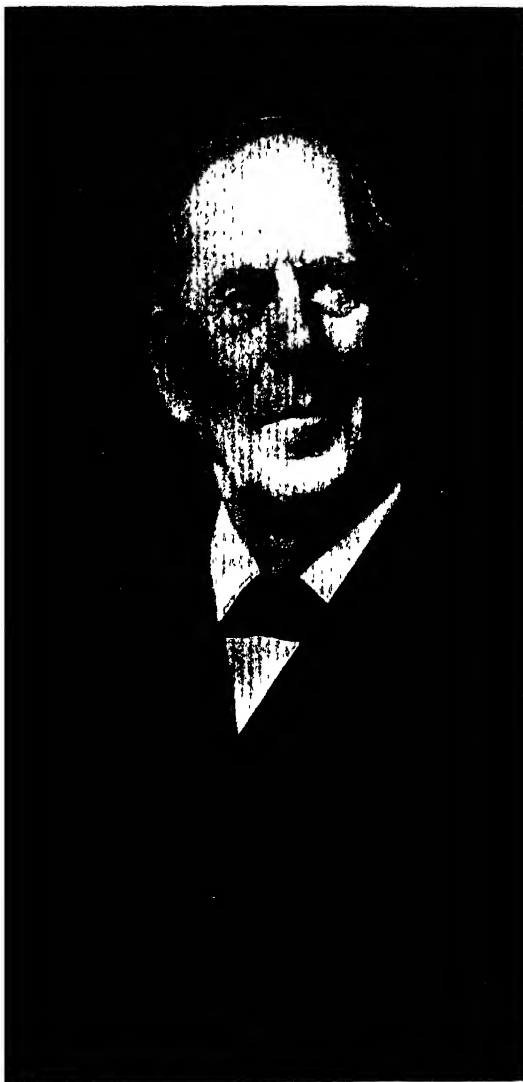
And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky
brae,

While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-
flooded fountain,

That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and
me.

It's no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
It's no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my
ee;

For oh! gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter were summer to me.



THOMAS DEWITT TALMAGE.

(Copyright Photo. by permission of Historical Pub. Co.,
Philadelphia.)

THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE.—

TALMAGE, THOMAS DE WITT, one of the greatest pulpit orators of the present age, was born near Bound Brook, N. J., in 1832. He was educated in New York City and at New Brunswick, N. J. His most noted pastorate was that of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Congregation; whose house of worship has been three times burned to the ground. In 1895 he became associate pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C. He has been successively editor of the *Christian at Work*, *The Advance*, the *Sunday Magazine*, and *The Christian Herald*; and is the author of *Crumbs Swept Up* (1870); *Abomination of Modern Society* (1872); *Around the Tea-table* (1874); *The Mask Torn Off* (1879); *The Marriage Ring* (1886); *Woman: Her Powers and Privileges* (1888), etc.; and a collection of sermons entitled *The Brooklyn Tabernacle*.

OUR SPECTACLES.

An unwary young man comes to town. He buys elegant silk pocket-handkerchiefs on Chatham Street for twelve cents, and diamonds at a dollar-store. He supposes that when a play is advertised "for one night only," he will have but one opportunity of seeing it. He takes a greenback with an X on it, a mere sign that it is ten dollars, not knowing that there are counterfeits. He takes five shares of silver-mining stock in the company for developing the resources of the moon. He supposes that every man that dresses well is a gentleman. He goes to see the lions, not knowing that any of them will bite; and that when people go to see the lions, the lions sometimes come out to see them. He has an idea that fortunes lie thickly around, and all he will have to do is to stoop down and pick one up. Having been brought up where

the greatest dissipation was a blacksmith-shop on a rainy day, and where the gold on the wheat is never counterfeit, and buckwheat fields never issue false stock, and brooks are always "current," and ripe fall-pippins are a legal-tender, and blossoms are honest when they promise to pay, he was unprepared to resist the allurements of city life. A sharper has fleeced him, an evil companion has despoiled him, a policeman's "billy" has struck him on the head, or a prison's turnkey bids him a rough "Good-night!"

What got him into all this trouble? Can any moral optician inform us? *Green goggles*, my dear.

Your neighbor's first great idea in life is a dollar; the second is a dollar—making in all two dollars. The smaller ideas are cents. Friendship is with him a mere question of loss and gain. He will want your name on his note. Every time he shakes hands, he estimates the value of such a greeting. He is down on Fourth of Julys, and Christmas Days, because on them you spend money instead of making it. He has reduced everything in life to vulgar fractions. He has been hunting all his life for the cow that had the golden calf. He has cut the Lord's Prayer on the back of a three-cent piece, his only regret that he has spoiled the piece.—*Crumbs Swept Up.*

WILLIAM BINGHAM TAPPAN.—

TAPPAN, WILLIAM BINGHAM, an American poet, born at Beverly, Mass., in 1794, died at Boston in 1849. He was apprenticed to a clock-maker in Boston ; in 1816 entered into business in Philadelphia ; in 1823 became connected with the American Sunday School Union, becoming from time to time the Superintendent of its depositories at Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Boston. He put forth several volumes of poems, among which are : *New England, and other Poems* (1819), *Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems* (1846), *The Sunday School, and other Poems*, (1848), *Late and Early Poems* (1849).

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

There is an hour of peaceful rest.

To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast :—
'Tis found above, in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
Far from these shades of even ;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear : 'tis heaven.

There Faith lifts up her languid eye,
The heart no longer riven ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly ;
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

TASSO.—

TASSO, TORQUATO, an Italian poet, born at Sorrento in 1544; died at Rome in 1595. His father, Bernardo Tasso, was of noble rank, and a poet of marked ability. The son studied in the best Italian schools, and at the age of seventeen received high honors from the University of Padua in the four departments of civil law, ecclesiastical law, theology, and philosophy. He however, devoted himself wholly to letters, and at the age of eighteen wrote the epic poem *Rinaldo*, which won for him a high reputation. He was soon after invited to the newly founded University of Bologna, where he planned an epic poem founded upon the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders under Godfrey of Boulogne. In 1565 he was invited to the Court of Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara, where he rose to great favor with the Duke and his two accomplished sisters Lucretia and Leonore. His epic, the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, "Jerusalem Delivered," was completed in 1575, and Tasso was appointed Historiographer of the Ducal House. Not long after began that mystery in his history which has never been fully cleared up. The authenticated facts are these: In 1577 Tasso fled from Ferrara. After a couple of years he returned, but meeting with an unfavorable reception, he inveighed bitterly against the Duke. He was arrested, and confined as a madman in the hospital of Santa Anna, where he was treated with extreme harshness for seven years. In 1586 he was released, at the intercession of Vincenzo Gonzago, Prince of Modena, with whom he passed two years; and subsequently spent some years mainly at Naples and Rome. He went to Rome for the last time in the autumn of



TORQUATO TASSO.

1594. His friend, Cardinal Aldobrandini, had obtained for him from the Pope the honor of a public coronation in the Capitol, the ceremony to take place in the ensuing spring. His health gave way, and at his own request he was taken to the monastery of St. Onofio, where he died, April 25, 1595—the day which had been fixed upon for his coronation. The *Jerusalem Delivered* holds an acknowledged place among the great epics of the world. It has been translated into English by some half-score of persons; the best of these versions being those of Edward Fairfax (1600) and of J. H. Wiffen (1838). Among Tasso's other works are: *Aminta*, a pastoral drama (1573), *Rime, insieme con altro Conponimenti* (1581), *Dialoghi e Discorsi* (1586-87), and *Gerusalemme Conquistata* (1593).

THE THEME OF JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

I sing the pious arms and Chief who freed
 The Sepulchre of Christ from thrall profane :
 Much did he toil in thought and much in deed,
 Much in the glorious enterprise sustain ;
 And Hell in vain opposed him, and in vain
 Afric and Asia to the rescue poured
 Their mingled tribes. Heaven recompensed
 his pain,
 And from all further sallies of the sword,
 True to the Red-Cross flag his wandering friends
 restored.
 And thou, the Muse that not with fading
 palms
 Circlest thy brows on Pindus, but among
 The Angels warbling the celestial psalms,
 Hast for thy coronal a golden throng
 Of everlasting stars, make thou my song
 Lucid and pure ; breathe thou the flame divine
 Into my bosom ; and forgive the wrong
 If with grave truth light fiction I combine,
 And sometimes grace my page with other
 flowers than thine.

Transl. of WIFFEN.

TASSO.—

THE CRUSADERS IN SIGHT OF JERUSALEM.

The odorous air, morn's messenger, now spread
Its wings to herald, in serenest skies,
Aurora issuing forth, her radiant head
Adorned with roses plucked in Paradise ;
When in full panoply the hosts arise,
And loud and spreading murmurs upward fly
Ere yet the trumpet rings its melodies.
They miss not long ; the trumpet's tuneful cry
Gives the command, loud sounding through the
sky.

Wing'd is each heart, and wingéd every heel ;
They fly, yet notice not how fast they fly ;
But by the time the dusty meads reveal
The fervent sun's ascension to the sky,
Lo, tower'd Jerusalem salutes the eye.
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale ;
"Jerusalem !" a thousand voices cry ;
"All hail, Jerusalem !" Hill, down, and dale
Catch the glad sounds, and shout, "Jerusalem,
all hail !"

Thus, when a crew of fearless voyagers,
Seeking new lands, spread their audacious
sails,
In the hoarse Arctic, under unknown stars—
Sport of the faithless waves and treacherous
gales—
If, as the little bark the billow scales,
One views the long-wished headland from the
mast,
With merry shouts the far-off coast he hails,
Each points it out to each, until at last
They close in present joy the troubles of the
past.

To the pure pleasure which that first far view
In their reviving spirits swelling shed,
Succeeds a deep contrition, feelings new—
Grief touched with awe, affection mixed with
dread ;
Scarce dare they now upraise the abject head,
Or turn to Zion their desiring eyes,
The chosen city where Messiah bled,

TASSO.—

Defrauded Death of his long tyrannies,
New-clothed his limbs with life, and reassumed
the skies.

Low accents, plaintive whispers, groans profound,
Sighs of a people that in gladness grieves,
And melancholy murmurs float around,
Till the sad air a thrilling sound receives,
Like that which sobs amidst the dying leaves,
When with autumnal winds the forest waves ;
Or dash of an insurgent sea that heaves
On lonely rocks, or locked in winding caves,
Hoarse through their hollow aisles in wild low
cadence raves.

Each, at his Chief's example, lays aside
His scarf and feathered casque, with every
gay
And glittering ornament of knightly pride,
And barehead treads the consecrated way ;
Their thoughts, too, suited to their changed
array.
Warm tears devout their eyes in showers diffuse—
Tears that the haughtiest temper might allay ;
And yet, as though to weep they did refuse,
Thus to themselves their hearts of hardness
they accuse :—

“ Here, Lord, where currents from thy wounded
side
Stained the besprinkled ground with liveliest
red,
Should not these two quick springs at least,
their tide
In bitter memory of thy passion shed ?
And melt'st thou not, my icy heart, where
bled
The dear Redeemer ? Still must pity sleep ?
My flinty bosom, why so cold and dead ?
Break, and with tears the hallowed region steep !
If that thou weep'st not now, forever shouldst
thou weep ! ”

TASSO.—

Meanwhile the guard that from a lofty tower
In the far city cast about his view,
Marked the dust rise, and like a thunder shower
Printed in air, turn dark the ethereal blue.

The glowing cloud seemed pregnant, as it
flew,

With fire; anon, bright metals flashed between
Its shaken wreaths; and, as it nearer drew,
Dim through the storm were apparitions seen—
Spearmen, and issuing steeds, and chiefs of
godlike mien.

He saw, and raised his terrible alarm!—

“Oh, rise, all citizens below, arise!

Mount to the walls! Haste! Arm! this instant
arm!

Lo, what a dust upon the whirlwind flies,
And lo, the lightning of their arms!” he
cries;

“The foeman is at hand!” Then yet more loud
He calls: “Shall the swift foe the town sur-
prise?

Quick, seize your weapons; mark the dusty
cloud

That hither rolls! It wraps all heaven within
its shroud!”

The simple infant and the aged sire,

Matrons and trembling maids, to whom be-
long

Not strength nor skill to make defense, retire,

A pale, disconsolate, and suppliant throng,

In sad procession to the mosque. The strong,
In spirit as in limbs, obey the call.

Seizing their arms in haste, they speed along;
Part flock to guard the gates, part man the
walls;

The king to all parts flies, sees, cares, provides
for all.

Transl. of WIFFEN.

Many of the Sonnets of Tasso relate to
the troubles which fell upon him at the
court of Ferrara. Some of them were
written during his imprisonment as a mad-

TASSO.—

man. We give a few of these, as translated by Mr. R. H. Wilde:—

TO THE PRINCESSES OF FERRARA.

Sisters of great Alphonso! to the west
Three times have sped the courses of the sun,
Since, sick and outraged, I became a jest,
And sighed o'er all that cruel Fate had
done:
Wretched and vile whatever meets my eye
Without me wheresoe'er I gaze around;
Within indeed, my former virtues lie,
Though shame and torments the reward
they've found.
Ay! in my soul are truth and honor still,
Such as, if seen, the world were proud to
own;
And your sweet images my bosom fill,
But lovely idols ne'er content alone
True hearts; and mine, though mocked and
scorned at will,
Is still your temple, altar, shrine, throne.

TO HIS LADY, THE BETROTHED OF ANOTHER.

She, who a maiden, taught me, Love, thy woe,
To-morrow may become a new-made bride;
Like, if I err not, a fresh-gathered rose,
Opening her bosom to the sun with pride;
But, him for whom flushed with joy it blows,
Whene'er I see, my blood will scarcely glide.
If jealousy my ice-bound heart should close,
Will any ray of pity thaw its tide?
Thou only knowest. And now, alas, I haste
Where I must mark that snowy neck and
breast
By envied fingers played with and embraced.
How shall I live, or where find peace or rest,
If one kind look on me she will not waste
To hint not vain my sighs, nor all unblest?

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

Fortune's worst shafts could ne'er have reached
me more,
Nor envy's poisoned fangs. By both assailed,
In innocence of soul completely mailed

TASSO.—

I scorned the hate whose power to wound
was o'er;
When thou—whom in my heart of hearts I
wore
And as a rock of refuge often sought—
Turned on myself the very arms I wrought,
And Heaven beheld, and suffered what I bore!
O holy Faith! O Love! how all thy laws
Are mocked and scorned!—I throw my shield
away,
Conquered by fraud. Go, seek thy feat's
applause,
Traitor, yet still half-mourned with fond delay.
The hand, not blow, is of my tears the cause.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

O lovely age of gold!
Not that the rivers rolled
With milk, or that the woods wept honeydew;
Not that the ready ground
Produced without a wound,
Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slow;
Not that a cloudless blue
Forever was in sight,
Or that the heaven, which burns
And now is cold by turns,
Looked out in glad and everlasting light;
No, nor that even the insolent ships from far
Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse
than war;
But solely that that vain
And breath-invented pain,
That idol of mistake, that worshipped cheat,
That Honor,—since so called
By vulgar minds appalled,—
Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.
It had not come to fret
The sweet and happy fold
Of gentle human-kind;
Nor did its hard law bind
Souls nursed in freedom; but that law of gold,
That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
Which Nature's own hand wrote,—What pleases
is permitted.

TASSO.—

Then among streams and flowers
 The little winged powers
 Went singing carols without torch or bow ;
 The nymphs and shepherds sat
 Mingling with innocent chat [low,
 Sports and low whispers ; and with whispers
 Kisses that would not go.
 The maiden budding o'er,
 Kept not her bloom uneyed,
 Which now a veil must hide,
 Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore :
 And oftentimes, in river or in lake, [take.
 The lover and his love their merry bath would
 'Twas thou, thou, Honor, first
 That didst deny our thirst
 Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set ;
 Thou bad'st kind eyes withdraw
 Into constrained awe,
 And keep the secret for their tears to wet ;
 Thou gather'dst in a net
 The tresses from the air
 And mad'st the sports and plays
 Turn all to sullen ways,
 And putt'st on speech a rein, in steps a care.
 Thy work it is,—thou shade, that will not
 move,— [Love.
 That what was once the gift is now the theft of
 Our sorrows and our pains,
 These are thy noble gains ;
 But, O, thou Love's and Nature's masterer,
 Thou conqueror of the crowned,
 What dost thou on this ground,
 Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere ?
 Go and make slumber dear
 To the renowned and high ;
 We here, a lowly race,
 Can live without thy grace,
 After the use of mild antiquity.
 Go, let us love ; since years
 No truce allow, and life soon disappears ;
 Go, let us love ; the daylight dies, is born ;
 But unto us the light [night.
 Dies once for all ; and sleep brings on eternal
Aminta.

BAYARD TAYLOR.—

TAYLOR, BAYARD, an American journalist, traveller, and author, born at Kennett Square, Penn., in 1825; died at Berlin, Germany, in 1878. While engaged as an apprentice in a country printing-office he learned Latin and French. He began to write verses for periodicals at the age of seventeen. In 1844 he put forth *Ximena*, a small volume of poems, and soon afterward, having secured an engagement as a newspaper correspondent, he set off for Europe. He visited Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France, and upon his return, in 1846, published his first book of travels, *Views Afoot*. In 1847 he became connected with the *New York Tribune*, and made numerous journeys to different parts of the world, as correspondent of that newspaper. His most extended tour occupied two years and four months, from the summer of 1851 to the close of 1853. The regions visited comprised portions of Europe, Egypt, the Soudan, Palestine and Syria, India, China and Japan; the whole distance traversed by land and water being not less than 50,000 miles. This journey furnished materials for the following books: *A Journey to Central Africa*, *The Lands of the Saracen*, *A Visit to India, China, and Japan*. In 1856-7 he visited Northern Europe, and wrote: *Summer Pictures of Sweden, Denmark, and Lapland*. His books of travel comprise eleven volumes, the latest being, *Colorado, a Summer Trip* (1867), and *By-Ways of Europe* (1869). He also edited a series of volumes entitled *Cyclopædia of Modern Travel*, and *Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure*. In 1862 he was appointed Secretary of Lega-



BAYARD TAYLOR.

tion at St. Petersburg. In 1878 he was sent as U. S. Minister to Germany, but died not long after reaching Berlin, on December 19, 1878.

He wrote the following novels: *Hannah Thurston* (1864), *John Godfrey's Fortunes* (1865), *The Story of Kennett* (1866), *Joseph and his Friend* (1870), *Beauty and the Beast*, a collection of magazine stories. He published several volumes of poems: *Poems of the Orient*, *Poems of Home and Travel*, *The Poet's Journal*, which were issued collectively in 1865. Subsequent poems are: *The Picture of St. John* (1866), *The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln* (1869), *The Masque of the Gods* (1872), *Lars, a Pastoral of Norway* (1873), *The Prophet; a Tragedy* (1874), *Home Pastorals* (1875), *National Ode* (1876), *Prince Deukalion; a Lyrical Drama* (1878). For several years he was engaged upon the translation of Goethe's *Faust*, which was published in 1871. The various metres of the original were reproduced, and this translation is, as a whole, the best which has appeared in the English language.

WITH THE GERMAN STUDENTS.

There was to be a general *Commers*, or meeting of the Societies among the Heidelberg students, and I determined not to omit witnessing one of the most interesting and characteristic features of student life. So borrowing a cap and coat, I looked the student well enough to pass muster. Baader, a young poet of some note, and President of the Palatia Society, having promised to take us to the *Commers*, we met at 8 o'clock at an inn frequented by the students, and went to the rendezvous near the Market Platz.

A confused sound of voices came from the inn, as we drew near, and groups of students

BAYARD TAYLOR.—

were standing around the door. Entering the room, I could scarcely see at first, on account of the smoke that ascended from a hundred pipes. All was noise and confusion. Near the door sat some half-dozen musicians, who were getting their instruments ready for action; and the long room was filled with tables, all of which seemed to be full, yet the students were still pressing in. The tables were covered with great stone jugs and long beer-glasses; the students were talking and shouting and drinking. One who appeared to have the arrangement of the meeting, found seats for us together; and having made a slight acquaintance with those sitting next us, we felt more at liberty to watch their proceedings.

They were all talking in a sociable, friendly way, and I saw no one who appeared so be intoxicated. The beer was a weak mixture, which I should think would make one fall over from its weight rather than its intoxicating properties. Those sitting near me drank but little, and that principally to make or return compliments. One or two at the other end of the table were rather more boisterous, and more than one glass was overturned upon their legs. Leaves containing the songs for the evening lay at each seat, and at the head, where the President sat, were two swords crossed, with which he occasionally struck upon the table to preserve order. Our President was a fine, romantic-looking young man, dressed in the old German costume—black beaver and plume, and velvet doublet with slashed sleeves. I never saw in any company of young men so many handsome, manly countenances. If their faces were any index of their characters, there were many noble, free souls among them.

After some time passed in talking and drinking together, varied by an occasional air from the musicians, the President beat order with the sword, and the whole company joined in one of their glorious songs, to a melody at the

BAYARD TAYLOR.—

same time joyous and solemn. Swelled by so many manly voices it arose like a hymn of triumph ; all other sounds were stilled. Three times during the singing all rose to their feet, clashed their glasses together around the tables, and drank to their Fatherland, a health and blessing to the patriot, and honor to those who struggle in the cause of freedom.

After this song the same order was continued as before, except that students from the different Societies made short speeches, accompanied by some toast or sentiment. One spoke of Germany ; predicting that all her dissensions would be overcome, and that she would arise at last, like a phoenix, among the nations of Europe ; and at the close gave, "Strong, united, regenerated Germany !" Instantly all sprang to their feet, and clashing their glasses together, gave a thundering "*Hoch !*" This enthusiasm for their country is one of the strongest characteristics of the German Students. They have ever been first in the field for her freedom, and on them mainly depends her future redemption.

Cloths were passed around, the tables wiped off, and preparations made to sing the *Landsfather* or Consecration Song. This is one of the most important and solemn of their ceremonies ; since by performing it the new students are made *Burschen*, and the bands of brotherhood continually kept fresh and sacred. All became still a moment, then commenced the lofty song :—

"Silent bending, each one tending
To the solemn tones his ear,
Hark the song of songs is sounding—
Back from joyful choir resounding—
Hear it, German brothers, hear !

"German, proudly raise it, loudly
Singing of your Fatherland,
Fatherland ! thou land of story,
To the altars of thy glory
Consecrate us sword in hand !

"Take the beaker, pleasure-seeker,
With thy country's drink brimmed o'er !

BAYARD TAYLOR.—

In thy left the sword is blinking,
Pierce it through the cap, while drinking
To thy Fatherland once more !”

With the first line of the last stanza the Presidents, sitting at the head of the table, take their glasses in their right hands, and at the third line the sword in their left, at the end striking their glasses together, and drinking.

“ In the left hand gleaming, thou art beaming,
Sword from all dishonor free !
Thus I pierce the cap, while swearing,
It in honor ever wearing,
I a valiant Bursch will be !”

They clash their swords together till the third line is sung, when each takes his cap, and piercing the point of the sword through the crown, draws it down to the guard. Leaving their caps on the swords, the Presidents stand behind the two next students, who go through the same ceremony ; receiving the swords at the appropriate time, and giving them back loaded with their caps also. This ceremony is going on at every table at the same time. These two stanzas are repeated for every pair of students, till all have performed it, and the Presidents have arrived at the bottom of the table, with their swords strung full of caps. Here they exchange swords, while all sing :—

“ Come, thou bright sword, now made holy,
Of free men the weapon free ;
Bring it, solemnly and slowly,
Heavy with pierced caps to me !
From its burden now divest it ;
Brothers, be ye covered all,
And till our next festival,
Hallowed and unspotted rest it !
“ Up, ye feast-companions ! ever
Honor ye our holy band !
And with heart and soul endeavor
E'er as high-souled men to stand !
Up to feast, ye men united !
Worthy be your father's fame ;
And the sword may no one claim
Who to honor is not plighted.”

BAYARD TAYLOR.—

Then each President, taking a cap off each sword, reaches it to the student opposite ; and they cross their swords, the ends resting on the two students' heads, while they sing the next stanza :—

“ Go take it back ; thy head I now will cover,
And stretch the bright sword over.

Live then this Bursche, *Hoch!*

Whenever we may meet him,

Will we as Brother greet him ;

Live also this our Brother, *Hoch!* ”

This ceremony was repeated till all the caps were given back ; and they then concluded with the following :—

“ Rest ! the Burschen-feast is over,
Hallowed sword, and thou art free !

Each one strive a valiant lover

Of his Fatherland to be !

Hail to him who, glory-haunted,

Follows still his fathers bold ;

And the sword may no one hold

But the noble and undaunted ! ”

The *Landsfather* being over, the students were less orderly. The smoking and drinking began again ; and we left, as it was already 11 o'clock, glad to breathe the pure cold air.—
Views Afoot.

LIFE ON THE NILE.

The Nile is the paradise of travel. I thought I had already fathomed all the depths of enjoyment which the traveller's restless life could reach ; but here I have reached a fountain too pure and powerful to be exhausted. I never before experienced such a thorough deliverance from all the petty annoyances of travel in other lands, such perfect contentment of spirit, such entire abandonment to the best influences of Nature. Every day opens with a *jubilate*, and closes with a thanksgiving. If such a balm and blessing as this life has been to me thus far can be felt twice in one's existence, there must be another Nile somewhere in the world. Other travellers undoubt-

edly make other experiences and take away other impressions. I can even conceive circumstances which would almost destroy the pleasure of the journey. The same exquisitely sensitive temperament, which in our case has not been disturbed by a single untoward incident, might easily be kept in a state of constant derangement by an unsympathetic companion, a cheating dragoman, or a fractious crew. There are also many trifling *désagrémens* inseparable from a life in Egypt which some would consider a source of annoyance; but as we find fewer than we were prepared to meet, we are not troubled thereby. . . .

The scenery of the Nile, thus far, scarcely changes from day to day in its forms and colors, but only in their disposition with regard to each other. The shores are either palm-groves, fields of cane and dourra, young wheat, or patches of bare sand blown out of the desert. The villages are all the same agglomeration of mud walls, the tombs of the Moslem saints are the same white ovens, and every individual camel and buffalo resembles its neighbor in picturesque ugliness. The Arabian and Libyan mountains, now sweeping so far into the foreground that their yellow cliffs overhang the Nile, now receding into the violet haze of the horizon, exhibit little difference of height, hues, or geological formation. Every new scene is the turn of a kaleidoscope, in which the same objects are grouped in other relations, yet always characterized by the most perfect harmony. These slight yet ever-renewing changes are to us a source of endless delight. Either from the pure atmosphere, the healthy life we lead, or the accordant tone of our spirits, we find ourselves unusually sensitive to all the slightest touches, the most minute rays of that grace and harmony which bathe every landscape in cloudless sunshine. The various groupings of the palms, the shifting of the blue evening shadows on the rose-hued mountain walls, the green of the wheat and sugar-cane,

BAYARD TAYLOR.—

the windings of the great river, the alternations of wind and rain—each of these is cause enough to content us, and to give every day a different charm from that which went before. . . .

My friend "the Howadji;" in his *Nile-Notes*, says, "the conscience falls asleep on the Nile." If by this he means that artificial quality which bigots and sectarians call conscience, I quite agree with him, and do not blame the Nile for its soporific powers. But that simple faculty of the soul, native to all men, which acts best when it acts unconsciously, and leads our passions and desires into right paths without seeming to lead them, is vastly strengthened by this quiet and healthy life. There is a cathedral-like solemnity in this air of Egypt; one feels the presence of the altar, and is a better man without his will. To those rendered misanthropic by disappointed ambition, mistrustful by betrayed confidence, despairing by unassuageable sorrow, let me say with Moore, in his *Alciphion*: "The life thou seekest thou'lt find beside the eternal Nile."—*Journey in Central Africa.*

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

As we crossed the mouth of the Ulvsfjord that evening we had an open sea horizon towards the north, a clear sky, and so much sunshine at 11 o'clock that it was evident that the Polar day had dawned upon us at last. The illumination of the shores was unearthly in its glory, and the wonderful effects of the orange sunlight playing upon the dark hues of the island cliffs can neither be told nor painted. The sun hung low between Fugloe, rising like a double dome from the sea, and the tall mountains of Arnöe, both of which islands resembled immense masses of transparent purple glass, gradually melting into crimson fire at their bases. The glassy leaden-colored sea was powdered with a golden bloom, and the tremendous precipices at the mouth of the Lyngen Fjord behind us were steeped

BAYARD TAYLOR.—

in a dark-red mellow flush, and touched with pencillings of pure rose-colored light, until their naked ribs seemed clothed in imperial velvet. As we turned into the fjord and ran southward along their bases a waterfall, struck by the sun, fell in fiery orange foam down the red walls, and the blue ice pillars of a beautiful glacier filled up the ravine beyond it. We were all on deck, and all faces, excited by the divine splendor of the scene, and tinged by the same wonderful aureole, shone as if transfigured. In my whole life I have never seen a spectacle so unearthly beautiful.

Our course brought the sun rapidly toward the ruby cliffs of Arnøe, and it was evident that he would soon be hidden from sight. It was not yet half-past eleven, and an enthusiastic passenger begged the captain to stop the vessel until midnight. "Why," said the latter, "it is midnight now or very near it; you have Drontheim time, which is almost forty minutes in arrears." True enough the real time lacked but five minutes of midnight, and those of us who had sharp eyes and strong imaginations saw the sun make his last dip, and rise a little, before he vanished in a blaze of glory behind Arnøe. I turned away with my eyes full of dazzling spheres of crimson and gold which danced before me wherever I looked; and it was a long time before they were blotted out by the semi-oblivion of a daylight sleep.—*Northern Travel.*

KILIMANDJARO.

Hail to thee, monarch of African mountains,
Remote, inaccessible, silent, and lone;
Who from the heart of the tropical fervors
Lifted to heaven thine alien snows,
Feeding forever the fountains that make thee
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

The years of the world are engraved on thy
forehead;
Time's morning blushed red on thy first-fallen
snows:

BAYARD TAYLOR.—

Yet lost in the wilderness, nameless, unnoted,
Of man unbeholden, thou wert not till now.
Knowledge alone is the being of Nature,
Giving a soul to her manifold features,
Lighting through paths of the primitive darkness

The footsteps of Truth and the vision of Song.
Knowledge has born thee anew to Creation,
And long-baffled Time at thy baptism rejoices.
Take then a name, and be filled with existence ;
Yea, be exultant in the sovereign glory,
While from the hand of the wandering poet
Drops the first garland of song at thy feet.

Floating alone, on the flood of thy making,
Through Africa's mystery, silence, and fire,
Lo ! in my palm, like the Eastern enchanter,
I dip from the waters a magical mirror,
And thou art revealed to my purified vision.

I see thee supreme in the midst of thy co-mates,
Standing alone 'twixt the earth and the
Heavens,

Heir of the Sunset and herald of Morn.
Zone above zone, to thy shoulders of granite,
The climates of earth are displayed as an index,
Giving the scope of the Book of Creation.
There, in the gorges that widen, descending
From cloud and from the cold into summer
eternal,

Gather the threads of the ice-gendered fountains—

Gather to riotous torrents of crystal,
And, giving each shelvy recess where they dally
The blossoms of the north and its evergreen
turfage,

Leap to the land of the lion and lotus !
There in the wondering airs of the Tropics
Shivers the aspen, still dreaming of cold ;
There stretches the oak, from the loftiest ledges,
His arms to the far-away lands of his brothers,
And the pine-tree looks down on his rival, the
palm.

Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air,

Thy battlements hang o'er the slopes and the
forests,
Seats of the gods in the limitless ether,
Looming sublimely aloft and afar.
Above them, like folds of imperial ermine,
Sparkle the snow-fields that furrow thy fore-
head ;
Desolate realms, inaccessible, silent,
Chasms and caverns where Day is a stranger,
Garners where storeth his treasures the Thun-
der,
The Lightning his falchion, his arrows the
Hail.

Sovereign Mountain ! thy brothers give wel-
come ;

They, the baptized and crowned of ages,
Watch-towers of Continents, altars of Earth,
Welcome thee now to their mighty assembly.
Mont Blanc, in the roar of his mad avalanches
Hails thy accession ; superb Orizaba,
Belted with beech and ensandalled with palm ;
Chimborazo, the lord of the region of noon-
day ;—

Mingle their sounds in magnificent chorus
With greeting august from the Pillars of Hea-
ven

Who, in the urns of the Indian Gauges
Filter the snows of their sacred dominions,
Unmarked with a footprint, unseen but of God.

Lo ! unto each is the seal of his lordship,
Nor questioned the right that his majesty giv-
eth :

Each in his awful supremacy of forces,
Worship and reverence, wonder and joy,
Absolute all, yet in dignity varied,
None has a claim to the honors of story,
Or the superior splendors of song,
Greater than thou, in thy majesty mantled ;
Thou the sole monarch of African mountains,
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt !

BEDOUIN SONG.

From the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire,



BEDOUIN SONG.

"From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire."

Painting by A. Schreyer.

BAYARD TAYLOR.—

And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry :
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment-Book unfold.
Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain ;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment-Book unfold !
My steps are nightly driven
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment-Book unfold !

AN INCIDENT IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

“ Give us a song ! ” the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.
The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under ;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.
There was a pause. A Guardsman said,
“ We storm the fort to-morrow ;

Sing while we may ; another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

'They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon :
Brave hearts from Severn, and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

'They sang of love, and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain's glory ;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl ! Her name he dared not speak ;
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the Soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained from the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell
And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep soldiers ! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing ;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

THE BISON-TRACK.

Strike the tent ! the sun has risen ; not a cloud
has ribbed the dawn.
And the frosted prairie brightens to the west-
ward, far and wan.



THE BISON TRACK.

“See ! a dusky line approaches. Hark ! the onward-surging roar.”

Drawing by F. Specht

BAYARD TAYLOR.—

Prime afresh the trusty rifle, sharpen well the
 hunting-spear,
For the frozen sod is trembling, and a noise
 of herds I hear.

See! a dusky line approaches; hark! the on-
 ward-surging roar,
Like the din of wintry breakers on a sound-
 ing wall of shore!
Dust and sand behind them whirling, snort the
 foremost of the van,
And the stubborn horns are striking through
 the crowded caravan.

Now the storm is down upon us; let the mad-
 dened horses go!
We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a
 hundred leagues it blow!
Though the surgy manes should thicken and
 the red eyes' angry glare
Lighten round us as we gallop through the
 sand and rushing air!

Myriad hoofs will scan the prairie in our wild
 and restless race,
And a sound like mighty waters thunder down
 the desert space;
Yet the rein may not be tightened, nor the
 rider's eye look back;
Death to him whose speed should slacken on
 the maddened bison's track!

Now the trampling herds are threaded, and the
 chase is close and warm,
For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of
 the storm.
Hurl your lassoes swift and fearless; swing
 your rifles as we run!
Ha! the dust is red before him: shout, my
 brothers, he is won!

Look not on him as he staggers; 'tis the last
 shot he will need;
More shall fall among his fellows ere we run
 the bold stampede;

BAYARD TAYLOR.--

Ere we stem the swarthy breakers: while the
wolves, a hungry pack,
Howl around each grim-eyed carcass, on the
bloody bison-track !

THE PHANTOM.

Again I sit in the mansion, in the old familiar
seat ;

And the shade and the sunshine chase each
other o'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweetbriar's arms have wrestled up-
wards in the summers that have passed,

And the willow trails its branches lower than
when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly from
out the haunted room ;

To fill the house, that once was joyful, with
silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces within the
doorway come :

Voices that wake the sweeter music of one that
is now dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever, the songs
she loved to hear ;

They braid the rose in summer garlands, whose
flowers to her were dear,

And still her footsteps in the passage, her
blushes at the door,

Her timid words of maiden welcome, come back
to me once more.

And all forgetful of my sorrow, unmindful of
my pain,

I think she has but newly left me, and soon
will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment, to
dress her dark-brown hair :

I hear the rustle of her garments, her light
step on the stair.

O fluttering heart control thy tumult, lest eyes
profane should see

My cheeks betray the rush of rapture her com-
ing brings to me !

BAYARD TAYLOR.—

She tarries long. But lo! a whisper beyond
the open door;
And gliding through the quiet sunshine, a
shadow on the floor!

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me; the
vine whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her, nor
chide her long delays.
But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
as many a time before:
Her foot is ever at the threshold, yet never
passes o'er.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR.—

TAYLOR, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, an American journalist and poet, born at Lowville, N. Y., in 1819; died at Cleveland, O., in 1887. He was a graduate of Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y., of which institution his father, Stephen W. Taylor, was president. For many years he was literary editor of the *Chicago Evening Journal*. He travelled in Mexico and visited South Sea Islands. In his latter years he lived at Wheaton, Ill. His volumes are: *January and June* (1853), *Old Time Pictures and Sheaves of Rhyme* (1874), *Songs of Yesterday* (1877), *Dulce Domum* (1884), complete edition of *Poems* (1887), and prose works—*Pictures in Camp and Field* (1871), *The World on Wheels* (1873), *Summer Savory, Gleaned from Rural Nooks* (1879), *Between the Gates*, pictures of California life (1881), and *Theophilus Trent*, a novel (1887). His poems are full of imagination and humor, with many random fancies, often overstrained.

MOWING.

A breeze drops out of the maple
And travels the rippling grain,
The fog lifts white from the river,
The glorified ghost of rain
Ascending to Heaven again.

The fields are grand in their velvet,
The tall grass rustles red,
The bees boil up in their anger,
The meadow-lark leaves her bed,
Right onward the mowers tread!

With steady stride they are swaying
The snath with the chronic writhe
A waspy rush and a rustle,
A swing to the grasses lithe,
Right home through the swath the scythe!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR.—

Then rising, falling, and drifting,
As buoys on the billows ride,
The braided brims of the shadows
Afloat on the red-top tide
The brows of the mowers hide.

The blades are rasping and sweeping,
The timothy tumbles free,
The field is ridgy and rolling
With swaths like the surging sea
Heaped up to the toiler's knee.

Hark! *whit-to-whit* of the whetstone,
—The stridulous kiss of steel,
The shout of winners exultant
That distance the field, and wheel
As gay as a Highland reel.

Swing right! Swing left! And the mowers
Stream out in a sea-bird flight,
The line grows dimmer and dotted
With flickering shirt-sleeves white
Washed clean in the morning light.

The steel-cold eddies are whirling
About and about their feet.
Die, Clover, Grasses and Daisies!
No dead in the world so sweet,
Ye slain of the windrow street.

Oh, wreck and raid of September!
Oh, prodigal death to die!
Till April gay with her ribbon,
Comes bringing the blue-bird sky,
Oh, lilies of Christ, good-bye!

MILKING TIME.

At the foot of the hill the milk-house stands,
Where the Balm of Gilead spreads his hands,
And the willow trails each pendent tip
The lazy lash of a golden whip,
And an ice-cold spring with a tinkling sound
Makes a bright edge for the dark green ground.

Cool as a cave is the air within,
Brave are the shelves with the burnished tin

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR.—

Of the curving shores, and the seas of white
That turn to gold in a single night,
As if the disc of a winter moon
Should take the tint of a new doubloon.

Burned to a coal the amber day,
Noon's splendid fire has faded away,
And, lodged on the edge of a world grass-grown
Like a great live ember, glows the sun ;—
When it falls behind the crimson bars
Look out for the sparks of the early stars.

With the clang of her bell a motherly brown—
No trace of her lineage handed down—
Is leading the long deliberate line
Of the Devons red and the Durhams fine.
“Co-boss !” “Co-boss !” and the caravan
With a dowager swing comes down the lane,
And lowing along from the clover bed
Troops over the bars with a lumbering tread.

Under the lee of the patient beasts,
On their tripod stools like Pythian priests,
The tow-clad boys and the linsey girls
Make the cows “give down” in milky swirls.
There's a stormy time in the drifted pails,
There's a sea-foam swath in the driving gales,
Then girls and boys with whistle and song,
Two pails apiece, meander along
The winding path in the golden gloom,
And set the milk in the twilight room.

NIGHT ON THE FARM.

Now all clucked home in their feather beds
Are the velvety chicks of the downy heads,
In the old Dutch style with the beds above,
All under the wings of a hovering love,
But a few chinked in, as plump as wrens,
Around the edge of the ruffled hens.

With nose in the grass the dog keeps guard,
With long-drawn breaths in the old farm-yard
The cattle stand on the scattered straw,
And cease the swing of the under jaw.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR.—

The cat's eyes shine in the currant bush,
Dews in the grass and stars in the hush,
And over the marsh the lightning-bug
Is swinging his lamp to the bull-frog's chug,
And the slender chaps in the greenish tights,
That jingle and trill the sleigh-bell nights.

The shapes with the padded feet prow round
And the crescent moon has run aground,
And the inky beetles blot the night
And have blundered out the candle-light!
And everywhere the pillows fair
Are printed with heads of tumbled hair.
Time walks the house with a clock-tick tread,
Without and within the farm's abed.

Songs of Yesterday.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

To claim the Arctic came the sun
With banners of the burning zone.
Unrolled upon their airy spars,
They froze beneath the light of stars;
And there they float, those streamers old,
Those Northern Lights, forever cold.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.—

TAYLOR, SIR HENRY, an English dramatic poet and essayist, born in 1800; died in 1886. He was, during the greater part of his life, connected with the British Colonial Office. His principal dramatic poems are: *Isaac Comnenus* (1827), *Philip van Artevelde*, by which he is best known (1834), *Edwin the Fair* (1842), *A Sicilian Summer* (1850), *St. Clement's Eve* (1862). Among his volumes of prose essays are: *The Statesman* (1836), *Notes from Life*, *Notes from Books*, *The Ways of the Rich and Great*, and *Modern Poets*. His *Autobiography* was published in 1885.

JOHN OF LAUNOY—CAPTAIN OF GHENT.

Dean of Ghent.—Beside Nivelles the Earl
and Launoy met,
Six thousand voices shouted with the last:
“Ghent, the good town! Ghent and the Chap-
erons Blancs!”
But from that force thrice-fold there came the
cry
Of “Flanders with the Lion of the Bastard!”
So there the battle joined, and they of Ghent
Gave back and opened after three hours’
fight;
And hardly flying had they gained Nivelles,
When the Earl’s vanguard came upon their
rear,
Ere they could close the gate, and entered with
them.
Then all were slain save Launoy and his
guard,
Who, barricaded in the minster tower,
Made desperate resistance; whereupon
The Earl waxed wrothful and bade fire the
church.

Burgher.—Say’st thou? Oh, sacrilege ac-
cursed! Was’t done?

Dean.—’Twas done; and presently was
heard a yell,
And after that the rushing of the flames.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.—

Then Launoy from the steeple cried aloud—
“A ransom!” and held up his coat to sight
With florins filled; but they without but
laughed
And mocked him, saying: “Come amongst us,
John,
And we will give thee welcome! make a leap;
Come out at window, John!” With that the
flames
Rose up and reached him; and he drew his
sword,
Cast his rich coat behind him in the fire,
And shouting, “Ghent! ye slaves!” leaped
fiercely forth,
When they below received him on their spears.
And so died John of Launoy.

Burgher.

A brave end.

’Tis certain we must now make peace by
times,
The city will be starved else.—Will be, said I
Starvation is upon us.

Van Artevelde.— I never looked that he
should live so long.

He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
He seemed to live by miracle. His food
Was glory, which was poison to his mind,
And peril to his body. He was one
Of many thousands such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment, known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he’s a prodigy. Compute the chances,
And deem there’s ne’er a one in dangerous
times
Who wins the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men more gloriously endowed
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand
others
Have had their fortunes foundered by a
chance,
Whil’st lighter barks pushed past them; to
whom add
A smaller tally of the singular few,
Who, gifted with predominating powers,

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.—

Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.—

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Father John.—Had Launoy lived, he might have passed for great,

But not by conquest in the Franc of Bruges.

The sphere—the scale of circumstance—is all

Which makes the wonder of the many. Still

An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds

Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame.

There'll be some bright eyes in Ghent bedimmed for him.

Van Arte.—They will be dim, and then be bright again.

All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion ;

And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns.

Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,

And lightly is death mourned. A dark star blinks

As fleets the rack ; but look again, and lo !

In a wide solitude of wintry sky

Twinkles the re-illuminated star,

And all is out of sight that smirched the ray—

We have no time to mourn.

Father John.— The worse for us !

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks times to mend ;

Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure

For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them.

Where Sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,

There Wisdom will not enter, nor true Power,

Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

Yet—such the barrenness of busy life !—

From shell to shell Ambition clambers up

To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all ;

Whilst Magnanimity, absorbed from toil,

Reposes self-included at the base.—

But this thou knowest.

Philip van Artevelde.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.—

WISDOM AND GENIUS.

Wisdom is not the same with understanding, talents, capacity, ability, sagacity, sense, or prudence : not the same with any one of these ; neither will all these together make it up. It is that exercise of the reason into which the heart enters ; a structure of the understanding rising out of the moral and spiritual nature. It is for this cause that a high order of Wisdom—that is, a highly intellectual wisdom—is still more rare than a high order of Genius. When they reach the very highest order they are one ; for each includes the other, and intellectual greatness is matched with moral strength. But they hardly ever reach so high, inasmuch as great intellect—according to the ways of Providence—almost always brings along with it great infirmities ; or, at least, infirmities which appear great, owing to the scale of operation ; and it is certainly exposed to unusual temptations ; for as power and preëminence lie before it, so ambition attends it—which, while it determines the will and strengthens the activities, inevitably weakens the moral fabric.

Wisdom is corrupted by ambition, even when the quality of the ambition is intellectual. For ambition, even of this quality, is but a form of self-love, which, seeking gratification in the consciousness of intellectual power, is too much delighted with the exercise to have a single and paramount regard to the end, and it is not according to wisdom that the end—that is, the moral and spiritual consequences—should suffer derogation in favor of the intellectual means. God is love ; and God is light ; whence it results that Love is Light, and it is only by following the effluence of that light, that intellectual power issues into Wisdom. The intellectual power which loses that light, and issues into intellectual pride, is out of the way to wisdom, and will not attain even to intellectual greatness. For though many arts, gifts, and attainments may co-exist in much force with intellectual pride,

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.—

an open greatness cannot ; and of all the correspondences between the moral and intellectual nature, there is none more direct and immediate than that of humility with capaciousness. If pride of intellect be indulged in, it will mark out to a man conscious of great talents the circle of his own intellectual experiences as the only one in which he can keenly recognize and appreciate the intellectual universe ; and there is no order of intellectual men which stands in a more strict limitation than that of a man who cannot conceive what he cannot contain. . . .

If Wisdom be defeated by Ambition and Self-love, when these are occupied with the mere consciousness of intellectual power, still more is it so when they are eager to obtain recognition and admiration from without. Those who are much conversant with intellectual men will observe, I think, that the particular action of self-love by which their minds are most frequently warped from wisdom, is that which belongs to a pride and pleasure taken in the exercise of the argumentative faculty. Whence it arises that this faculty is enabled to assert a predominance over its betters. With such men the elements of a question which will make effect in argument—those which are, so far as they go, demonstrative—will be rated above their value ; and those which are matter of proportion and degree—not palpable, ponderable, or easily producible in words, or which are matters of moral estimation and optional opinion—will go for less than they are worth, because they are not available to secure the victory or grace the triumph of a disputant. . .

Wisdom without Genius—far more precious gift than Genius without Wisdom—by God's blessing upon the humble and loving heart, though not as often met with as "the ordinary of Nature's sale-work," is yet not altogether rare ; for the desire to be right will go a great way toward Wisdom. Intellectual guidance is the less needed where there is little to lead

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.—

astray ; where humility lets the heart loose to the impulses of love. That we can be wise by impulse seems a paradox to some ; but it is a part of that true doctrine which traces wisdom to the moral as well as the intellectual mind—and more easily to the former than to the latter.

The doctrine of wisdom by impulse is no doubt liable to be much misused and misapplied. The right to rest upon such a creed accrues only to those who have so trained their nature as to be entitled to trust it. It is the impulse of the *habitual* heart which the judgment may fairly follow upon occasion ; of the heart which, being habitually humble and loving, has been framed by Love to Wisdom. Some such fashioning love will always effect ; for love cannot exist without solicitude ; solicitude brings thoughtfulness ; and it is in a thoughtful love that the wisdom of the heart consists. The impulse of such a heart will take its shape and guidance from the very mould in which it is cast, without any application of the reason express ; and the most inadvertent motion of a wise heart will for the most part be wisely directed : providentially, let us rather say ; for Providence has no more eminent seat than in the wisdom of the heart.
—*Notes from Life.*

ISAAC TAYLOR.—

TAYLOR, ISAAC, an English author, born at Lavenham, in 1787; died at Stanford River, in 1865. He belonged to a family which for four successive generations produced an Isaac Taylor eminent in religious literature. He was an artist of considerable promise, but devoted himself especially to writing upon philosophical and ethical subjects. His principal works are: *Elements of Thought* (1825), *The Process of Historical Proof* (1829), *The Natural History of Enthusiasm* (1831), *Spiritual Despotism* (1835), *Physical Theory of Another Life* (1839), *Saturday Evening* (1842), *History of Fanaticism* (1843), *Loyola and Jesuitism* (1849), *The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry* (1852), *The Restoration of Belief* (1855).

EXHAUSTION OF THE EMOTIONAL FACULTIES.

Every one accustomed to reflect upon the operations of his own mind must be aware of a distinction between the intellectual and the moral faculties as to the rate at which they severally move. Even the milder emotions of love and joy, and much more the vehement sensations, such as hatred, anger, jealousy, revenge, despair, tend always towards this sort of rapid enhancement, and fail to do so as they are checked either by a sense of danger connected with the indulgence of them, or by feelings of corporeal exhaustion, or by the interference of the incidents and interests of common life. Especially is it to be noticed that those of the emotions which kindle or are kindled by the imagination, are liable to an acceleration such as produces a physical excitement highly perilous both to mind and body, and needing to be speedily diverted. And although the purely moral emotions are not accompanied by precisely the same sort of corporeal disturbance, nevertheless when they actually gain full possession of the soul they rapidly exhaust the

physical powers, and bring on a state of torpor, or of general indifference.

Now this exhaustion manifestly belongs to the animal organization; nor can we doubt that if it were possible to retain the body in a state of neutrality, or of perfect quiescence, during a state of profound emotion, then these same affections might advance much farther, and become far more intense than as it is they ever can or may. The corporeal limitation of the passions becomes, in truth, a matter of painful consciousness whenever they arise to an unusual height or are long continued, and there takes place then within the bosom an agony, partly animal, partly mental, and a very uneasy sense of the inadequateness of our strongest emotions to the occasion that calls them out. We feel that we cannot feel as we should; emotions are frustrate, and the affections which should have sprung upward are detained in a paroxysm on earth. It is thus with the noblest sentiments, and thus with profound grief; and the malign and vindictive passions draw their tormenting force from this very sense of restraint, and they *rend* the soul because they can *move* it so little. Does there not arise amidst these convulsions of our nature a tacit anticipation of a future state, in which the soul shall be able to feel and to take its full of emotion?—*Physical Theory of Another Life.*

JANE AND ANN TAYLOR.—

TAYLOR, JANE (1783-1824), and ANN (1782-1866), English authors, daughters of Isaac Taylor of Ongar. The sisters were brought up at Lavenham, where their father, who was an accomplished engraver, had his residence. The daughters learned engraving, and early began to write poems designed for the young. Among their joint productions are: *Poems for Infant Minds*, *Rhymes for the Nursery*, *Hymns for Infant Minds*, *Rural Scenes*, *City Scenes*. Ann Taylor was married to Josiah Gilbert, a Dissenting clergyman, who died in 1852, of whom she wrote a *Memoir*. Her own *Memoirs* were written by her son, Josiah Gilbert. Beside the works produced in conjunction with her sister, Jane Taylor wrote *Display*, a novel, *Essays in Rhyme*, and *Contributions of Q. Q.*

THE SONG OF THE TEA-KETTLE.

Since first began my ominous song,
Slowly have passed the ages long. . . .

Slow was the world my worth to glean,
My visible secret long unseen.
Surly, apart the nations dwelt,
Nor yet the magical impulse felt;
Nor deemed that charity, science, art,
All that doth honor or wealth impart,
Spell-bound till mind should set them free,
Slumbered, and sung in their sleep—in me!

At length the day in its glory rose
And off on its spell the Engine goes!
On whom first fell the amazing dream?
Watt woke to fetter the giant Steam,
His fury to crush to mortal rule,
And wield Leviathan as his tool.
The monster, breathing disaster wild,
Is tamed and checked by a tutored child;
Ponderous and blind, of rudest force,
A pin or a whisper guides its course.
Around its sinews of iron play

JANE AND ANN TAYLOR.—

The viewless bonds of a mental sway,
And triumphs the soul in the mighty dower :
To Knowledge the plighted boon is Power !

Hark ! 'tis the din of a thousand wheels
At play with the fences of England's fields ;
From its bed upraised, 'tis the flood that pours
To fill little cisterns at cottage doors ;
'Tis the intricate many-fingered bright Ma-
chine,

With its flowery film of lace, I ween !
And see where it rushes, with silvery wreath,
The span of yon arched cove beneath ;
Stupendous, vital, fiery, bright,
Trailing its length in a country's sight ;
Riven are the rocks, the hills give way,
The dim valley rises to unfelt day,
And Man fitly crowned with brow sublime
Conqueror of Distance reigns, and Time.

Lone was the shore where the hero mused,
His soul through the unknown leagues trans-
fused.

His perilous bark on the ocean strayed,
And moon after moon, since its anchor weighed,
On the solitude strange and drear did spin
The untracked ways of that restless brine,
Till at length his shattered sail was furled
'Mid the golden sands of a Western World.
Still centuries passed with their measured
tread,

While winged by the winds the nations sped ;
And still did the Moon as she watched that
deep,

Her triple task o'er the voyagers keep ;
And sore farewells, as they hove from land,
Spoke of absence long on a distant strand.
She starts : wild winds at her bosom rage ;
She laughs in her speed at the war they wage ;
In queenly pomp on the surf she treads,
Scarce waking the sea-things from their beds ;
Fierce as the lightning tracks the cloud,
She glances on in her glory proud.

A few bright runs and at rest she lies
Glittering to transatlantic skies. . . .

JANE AND ANN TAYLOR.—

Simpleton man! Why who would have
thought
To this the song of a tea-kettle brought?
ANN TAYLOR.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A slanting ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow pane;
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again;
The window's Gothic framework falls
In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new
How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come and passed away!
How many a setting sun has made
That curious interwork of shade!

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
The cunning hand must be
That carved this fretted door, I ween—
Acorn and fleur-de-lis;
And now the worm hath done her part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore—that now we call—
When James the First was king,
The courtly knight from yonder Hall
His train did hither bring;
All seated round in order due,
With bordered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask-cushions, set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt;
Prayer-book with brazen hasp and hinge
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command.

Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle,
The sunbeam, long and lone
Illumes the characters awhile
Of their inscription stone;
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The knight and all his train behold,

JANE AND ANN TAYLOR.—

Outstretched together are expressed
He and my lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer.
Long-visaged, clad in armor, he,
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.
Set forth in order as they died,
The numerous offspring bend;
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As though they did intend
For past omissions to atone
By saying endless prayers in stone.
Those mellow days are past and dim,
But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
Have filled the stately pew;
And in the same procession go
To occupy the vault below.
And now the polished modern squire
And his gay train appear,
Who duly to the Hall retire
A season every year;
And fill the seats with belle and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago.
Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow-sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn receive to silent rest
Another and another guest—
The feathered hearse and sable train,
In all its wonted state,
Shall wind along the village lane,
And stand before the gate—
Brought many a distant county through
To join the final rendezvous.
And when the race is swept away
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gaily o'er their heads;
While other faces, fresh and new,
Shall occupy the squire's pew.

JANE TAYLOR.

JEREMY TAYLOR.—

TAYLOR, JEREMY, an English divine, born at Cambridge in 1613, died in 1667. He was the son of a barber, by whom he was, as he says, “solely grounded in grammar and mathematics.” At thirteen he entered Caius College, Cambridge, as a “sizar,” that is, a poor student who performed humble services in the College. He soon attracted the notice of Archbishop Laud, who placed him at All Soul’s College, Oxford, and subsequently nominated him to a Fellowship. In 1637 he was appointed to the Rectory of Uppington. During the civil wars he took the Royalist side; his living was sequestered, and he was obliged to keep a school as a means of support; he however wrote much and preached as he had opportunity. Upon the restoration of Charles II. he was made Bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland, where the remaining seven years of his life were passed in the faithful exercise of his episcopal duties. Jeremy Taylor has been styled “the modern Chrysostom,” and he is considered the most eloquent of all British theologians. Not only is his prose style highly poetical, but he wrote some poems, worthy of his prose. The best edition of his *Works* is that edited by Rev. C. P. Eden (10 vols., 1851). His earliest work was *Episcopacy Asserted* (1642), those by which he is best known are the *Rules and Exercises of Holy Living* and *Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying*.

RULES FOR EMPLOYING OUR TIME.

(1.) In the morning, when you awake, accustom yourselves to think first upon God, or something in order to his service; and at night also let Him close thine eyes; and let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and

JEREMY TAYLOR.—

expensive of time, beyond the needs and requirements of nature. And sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chamber in the east.—(2.) Let every man that hath a calling be diligent in pursuance of its employment, so as not lightly or without reasonable occasion to neglect it in any of those times which are usually, and by the custom of prudent persons and good husbands, employed in it.—(3.) Let all the intervals or void spaces of time be employed in prayers, reading, meditating works of nature, recreations, charity, friendliness and neighborhood, and means of corporal and spiritual health; ever remembering so to work in our calling as not to neglect the work of our high calling; but to begin and end the day with God, with such forms of devotion as shall be proper to our necessities.—(4.) The resting-days of Christians, and festivals of the Church, must in no sense be days of idleness; for it is better to plough upon holy days than to do nothing, or to do viciously. But let them be spent in the works of the day—that is, of religion and charity—according to the rule appointed. . . . (7.) In the midst of the work of thy calling often retire to God in short prayers and ejaculations. And those may make up the want of those larger portions of time which, it may be, thou desirest for devotion, and in which thou thinkest other persons have advantage of thee; for so thou reconcilest the outward work and thy inward calling—the Church and the Commonwealth, the employment of thy body and the interest of thy soul; for be sure that God is present at thy breathings and hearty sighs of prayer, as soon as at the longer offices of less busied persons. And thy time is as truly sanctified by a trade and devout though shorter prayers, as by the longer offices of those whose time is not filled up with labor and useful business.—(8.) Let your employment be such as may become a reasonable person; and not be a busi-

JEREMY TAYLOR.—

ness fit for children or distracted people, but fit for your age and understanding. For a man may be very idly busy, and take great pains for so little purpose that in his labors and expense of time he shall serve no end but of folly and vanity. There are some trades that wholly serve the ends of idle persons and fools; and such as are fit to be seized upon by the severity of laws, and banished from under the sun. And there are some people who are busy; but it is as Domitian was, in catching flies.—*Holy Living.*

THY KINGDOM COME.

Lord! come away!

Why dost thou stay?

Thy road is ready; and thy paths, made straight,
With longing expectation wait

The consecration of thy beauteous feet!

Ride on triumphantly! Behold we lay

Our lusts and proud wills in thy way.

Hosanna! Welcome to our hearts! Lord, here

Thou hast a temple too; and full as dear

As that of Sion, and as full of sin;

Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein.

Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the
floor!

Crucify them, that they may never more

Profane that holy place

Where Thou hast chose to set thy face;

And then, if our stiff tongue shall be

Mute in the praises of thy Deity,

The stones out of the temple wall

Shall cry aloud, and call

Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet!

Amen!

OF HEAVEN.

O beauteous God! uncircumscribed treasure
Of an eternal pleasure!

Thy throne is seated far

Above the highest star,

Where Thou preparest a glorious place,

Within the brightness of thy face,

For every spirit

To inherit,

JEREMY TAYLOR.—

That builds his hopes upon thy merit,
And loves Thee with a holy charity.
What ravished heart, seraphic tongue or eyes,
Clear as the morning rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper stone ?
There the eye
O' the chrysolite,
And a sky
Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase,
And, above all thy holy face,
Makes an eternal charity.
When Thou thy jewels up dost bind, that day,
Remember us, we pray,
That where the beryl lies
And the crystal 'bove the skies,
There Thou mayest appoint the place
Within the brightness of thy face ;
And our soul
In the scroll
Of life and blissfulness enroll,
That we may praise Thee to eternity.
Allelujah !

THOMAS TAYLOR.—

TAYLOR, THOMAS, an English Platonist, born at London in 1758 ; died in 1835. At an early age he was entered at St. Paul's School, where he became an accomplished Greek scholar, devoting himself especially to the more recondite authors. Though always in straitened circumstances, he translated all of the known Greek philosophers whose works had not before been rendered into English ; and he found friends who expended not less than £10,000 in publishing his translations, although no one seems to have imagined that they would pay even the cost of printing. There is no reasonable ground to doubt that he really believed in the truth of the Grecian mythology. He possessed the poetic faculty in an eminent degree ; and some of his *Hymns to the Gods* are fit companions to the best of those which have come down to us from the ancient Greeks.

ODE TO THE RISING SUN.

See ! how with thundering fiery feet
Sol's ardent steeds the barriers beat
That bar their radiant way ;
Yoked by the circling Hours they stand
Impatient at the god's command
To bear the car of day.

See ! led by Morn, with dewy feet,
Apollo mounts his golden seat,
Replete with sevenfold fire ;
While, dazzled by his conquering light,
Heaven's glittering host and awful night
Submissively retire.

See ! clothed with majesty and strength,
Through sacred light's wide gates at length
The god exulting spring ;
While lesser deities around
And demon powers his praise resound
And hail their matchless King.

THOMAS TAYLOR.—

Through the dark portals of the deep
The foaming steeds now furious leap.

And thunder up the sky ;
The god to strains now tunes his lyre,
Which Nature's harmony inspire
And ravish as they fly.

Even dreadful Hyle's sea profound
Feels the enchanting, conquering sound,
And boils with rage no more ;
The World's dark boundary, Tartarus, hears,
And life-inspiring strains reveres,
And stills its wild uproar.

And while through heaven the god sublime
Triumphant rides, see reverend Time
Fast by his chariot run ;
Observant of the fiery steeds,
Silent the hoary king proceeds,
And hymns his parent Sun.

See ! as he comes, with general voice
All Nature's living things rejoice,
And own him as their King.
Even rugged rocks their heads advance,
And forests on the mountains dance,
And hills and valleys sing.

See ! while his glittering beauteous feet
In mystic measures ether beat—
Enchanting to the sight—
Pæan, whose genial locks diffuse
Life-bearing health, ambrosial dews,
Exulting springs to light.

Lo ! as he comes, in heaven's array,
And scattering wide the blaze of day,
Lifts high his scourge of fire,
Fierce demons that in darkness dwell
Foes of our race, and dogs of hell—
Dread its avenging ire.

Hail ! crowned with light, creation's King !
Be mine the task thy praise to sing,
And vindicate thy might ;
Thy honors spread through barbarous climes,
Ages unborn, and impious times,
And realms involved in night

TOM TAYLOR.—

TAYLOR, TOM, an English dramatist and *litterateur*, born at Sunderland, Durham, in 1817; died in 1880. He was educated at Glasgow University, and Trinity College, Cambridge, winning honors and a fellowship. For two years he was Professor of English Language and Literature in University College, London. He also held civil offices, such as secretaryship of the Board of Health. He is chiefly known by his very successful plays, such as *Still Waters Run Deep* (1855), *The Fool's Revenge* (1859), *The Overland Route* (1860), *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* (1863), *'Twi'xt Axe and Crown* (1870), *Anne Boleyn* (1876), and numerous others. A few of these are collected in a volume, *Historical Dramas*. Other volumes are: *Birket Foster's Pictures of English Landscape* (1862), *Ballads and Songs of Brittany* (1865), *Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds*. He edited autobiographies of the painters Haydon and Leslie. He contributed much to periodicals, and became editor of *Punch* in 1874.

'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.

Elizabeth.—Methinks I see my England,
like the eagle,
Pruning her unchained wing for freer flight,
Fuller in focus of the glorious sun
Than e'er she flew till now. Great deeds,
great words,
That make great deeds still greater! Poesy
Fired with new life; her soldiers conquering,
Her sailors braving unknown seas, to plant
The germ of a new England in the West—
Acorn it may be, of a daughter oak,
Broader and stronger than the parent tree!
But I speak wildly, yet speak what I think,
As friend may speak to friend, and not be
chidden.

TOM TAYLOR.—

Paget.—Ashes of age are gray upon my head.
Methought they had smothered my heart's fires as well;
But something glows beneath them, hearing you.
May Heaven speed the good time, and guard you, madam,
To make our England great and glorious
In man's deeds, as your words. For what 'tis now
I lay most charge upon the Spanish match.
Pray Heaven your Highness lend no ear to those
That work on you to wed a foreign prince.

Eliz.—Elizabeth mates not—or she mates in England.

I have a vow for *that*.

Paget.— Heaven grant you keep it,
And me to bless your mating, when it come.
And now, farewell sweet lady. I will take
Much comfort to our friends from this good news
Of your fair health and firm fix'd resolution.

[*He bows, kisses her hand, and exit.*]

Eliz.— Fare you well!

Ah, Courtenay, he dreams not that 'tis love's vow

I hold, not policy's! Oh, my true lord,
How heavy drags the time, waiting for thee!
Three whole months, and no tidings! I am sick

Of longing for his letter—but this audience
Of Master Renard. I see in his coming
Ill omen to my peace; but I am armed,
I think, against him, and all enemies,
With love and loyalty for talisman.

Enter RENARD and three of his suite.

Ren. [*Kneeling.*]—Most gracious lady! . . .
There's nothing stands between the crown and you
But a few sad hours of a sick Queen's life—
Which, let's pray, may be mercifully shortened!

TOM TAYLOR.—

It is that crown Philip would help you bear
With strength of policy and stay of love.

Eliz. [*With bitter irony.*—Even such love
as he has showed my sister,
Turning from her untended bed of death
With this unnatural tender of his hand!

[*With withering contempt, rising to wrath.*
Say, did you take me for a fool or beast?
A monster without brains or without heart?
To come to me—you, and your worthy master,
With offers so accursed, and gifts so vile!
Out of my sight, lest I forget my sex
And strike thee!

Ren.—Have a care, my passionate madam.
The Queen still lives, and a Queen's dying arm
Can strike, when others guide. Even now a
warrant

Of treason hangs suspended o'er your head.

Eliz.— Treason!

Ren.—Aye, treason. Courtenay is in Eng-
land—

Has raised all Suffolk, in your name and his,
His treason is your treason; the first stroke
That Courtenay strikes finds echo in the fall
Of your head on the scaffold!

Eliz.— So be it!

When Courtenay strikes that blow, let my head
fall.

My life upon his loyalty!

Ren.— You have staked
And lost! Without there! [*One of his suite
advances.*] This to Lord Chandos!
[*Gives warrant.*] . . .

Enter SUSSEX, and advances.

Eliz.—My lord of Sussex! [*Sussex kneels.*]
Rise, my good lord! Your face of gloom but
tells

What we have heard already—the Queen's
dead.

Sussex.—The Queen ne'er dies, and so long
live the Queen!

Eliz.—You come in time; an hour, and you
had met us

TOM TAYLOR.—

Escorted to the Tower.

Sussex.— The Tower ?

Eliz.— For Treason—

In aiding and abetting Edward Courtenay,
Who, Master Renard late declared, has landed
And risen in arms in Suffolk.

Sussex.— So 'twas bruited.

Eliz.—But 'tis not true ?

Sussex.— No. 'Twas one Thomas Cleo-
bury,

Who took my Lord of Devonshire's arms and
title.

His levies are dispersed, and himself ta'en.

Eliz.—Ha ! said I not ? Courtenay was *not*
in England !

See a post straight dispatched to him at Padua.
We would he first had news of our accession.

Sussex.—My liege, no post can reach him
now !

Eliz.—What mean you ?

Sussex.— He is dead.

Eliz.— Dead ! Nay, my Lord,

Here's too much death : one death that crowns
a queen,

And one that robs a woman's heart of more
Than crowns can give. Dead ! When ? Where ?
tell me all.

Sussex.—He died at Padua. His servants
brought

The tidings to the Court just as I left.

Eliz.—Dead ! Was there naught—no word
for me—no token ?

Sussex.—Pardon, madam.

This ring and letter— [*Holds them out.*

Eliz.—[*Passionately grasping them.*] And
thou keep'st them from me,

And let'st me prate and pule when I might
hold

Something he has touched, and breathed upon,
And warmed with his last breath of dying
love !

[*Looking at the letter.*
True friend ! lost lord ! sole love ! 'tis thy
dear hand ;

TOM TAYLOR.—

And these blurred spots are tears methinks—
or kisses.

Thus let me put my tears and kisses to them
[*Kisses letter.*]

Thus only are we fated to be joined.

[*Reads.*] *Dear love and lady,—When thou
read'st these lines*

*The hand that scarce can trace them will be
cold.*

*My last breath went to pray all blessings on
thee:*

For thee my heart beat, till it beat no more.

They that severed hands have wedded souls:

We are one now and forever—aye, one now—

And ever—and no separation more!

[*Sinks into chair. Burst of trumpets.*
What's that?

Enter HARRINGTON.

Harr.—The Lords of the Council and the
great ones
Of the City come to hail their gracious Queen,
Elizabeth.

Eliz. [*Sadly.*—What love is left to me
now

But their love? What to live for but to make
Them happier than their Queen can ever be?

Trumpets. Enter Procession. Tableau.

Omnes [*Kneeling.*] Long live Elizabeth!
Long live the Queen!

Eliz. [*Rising with great emotion—lays her
hand upon the crown.*]

Great King of Kings! 'tis thou hast willed
it me.

Guide me, that I may wear it, by thy will.

[*Trumpets and cheering.*]

Historical Dramas.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.—

TAYLOR, WILLIAM, an American evangelist and author, was born in Virginia, May 2, 1821. He became a Methodist preacher in 1842; and in 1849 he was appointed missionary to California, where he organized the first Methodist Society in San Francisco. From 1856 to the outbreak of our civil war he travelled as an evangelist in Canada and the Eastern States. Thence he went to England, Ireland, Palestine, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Ceylon, Cape Colony, Kaffraria, Natal, and back to England; from which he visited the West Indies, Australia and Ceylon, and crossed to India in 1872. Here he established many self-supporting missions and then went to Central America, and to Brazil, Peru and Chili. In 1884, as missionary Bishop of Africa, he began the establishment of a chain of missions along the West Coast and about twelve hundred miles up the Congo; whence he has revisited the United States several times in the interest of his African work. His published works include *Seven Years' Street Preaching in San Francisco* (1856); *Address to Young America* (1857); *California Life Illustrated* (1858); *The Model Preacher* (1860); *Reconciliation* (1867); *Infancy and Manhood of Christian Life* (1867); *Election of Grace* (1868); *Christian Adventures in South Africa* (1868); *Four Years in India* (1875); *Our South American Cousins* (1878); *Letters to a Quaker Friend* (1880); *Self-supporting Missions in India* (1882); *Pauline Methods of Missionary Work* (1889); *The Story of My Life* (1895).

WILLIAM TAYLOR.—

THE HUMAN HEART.

The human heart may be compared to a jug, and why? Because we can only ascertain the character of its contents by what comes out of it. God is looking into your hearts now; but finite wisdom cannot penetrate the walls of that mysterious source of thought, and feeling, and action, which determines a man's character in the sight of God. But if we are allowed to judge of fountains by their streams, we have only to look at the foul streams of iniquity which continually flow through our streets to be assured of the character of their sources. See what profanity: what a desecration of God's holy day; what dreadful havoc is being made by that unrelenting slaughterer of human kind, the rum-seller; see what desolation is wrought in the city by the gambling fraternity; see the dreadful prostitution of female virtue; only behold the spirit of lasciviousness and covetousness, like the pall of death, spread over thirty thousand souls in this city! Our streets are thronged with God-hating, Christ-rejecting, pleasure-taking, sin-loving men and women. Remember, too, that these dreadful manifestations of the wickedness of the heart are but partial developments of its deep depravity, limited, First: By the restraints which are brought to bear on human conduct; social restraints, legal restraints and religious restraints. Second: By the barriers of necessity, which circumscribe man's ability to execute the "devices of his heart." Look for example at that rum-seller. The house in which he lives, and from which are the issues of death, once belonged to a man of property and respectability. He lived there with his happy family; but the wily "gentleman of the bar" took advantage of the moral imbecility of his victim, just as the highwayman takes advantage of the physical imbecility of the man he murders and robs.—*From a sermon delivered in San Francisco, April 27, 1851.*

WILLIAM MACKERGO TAYLOR.—

TAYLOR, WILLIAM MACKERGO, a Scottish-American clergyman and author, born in Scotland, in 1829; died in 1895. He was educated at the University of Glasgow and the Theological Seminary of Edinburgh, preached two years in an Ayrshire parish, and in 1855 removed to Liverpool and founded another congregation. He was called to the Broadway Tabernacle of New York City in 1872. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by Yale and Amherst in 1872, and that of LL.D. by Princeton in 1883. He was editor of the *Christian at Work* from 1876 to 1880. He has published numerous volumes, among them, *Life Truths* (1862), *The Miracles: Helps to Faith, not Hindrances* (1865), *David, King of Israel* (1875), *Songs in the Night* (1877), *Daniel the Beloved* (1878), *Moses the Lawgiver* (1879), *The Limitations of Life, and other Sermons* (1880), *Contrary Winds* (1883), *Jesus at the Well* (1884), *John Knox* (1885), *The Scottish Pulpit* (1887), *Joseph the Prime-Minister* (1886), *The Parables of Our Saviour* (1886), *Ruth the Gleaner, Esther the Queen, The Miracles of Our Saviour Expounded* (1890), *The Boy Jesus, and Other Sermons* (1893)

OPENING DOORS.

The full discharge of duty on the lower level opens the passage up into the higher. We see that illustrated in secular departments, if I may call them so, every day.

If the school-boy wishes to gain a high and honorable position as a man, he must be content, so long as he is at school, to perform in the best possible manner its common duties.

The better he is as a scholar, the more surely will the door into eminence open for him as a man. But if he trifle away his time, if he neglects his work, if he despise what he calls the "drudgery" of education, and so leaves school without having learned those things which he was sent thither to acquire, then there

will be nothing for him in after days but humiliation and failure. Doors enow may open to him, but he will never be ready to enter one of them, and will be to the last, unless he go back and make up for what he has lost, a useless hanger-on to the skirts of society. In the same way if a servant would seek to be a master, the shortest way to that end is for him to accept his present lot and be in it the very best of servants.

He who is always scheming for a sudden elevation, as if he would vault at one leap into the chair of his ambition, never reaches it in that way ; or if he do, he cannot keep in it.

But the wise plan is to be content for the time with the place we have, and show the highest excellence in filling that ; for in the long run the door always opens before character. The "candidating minister" who is forever gadding about among vacant churches seeking a suitable sphere, until at length he becomes known as the "solicitor-general," never gets one to his mind. But the man who is conspicuously diligent where he is, and is doing there his utmost for the honor of the Lord, will be sought for by others without any agency of his own, and will receive the recognition of the Master in a nobler opportunity.

Now it is not otherwise in every other department. The first thing we have to do, if we would pass from a lower to a higher post of usefulness, is to adapt ourselves thoroughly to our present sphere, and set ourselves diligently to perform its duties.

If we are conscious of its limitations, then let us not rebel against them, but accept them and make the best possible work with them. Then when we have turned our little strength to good account, we shall find the door opened to us by the Master's hand.

Contentment with the present thus, paradoxical as it may seem, is the surest means of securing in the future that on which, as Christians, we are taught to set our desires.

WILLIAM MACKERGO TAYLOR.—

Fretting over our weakness will not make things better, but will prevent us from bringing any thing out of the little strength we have. He who is constantly complaining that he has no more, makes little or no use of that which he has ; whereas the man who is reconciled for the moment to his position and deliberately seeks to serve God in the best way there, is already in the sure and safe way to promotion. This is a most important consideration, for it brings all the hopes of the future and focuses them on the duties of the present, making the commendation of the Judge at last depend upon even so small a thing as the giving of a cup of cold water to a disciple in his name, or the visiting for his sake of one of his imprisoned brethren.

Here, then, is comfort as well as direction for the weak.

Present fidelity is the door through which we pass to future eminence. The disciple of the Lord is content with the sphere in which he is placed ; but he seeks to fill that thoroughly, in order that he may rise the sooner to something better. Nor does he seek in vain, for the Lord does not overlook the faithfulness of the feeble but opens for them a door of opportunity which all the sticklers for ecclesiastical propriety, and all the votaries of intellectual culture, and all the influences of fashionable society will not be able to shut.—*Contrary Winds.*

ESAIAS TEGNER.—

TEGNER, ESAIAS, a Swedish ecclesiastic and poet, born in the province of Wermland in 1782; died at Wexio in 1846. He graduated at the University of Lund in 1802; became teacher of mathematics and librarian there, and was made Professor of Greek in 1812. He took his Divinity degree in 1818, and was made Bishop of Wexio in 1824. A colossal statue of Tegner was erected at Lund in 1853. His works are numerous. His principal poems are: *Svea* (1811), *The Children of the Lord's Supper* (1820), *Axel* (1821), *Frithiof's Saga* (1825).

THE VETERAN OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

I love the old heroic times

Of Charles the Twelfth, our country's glory,
And deem them fittest for the scenes

Of stern or tender story;

For he was blithe as Peace may be,

And boisterous as Victory.

Even now, on high there glide,

Up and down at eventide,

Mighty men like those of old

With frocks of blue and belts of gold.

Oh, reverently I gaze upon

Those soldier spirits clad in light,

And hold as things most wonderful

Their coats of buff and swords of giant height

One of his oldest veterans

I knew before my boyhood's prime.

He seemed like some gigantic pillar

Undermined by Time.

The scars along his forehead were

Like sculptures on a sepulchre;

There flowed behind that old man's ears

The silver of a hundred years:

'Twas all the old man had.

The stranger, gazing on his door,

Might sigh to think on one so poor;

But Time had trained his soul, and he



CHARLES XII. AT THE BATTLE OF PULTAVA.

"Oft as he told of toils gone through,
For Charles and his dragoons of blue."

ESAIAS TEGNER.—

Had shaken hands with Poverty;
He was not sick nor sad.
With two possessions, all his pride,
Yet dearer than the world beside—
The sword that earned his soldier fame,
A Bible with King Charles's name—
He lived, beneath a forest's shade,
Within a hut himself had made,
And fancied like a tent.

And all that Swedish hero did,
Of valor praised or craven chid,
Or Cossack foeman bent:
That now the child who runs may read,
(For Fame, the Eagle, flew with speed),
Were stored within that hero's mind.
Each in their own heroic kind,
Like monumental urns beneath
A burrow on the fields of death.
Oft as he told of toils gone through,
For Charles and his dragoons of blue,
That soldier seemed to rise in height,
Flashed from his eyes unwonted light,
And all his gestures, all his words
Sprang out like flame from Swedish swords.
Why say that, in the winter nights,
He loved to tell his former fights;
And, grateful, only spoke to praise
King Charles; and never failed to raise,
When mention of his name was made,
His rimless hat and torn cockade ?

My infant height scarce reached his knees,
And yet I loved his histories.
His sunken cheek and wrinkled brow
Have lived with me from then till now;
And, with his stories strange and true,
Keep rising in my mind anew,
Like snowdrop bells that wait to blow
Beneath the winter's shielding snow.

From Axel. — Transl. of LATHAM.

FRITHIOF AT CHESS.

Beneath a chess-board's checkered frame
Frithiof and Björn pursued their game.

ESAIAS TEGNER.—

Silver was each alternate plane,
And each alternate plane of gold.
Aged Hilding came. To throne of beech
The chieftain led with courteous speech:
“Sire, when the mead’s bright horn shall wane,
The field be won, thy tale unfold.”

The sage began: “From Bele’s high heirs
I come with courteous words and prayers.
Disastrous tidings rouse the brave;
On thee a nation’s hope relies.”—
“Check to thy king!” then Frithiof cried;
“Prompt means of rescue, Bjorn, provide;
His crown a Yeoman’s life may save,
And who would heed the sacrifice?”

“Naught ’gainst a King, my son, presume;
Strong the young eagle’s beak and plume;
Measured with King’s, the weaker power
Were adamant, opposed to thine.”—
“My Castle, Björn, thou threat’st in vain,
My Yeomen rout thy royal train,
’Twill cost thee much to win its tower,
Shielded secure in bastion-line.”—

“In Balder’s fane, grief’s loveliest prey,
Sweet Ing’borg weeps the livelong day;
Say, can her tears unheeded fall,
Nor call her champion to her side?”—
“Thy fruitless quest, good Björn, forbear!
From earliest youth I held her dear;
The noblest piece—the Queen of all,
She must be saved, whato’er betide!”

“Is brief rejoinder yet deferred?
And must thy foster-sire, unheard,
Or quit this hall, or menial wait
Thy sport’s predestinated close?”—
Then Frithiof moved, approached his guest
The old man’s hand he kindly pressed:
“I have replied,” he said elate,
“My soul’s resolve my father knows.”

“Haste! tell the sons of royal Bele
I wear not a retainer’s steel;

ESAIAS TEGNER.—

For wounded honor bids divide

The sacred bond it once revered.”—

“Well, tread thy path,” the answer came;

“Thy wrath ’twere chance unmeet to blame.

May Odin all in mercy guide!”

This Hilding said, and disappeared.

From Frithiof's Saga.—Transl. of STRONG.

A SABBATH MORNING IN SWEDEN.

Pentecost, day of rejoicing, had come. The
church of the village

Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On
the spire of the belfry,

Decked with a brazen cock, the friendly flames
of the Spring-sun

Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by
Apostles aforetime.

Clear was the heaven and blue; and May, with
her cap crowned with roses,

Stood in her holiday dress in the fields; and the
wind and the brooklet

Murmured gladness and peace, God's peace!
with lips rosy-tinted

Whispered the race of the flowers; and merry
on balancing branches

Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn
to the Highest.

Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned
with a leaf-woven arbor

Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon
each cross of iron

Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by
the hands of affection.

Even the dial, that stood on a mound among
the departed,

(There full a hundred years had it stood), was
embellished with blossoms.

Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his
kith and his hamlet,

Who on his birthday is crowned by children
and children's children,

So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his
pencil of iron

ESAIAS TEGNER.—

Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured
the time and its changes,
While all around at his feet an eternity slum-
bered in quiet.

Also the church within was adorned, for this
was the season
When the young, their parents' hope, and the
loved ones of heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows
of their baptism.
Therefore each nook and corner was swept and
cleansed, and the dust was
Blown from the walls and the ceiling, and from
the oil-painted benches.
There stood the church like a garden; the
Feast of the Leafy Pavilions
Saw we in living presentment. From noble
arms on the church wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's
pulpit of oak-wood
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod
before Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves,
and the dove, washed with silver,
Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace
of wild-flowers.
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece
painted by Hörberg,
Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling
tresses of angels
Peeped like the sun from a cloud from out the
shadowy leaf-work.
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished,
blinked from the ceiling,
And for lights were lilies of Pentecost set in
the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging
crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy
preaching.
Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones
of the organ,

ESAIAS TEGNER.—

Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible
spirits.

Like Elias in heaven, when he cast from off him
his mantle,

So cast off the soul its garments of earth ; and
with one voice

Chimed in the congregation, and sang an an-
them immortal

Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the
North-land

Tuned to the choral of Luther ; the song on its
mighty pinions [heaven,

Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to
And each face did shine like the Holy One's

face upon Tabor.

Lo ! there entered then into the church the
Reverend Teacher.

Father he hight and he was in the parish ; a
Christianly plainness

Clothed from his head to his feet the old man
of seventy winters.

Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the
heralding angel

Walked he among the crowds, but still a con-
templative grandeur

Lay on his forehead, as clear as on moss-covered
gravestone a sunbeam. [faintly

As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the
day of creation)

Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint
John when in Patmos.

Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seem-
ed then the old man ;

Such was the glance of his eye, and such were
his tresses of silver.

All the congregation arose in the pews that
were numbered.

But with a cordial look, to the right and the
left hand, the old man

Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in in-
nermost chancel.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.—
Transl. of LONGFELLOW.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.—

TEMPLE, SIR WILLIAM, an English statesman and author, born in 1628; died in 1699. He studied at Cambridge; travelled for six years on the Continent; then went to Ireland, where his father, Sir John Temple, was Master of the Rolls. In 1665 he was sent to Germany on a diplomatic mission, and upon his return was made a baronet, and appointed English Resident at Brussels. In 1668 he negotiated the "triple alliance" between England, Holland, and Sweden, against Louis XIV. of France; and was made English Ambassador to Holland. He subsequently performed important diplomatic services, and in 1679 was urged by Charles II. to accept the position of Secretary of State. But he preferred to live in elegant retirement at his seat of Moor Park, occupying his leisure in horticulture and composition, having Jonathan Swift for a while as his private secretary. Temple's writings are of a miscellaneous character. The most important of them are: *Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands*, and *Essays on the Origin and Nature of Government*. Among his Essays are: *On Ancient and Modern Learning*, *On Gardening*, *On Heroic Virtue*, *On Popular Discontents*, *On Health and Long Life*. The *Memoirs of the Life and Works of Temple*, by Thomas P. Courtenay (1836), furnished occasion for an elaborate Essay by Macaulay, who characterizes Temple as "a man of lively parts and quick observation; a man of the world among men of letters, a man of letters among men of the world."

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IN RELIGION.

Whosoever designs the change of religion in

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.—

a country or government by any other means than that of a general conversion of the people, or the greatest part of them, designs all the mischief to a nation that use to usher in or attend the two greatest distempers of a state—civil war or tyranny; which are violence, oppression, cruelty, rapine, intemperance, injustice; and, in short, the miserable effusion of human blood, and the confusion of all laws, orders, and virtues among men. Such consequences as these, I doubt, are something more than the disputed opinions of any man, or any particular assembly of men can be worth, since the great and general end of all religion—next to man's happiness hereafter—is their happiness here. . . .

Now the way to our future happiness has been perpetually disputed throughout the world, and must be left at last to the impressions made upon every man's belief and conscience, either by natural or supernatural means; which impression men may disguise or dissemble, but no man can resist. For belief is no more in a man's power than his stature or his feature; and he that tells me I must change my opinion for his, because 'tis the truer and the better—without other arguments that have to me the force of conviction—may as well tell me I must change my gray eyes for others like his that are black, because these are lovelier or more in esteem. . . .

A man that tells me my opinions are absurd or ridiculous, impertinent or unreasonable, because they differ from his, seems to intend a quarrel instead of a dispute; and calls me fool or madman, with a little more circumstance, though perhaps I pass for one as well in my senses as he, as pertinent in talk, and as prudent in life. Yet these are the common civilities, in religious arguments, of sufficient and conceited men, who talk much of right reason and mean always their own, and make their private imagination the measure of general truth. But such language determines all be-

tween us, and the dispute comes to an end in these words at last, which it might as well have ended in at first—that he is in the right, and I am in the wrong.

The other end of religion—which is our happiness here—has been generally agreed upon by all mankind as appears in the records of all their laws, as well as their religions, which come to be established by the concurrence of men's customs and opinions; though in the latter case that concurrence may have been produced by divine impressions or inspirations. For all agree in teaching and commanding, in planting and improving, not only those moral virtues which conduce to the felicity and tranquillity of every man's private life; but also those manners and dispositions that tend to the peace, order, and safety of all civil societies and governments among men. Nor could I ever understand how those who call themselves, and the world usually calls "religious men," come to put so great weight upon those points of belief which men never have agreed in, and so little upon those of virtue and morality, in which they have hardly ever disagreed. Nor why a State should venture the subversion of their peace and their order which are certain goods, and so universally esteemed, for the propagation of uncertain or contested opinions.

WILLIAM TENNANT.—

TENNANT, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet, born at Anstruther, or Anster, in 1785, died in 1848. While employed as a clerk in a mercantile house, he made himself well acquainted with ancient and modern literature, and mastered the Hebrew language without the aid of a teacher. In 1812 appeared his poem *Anster Fair*, and in the following year he received an appointment as parish schoolmaster, with a salary of £40 a year. He was subsequently employed as a teacher of classical and oriental languages in the Dollar Institution; and he was made Professor of Oriental Languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. Besides *Anster Fair* he wrote a tragedy founded on the story of Cardinal Beaton, *The Thane of Fife, Dinging Down of the Cathedral*, and *Hebrew Dramas* (1845). *Anster Fair* is a mock-heroic in the measure and manner of *Berni*, which he was the first to employ in the English language, and which was subsequently popularized by Frere in the *Whistlecraft Poems*, and by Byron in *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. The nominal theme of *Anster Fair* is the marriage of Maggie Lander, a noted beauty of her day; but a great part of it consists of graphic sketches of the various visitors to the fair at Anster.

A SUMMER MORNING AT ANSTER.

The fair earth laughs through all her boundless
range,
Heaving her green hills high to greet the
beam;
City, and village, steeple, cot, and grange
Gilt as with Nature's purest leaf-gold seem;
The heaths and upland muirs and fallows
change
Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam;

WILLIAM TENNANT.—

And on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and
sprays
Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their
pretty rays.

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
Full merrily the little skylarks spring,
And on their dew-bedrabbled pinions borne,
Mount to the heavens' blue keystone flicker-
ing.

They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn
And hail the genial light, and cheerily sing;
Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round
As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell
the sound.

For when the first up-sloping ray was flung
On Anster steeple's swallow-harboring top,
Its bells and all the bells around were rung
Sonorous, jangling, loud, without a stop;
For tollingly each bitter beadle swung,
Even till he smoked with sweat, his greasy
rope,
And almost broke his bell-wheel ushering in
The morn of Anster Fair, with tinkle-tankling
din.

And from our steeple's pinnacle outspread
The town's long colors flare and flop on high,
Whose anchor, blazoned fair in green and red,
Curles, to each breeze that whistles by;
Whilst on the boltsprit, stern, and topmast
head
Of brig and sloop that in the harbor lie,
Streams the red gaudery of flags in air,
All to salute and grace the morn of Anster
Fair.

VISITORS TO ANSTER FAIR.

Comes next from Ross-shire and from Suther-
land

The horny-knuckled Highlandman;
From where upon the rocks of Caithness strand
Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began,
And where Lochfine from her prolific sand

WILLIAM TENNANT.—

Her herrings brings to feed each bordering
clan,
Arrive the brogue-shod men of generous eye,
Plaided and breechless all, with Esau's hairy
thigh.

They come not now to fire the Lowland stacks,
Or foray on the banks of Forth's firth;
Claymore and broadsword and Lochaber-axe
Are left to rust above the smoky hearth;
Their only arms are bagpipes now and sacks;
Their teeth are set most desperately for
mirth;
And at their broad and sturdy backs are hung
Great wallets, crammed with cheese and ban-
nocks and cold tongue.

Nor stayed away the Islanders, that lie
To buffet of the Atlantic surge exposed;
From Jura, Arran, Uist, and Skye,
Piping they come, unshaved unbreeched, un-
hosed;
And from that Isle whose Abbey structured
high,
Within its precincts holds dead kings en-
closed,
Where Saint Columba oft is seen to waddle,
Crowned round with flaming fire, upon the
spire astraddle.

Next, from the far-famed ancient town of Ayr—
Sweet Ayr! with crops of ruddy damsels
blest,
That, shooting up, and waxing fat and fair,
Shine on thy braes, the lilies of the west!—
And from Dumfries, and from Kilmarnock—
where
Are nightcaps made, the cheapest and the
best—
Blithely they ride on ass and mule, with sacks,
In lieu of saddles, placed upon their asses'
backs.

ALFRED TENNYSON.—

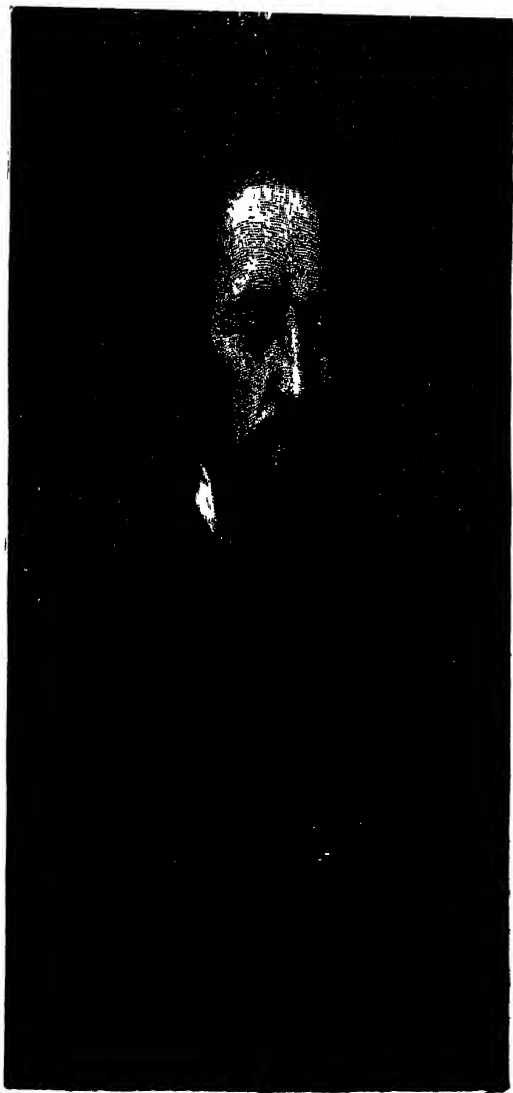
TENNYSON, ALFRED, raised to the Peerage in 1883, under the title of Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, an English poet, born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in 1810; died in Surrey, 1892. He and his two elder brothers, Frederick and Charles, were entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1829 he gained the Chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem *Timbuctoo*. Previously to this, Charles and Alfred Tennyson had put forth a small volume of *Poems by Two Brothers*. In 1830 Alfred Tennyson published under his own name a volume of *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*; followed in 1832 by another volume. He published nothing further until 1842, when was issued *English Idylls and Other Poems*, by which he first fairly gained general recognition as a poet of high order. In 1850, upon the death of Wordsworth, Tennyson was made Poet Laureate, with an annual pension of £200.

His principal poems were published in the following order: *Poems* (1830, 1832, 1842), *The Princess* (1847), *In Memoriam* (1850), *Maud* (1855), *The Idylls of the King* (1858), *Enoch Arden* (1864), *The Holy Grail* (1869), *The Window* (1870), *Ballads, and Other Poems* (1880), *Tiresias, and Other Poems* (1886), *Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After* (1886), *Demeter and Other Poems* (1890), *The Foresters* (1892). He has also written the following dramas: *Queen Mary* (1875), *Harold* (1876), *The Cup* (1881), *The Promise of May* (1882), and *Becket* (1884).

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

I.

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;



ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON.—

And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever,
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent sea imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd
Slide the heavy barges, trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth, silken-sail'd,
 Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement, seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly
 Down to tower'd Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

ALFRED TENNYSON.—

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.

There she sees the highway near,
 Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls
And the red cloaks of market-girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two;
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights;
For often thro' the silent nights,
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
 And music, went to Camelot;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half-sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A redcross knight forever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazoned baldric slung

ALFRED TENNYSON.—

A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together
As he rode down to Camelot.

As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad, clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods are waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seer in a trance,

ALFRED TENNYSON.—

Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willow hills and fields among
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,

Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
A corse between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharves they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer:
And they cross'd themselves for fear,

All the knights of Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space:
He said, "She has a lovely face:
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

ALFRED TENNYSON.—

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet ;
Above her shook the starry lights ;
She heard the torrents meet.
There in her place she did rejoice
Self-gathered in her prophet-mind ;
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down through town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fulness of her face,
Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks
And, King-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth ;
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears ;
That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn, with lips divine,
The falsehood of extremes.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush reeds, and clutched the
sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great
brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirled in
an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur.
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

ALFRED TENNYSON.—

And caught him by the hilt, and brandished
him

Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the king.

Then spake King Arthur, drawing quicker
breath :

“Now see I by by thine eyes that this is done,
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ?”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

“Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the
gems

Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor yet shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not though I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, whirling
him ;

But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandished
him

Three times, and drew him under in the mere.”

And answer made King Arthur, breathing
hard :

“My end draws nigh: 'tis time that I were
gone.

Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.”

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded through his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not
words.

Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him through the place of tombs.

But as he walk'd King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the
King

ALFRED TENNYSON.—

Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick,
quick !
I fear it is too late, and I shall die !"
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge
Clothed with his breath and looking, as he
walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them ; and descending they were 'ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream. By
these
Three Queens with crowns of gold ; and from
them rose
A cry that shivered to the tingling stars ;
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the
barge,"
And to the barge they came. There these
three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and
wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed
his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining
loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was
white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
And all his greaves, and cuisses dash'd with
drops
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls,—
That made his forehead like a rising sun

ALFRED TENNYSON.—

High from the dais-throne—were parched with
dust ;

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed
his lips.

So like a shatter'd column lay the King.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere :

“ Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light hath
led

The Holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved,
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.”

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
“ The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?

I have lived my life, and that which I have
done

May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought
by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day. —
For what are men better than sheep or goats —
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend ?

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)

ALFRED TENNYSON.—

To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail nor rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.”

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted
Swan,

That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of
dawn,

And on the mere the wailing died away.

English Idyls.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK !

Break, break, break

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play
O well for the sailor-lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean :
Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.—

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-
world ;

Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering
square ;

So sad, so strange the days that are no more,

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild as all regret ;
O death in Life ! the days that are no more.

The Princess.

BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story ;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying ;
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin, how clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying ;
Blow, bugle ; answer echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river ;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow ; set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
dying.

The Princess.

ALFRED TENNYSON.—

That I considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

In Memoriam.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring, out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the time;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

ALFRED TENNYSON.—

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

In Memoriam.

GARDEN SONG.

Come into the garden, Maud
For the black bat, Night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
To faint in his light and die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night hath the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancer's dancing in tune,
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon,

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay ;
When will the dancers leave her alone ?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day ;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away. . . .

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one ;
Shine out, little head, running over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

ALFRED TENNYSON.—

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near,"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

Maud.

ENID'S SONG.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the
proud;
Turn thy light wheel through sunshine and
through cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.
Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or
frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little but our hearts are great.
Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own
hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud,
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Idyls of the King.

ENOCH ARDEN'S DYING MESSAGE.

As the woman heard
Fast flowed the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;

ALFRED TENNYSON.—

But awed and promise-bounden she forebore,
Saying only : "See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied :

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again ; mark me and understand
While I have power to speak. I charge you
now,

When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her ;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too :
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father ; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :
This hair is his : she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave ;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see
him,

My babe in bliss. Wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it will comfort her ;
It will moreover be a token to her
That I am he. . . ."

The third night after this
While Enoch slumbered motionless and pale,
And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea
That all the houses of the harbor rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice, "A sail ! a sail !
I am saved !" and so fell back and spoke no
more.

Enoch Arden.

ALFRED TENNYSON —

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place

The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Demeter and Other Poems.

CHARLES TENNYSON.—

TENNYSON, CHARLES, an English clergyman and poet, born in 1808; died in 1879. He was a brother of Alfred Tennyson, but while a young man assumed the name of TURNER, which was that of his maternal grandmother. He studied at Cambridge, took holy orders, and in 1836 became Vicar of Grasby. In 1827, appeared a small volume of *Poems by Two Brothers*, Alfred and Charles Tennyson. He subsequently put forth several volumes of *Poems*, consisting of sonnets, lyrics, and translations, of which a collected edition was published in 1880.

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

As on my bed I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice pranked upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and fitting birds
withal—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade.
“Thanks be to Heaven!” in happy mood
I said;
“What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the East hath
made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see! We are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
His lustre pierceth through the midnight
glooms;
And at prime hours, behold, He follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms.”

LETTY'S GLOBE.

When Letty had scarce passed her third glad
year,
And her young artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colored sphere
Of the wide Earth, that she might mark and
know
By tint and outline all its sea and land.

CHARLES TENNYSON.—

She patted all the world ; old empires peeped
Between her baby fingers ; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers ; how she leaped,
And laughed and prattled in her pride of
bliss !

But when we turned her sweet unlearned eye
On our own Isle, she raised a joyous cry—
“ Oh yes ! I see it ; Letty’s home is there ! ”

And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

THE OCEAN.

The ocean at the bidding of the moon
Forever changes with his restless tide :
Flung shoreward now, to be regathered soon
With kingly pauses of reluctant pride,
And semblance of return. Anon from home
He issues forth anew, high ridged and free—
The gentlest murmur of his seething foam
Like armies whispering where great echoes be.
O, leave me here upon this beach to rove,
Mute listener to that sound so grand and lone !
A glorious sound, deep drawn, and strongly
thrown,
And reaching those on mountain heights above,
To British ears (as who shall scorn to own ?)
A tutelar fond voice, a savior tone of love.

FREDERICK TENNYSON. -

TENNYSON, FREDERICK, an English poet, elder brother of Alfred Tennyson and Charles Tennyson Turner, born in 1806. He graduated at Cambridge in 1830, and in 1854 put forth a volume of poems, *Days and Hours*. In 1890 he published a poem *The Isles of Greece: Sappho and Alcæus*.

THE BLACKBIRD.

How sweet the harmonies of afternoon !

The Blackbird sings along the sunny leas
His ancient song of leaves and summer boon ;
Rich breath of hay-fields streams through
whispering trees ;

And birds of morning trim their bustling wings,
And listen fondly :—while the Blackbird sings.

How soft the lovelight of the West reposes

On this green valley's cheery solitude,
On the trim cottage with its screen of roses,

On the gray belfry with its ivy head,
And murmuring mill-race, and the wheel that
flings.

Its bubbling freshness :—while the Blackbird
sings.

The very dial on the village church

Seems as 'twere dreaming in a dozy rest ;
The scribbled benches underneath the porch

Bask in the kindly welcome of the West :
But the broad casements of the old Three
Kings

Blaze like a furnace :—while the Blackbird
sings.

And there beneath the immemorial elm

Three rosy revellers round a table sit,
And through gray clouds give laws unto the
realm,

Curse good and great, but worship their own
wit ;

And roar of fights and fairs, and junketings,
Corn, colts and curs :—the while the Black-
bird sings.

Before her home, in her accustomed seat,

The tidy grandam spins beneath the shade

FREDERICK TENNYSON.—

Of the old honeysuckle—at her feet
The dreaming pug and purring tabby laid ;
To her low chair a little maiden clings,
And spells in silence :—while the Blackbird
sings

The woods, the lawn, the peaked summer-house,
With its peach-covered walls and rookery
loud,
The trim, quaint garden-alleys, screened with
boughs ;
The lion-headed gates, so grand and proud ;
The mossy fountain with its murmurings,
Lie in warm sunshine :—while the Blackbird
sings.

The ring of silver voices, and the sheen
Of festal garments—and my lady streams
With her gay court across the garden green.
Some laugh and dance, some whisper their
love-dreams,
And one calls for a little page ; he strings
His lute beside her :—while the Blackbird sings.

A little while, and lo ! the charm is heard ;
A youth, whose life has been all summer,
steals
Forth from the noisy guests around the board,
Creeps by her softly ; at her footstool kneels,
And, when she pauses, murmurs tender things
Into her fond ear :—while the Blackbird sings.

The smoke wreaths from the chimneys curl
up higher,
And dizzy things at eve begin to float
Upon the light ; the breeze begins to tire.
Half-way to sunset, with a drowsy note,
The ancient clock from out the valley swings ;
The grandam nods :—and still the Blackbird
sings.

The shouts and laughter from the farmstead peal
Where the great stack is piling in the sun ;
Through narrow gates o'erladen wagons reel,
And barking curs into the tumult run ;
While the inconstant wind bears off, and brings
The merry tempest :—and the Blackbird sings.

FREDERICK TENNYSON.—

On the high wold the last look of the sun ;
Burns, like a beacon, over dale and stream ;
The shouts have ceased, the laughter and the
fun ;
The grandam sleeps—and peaceful be her
dreams !

Only a hammer on an anvil rings ;
The day is dying:—but the Blackbird sings.

Now the good Vicar passes from his gate,
Serene, with long white hair; and in his eye
Burns the clear spirit that has conquered Fate,
And felt the wings of Immortality;
His heart has thronged with great imaginings
And tender mercies:—while the Blackbird
sings.

Down by the brook he bends his steps, and
through

A lowly wicket; and at last he stands
Awful beside the bed of one who grew
From boyhood with him; who with lifted
hands

And eyes, seems listening to far welcomings
And sweeter music than the Blackbird sings.

Two golden stars, like tokens of the blest,
Strike on his dim orbs from the setting sun ;
His sinking hands seem pointing to the West ;
He smiles as though he said, "Thy will be
done !"

His eyes, they see not those illuminings ;
His ears, they hear not what the Blackbird
sings.

TERENCE.—

TERENCE (**PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER**), a Roman dramatist, born at Carthage about 193 B. C.; died probably about 158 B. C. He was the slave of a Roman Senator, Terentius Lucanus, whose name he assumed, adding to it that of Afer, "the African." His master caused him to receive the best education of his time, and manumitted him at an early age. Of his comedies only six have come down to us: *The Andria*, *Hecyra*, *Heauton-timoroumenos*, *Eunuchus*, *Phormio*, and *Adelphi*. He is said to have written many others, but it is not certain that any of them were published—that is, produced upon the stage. The *Heauton-timoroumenos*—"The Self-Tormentor"—is based upon a comedy of Menander, bearing the same title. We are told by St. Augustine that, at the first representation of the play, when in the first scene Chremes uttered the words "*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto*—I am a man: what man concerns must me concern," the whole audience rose, and made the theatre resound with their applause. From Rome Terence went to Athens in his thirty-fifth year. It is not certain how long he remained there, but we are told that he set sail on his return, taking with him more than a hundred plays which he had written. The vessel was lost, and with it all these dramas. One account states that Terence himself was lost with the vessel; according to another account he escaped, and died in Arcadia, from grief occasioned by the loss of his manuscripts. It is certain that he never reached Rome.

The works of Terence and Plautus are all that remain to us of Roman dramatic

TERENCE.—

poetry. Terence has always been held in the highest esteem for the purity and elegance of his diction. During the middle ages, and down to the seventeenth century he was more generally read than any other Latin author. No man could lay claim to classical scholarship unless he was well up in his Terence. The first known printed edition of his works—of which it is supposed that only a single copy exists—was printed in 1469, only twenty years after the art of printing was made available. Subsequent editions—not mere reprints of former ones, but editions prepared and annotated by the foremost scholars of their times—are almost innumerable. Among these editors are Melanchthon and Erasmus. In his Preface Melanchthon says: “Terence, without doubt, surpasses all others in purity of language. I exhort all teachers to advise the young to study that author with great attention.” Erasmus says: “From no other writer can the Roman tongue be learned with greater purity; nor is there any writer more delightful to the reader or more suitable for the young.”

The *Heauton-timoroumenos* turns mainly upon the penance inflicted upon himself by Menedemus, who has driven his only son from home in consequence of some supposed misconduct. We present, in the translation of Mr. Frederick W. Ricord, the opening scene of this comedy.

CHREMES AND MENEDEMUS.

Chre.—Acquaintance, Sir, between us,
 though of recent date,
 Beginning when you bought some land near
 mine of late;
 And though, as ground for friendship, there
 be nothing more,

TERENCE.—

Yet either your stout heart, or that you live
next door—

Which is, in my esteem, to friendship close
allied—

Constrains me boldly and familiarly to chide
You toiling thus in what, it seems to me, your
age

As well as your great wealth, must bid you not
engage.

Now, by both gods and men, wherefore your-
self so hate?

Or what's your wish, with sixty years upon
your pate—

And more, as I believe; possessor, too, of lands
Whose worth exceeds what any neighbor here
commands;

With troops of slaves, midst whom you live
alone,

And for them trudge and haul, and 'neath their
burdens groan,

Whene'er I go abroad at morn, or homeward
bound,

However late I come, I see you on your ground,
With plough or rake in hand, hard delving in
the soil,

Without a moment's rest, intent upon your toil;
And ne'er can I believe such work real pleasure
yields.

But you will say: if in the culture of your
fields, [tained

Your slaves can at their tasks be willingly re-
As long as you engage, so much the more
you've gained.

Men.—Pray, Chremes, have you then so
little work to do

That you can care for things nowise concerning
you?

Chre.—I am a man; what man concerns must
me concern.

'Tis mine to warn you now, or mine from you
to learn.

If right, I'll copy you; if wrong, I must deter.

Men.—It suits me thus to live; please do
what you prefer.

TERENCE.—

Chre.—E'er pleased it man to rack himself?

Men.— Yes, me, dear Sir.

Chre.—If you had grief, I'd hold. 'Tis crime!
Is not that so,

I pray? What merits punishment so great?

Men.— Oh! Oh!

Chre.—Pray, do not weep! Make known your
secret; speak, Sir, speak!

Withhold it not; be not afraid. Believe I seek
Your good by cheerful words; by counsel;
aught I have.

Men.—My story would you know?

Chre.— For reasons which I gave.

Men.—It shall be told.

Chre.— But lay this heavy mattock by,
And weary not yourself.

Men.— Not so.

Chre.— Nay, tell me why.

Men.—Return it, please. I would not through
a moment's flight

Repose.

Chre.— I'll not, I say.

Men.— Ah, Sir, you do not right.

Chre.—Oh, what a weight it is!

Men.— For me, too light a one.

Chre.—Well, then, proceed.

Men.— My friend, a young and only son
I have—Ah, said I *have*? 'Twere truer, *had*,
to say,

For that I *have*, there's doubt.

Chre.— Why so?

Men.— Attend, I pray:

A dame from Corinth, old and poor, hard by us
dwells,

Whose daughter this my son adored, till
through her spells

He took her as a wife, and kept unknown to me.
This having learned—inhumanly, as now I see,
And not in love so fit in ailments of the mind—
I used that force, with parents common, though
unkind,

And daily scolded him: "What! do you hope
to thrive

TERENCE.—

While living thus, and, with a father still alive,
Pay worship to a jade, when you should love a
wife?

You err, if this be so, nor know me, by my life!
Now learn that 'tis my will to own you as a
son

So long as you do right; if wrong howe'er be
done,

Mine then 'twill be to find what's right from
me to you.

Your conduct, Sir, is bred from having naught
to do.

When at your age my time was not in idling
spent;

But with an empty purse to Asia far I went,
On gaining wealth and fame by feats of arms
intent."—

Thus, Chremes, thus I railed, till conquered by
appeals

So oft and rudely made, the youth no more
conceals

Conviction that my age and love enabled me,
Far better than himself, his future good to see.
To Asia and the wars he went to serve his
Prince.

Chre.—What's that?

Men.— That secretly he went, now three
months since.

Chre.—And you are both to blame; and
yet in him I find

The marks of worth and sense of honor well
refined.

Men.—Oh, when from friends the story of his
flight was heard,

I homeward went at once, my soul profoundly
stirred.

Uncertain what to do, and sick from wounded
love,

I lay me down. My slaves approach, my clothes
remove;

I see them run; some hastily the board to
spread,

While others viands bring; and each, by ardor
sped,

TERENCE.-

His utmost does to strengthen me, half-dead.
And seeing this, I ask, Why should so many
be
Constrained to serve one man, so many wait on
me ?
Servants to make my clothes ? Such cost for
one alone—
That one myself—why should I make ? But he
my son,
Has need thereof as much as I—nay, more
than I ;
For these well fit his age, and he has tastes to
gratify.
Ah, him from home have I unjustly forced to
fly.
Myself I'd worthy deem on all earth's woes to
feed
Could I thus live while he, my son, remains in
need,
In banishment from home, by fault of mine
alone.
Meantime to him, for this great wrong that I
have done,
By toil and starving e'en I shall somewhat
atone.—
And thus resolved, I stripped my floors and
walls [halls
Of all that could be sold ; my servants from my
I sent ; retaining only those to whom the field,
In recompense for work, a due return would
yield.
Aye, all I sold. Upon the home where he was
reared
I wrote, "This house for sale," and fifteen
talents cleared.
Then hither came, where now I plant and sow,
In hope that for the pains I daily undergo,
My son will in degree find easement for his woe.
In fact, I claim henceforth no right to any joy
Until 'tis granted me together with my boy.
Chre.—Your heart is kind toward your son,
it seems to me ;
And doubtless none could be more kind to you
than he.

TERENCE.—

If rightly led. Yet him you must but ill conceive,
While he knows you but ill; and 'tis no way
to live. [deed;
You never showed to him your love by word or
To you, as parent, never dared he trust or plead.
Had this been otherwise, of grief you'd known
no need.

Men.—'Tis so, I must confess; my sin is
very great.

Chre.—Aye, neighbor; but I hope the day
will come not late

When his return in safety home you'll gladly
greet.

Men.—The gods so grant!

Chre.— They will. Now if
To you 'tis meet. Upon this festal day, come
home with me, I pray.

Men.—It cannot be. [you may

Chre.— Why not? For once I'm sure
From torments take a rest. Your son bids you
refrain.

Men.—Unseemly would it be in me who gave
him so much pain,
To fly from it myself.

Chre.— Is this your feeling still?

Men.—It is.

Chre.— Farewell.

Men.— Adieu. [*Exit.*

Chre. With tears mine eyes now fill.
I pity him indeed; but time goes on apace,
And I must bid my neighbor Phania do me
grace

To feast with me to-day. I'll go and bid him
come. [*Knocks at the door.*]

There was no need, I find; long since he left
his home,

And waits at mine, they say. My guests now
think me late;

I'll therefore hasten home. But who thus
moves the gate?

Has some one left my house? I'll step aside
and wait.

Act I, Scene 1.

MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE.—

TERHUNE, MARY VIRGINIA (pen name, MARION HARLAND), an American novelist and domestic economist, born in Amelia county, Va., in 1830. Her father was Samuel P. Hawes. In 1856 she was married to Edward P. Terhune, who was for a time American chaplain at Rome. Her novels are wholesome, popular reading—such as *Alone, a Tale of Southern Life* (1853), *The Hidden Path*, *Moss Side*, *Miriam*, *Nemesis*, *Husks*, *Husbands and Homes*, *Sunny Bank*, *Helen Gardner's Wedding*, *The Christmas Holly*, *Ruby's Husband*, etc. *A Gallant Fight* (1888), is vigorous in its portrayals. In 1877, she published *Common Sense in the Household*, and in 1888 established the *Home Maker* magazine. She also published *With the Best Intentions*; *A Midsummer Episode* (1890), and *The Story of Mary Washington* (1892).

A MANLY HERO.

After donning velvet jacket and slippers, he sat down, and lighting his cigar, leaned back to watch the fire and dream of Salome and their real home.

Not until the weed was half consumed, did he observe an envelope on the table at his elbow. It was sealed and addressed to him, in a "back hand" he did not recognize. Without a thought of Mrs. Phelps's warning, so far afield had his musings wandered, he opened it and drew out a letter written on thick business paper, and several pages in length. From within it, a half-sheet, folded once, slipped to the floor. This he picked up and unfolded. Upon it was pasted a smaller sheet of note-paper that had been torn and then fitted together. There were three lines of pencil writing, but so blurred by crosses and joins that the cursory glance he cast upon it did not decipher a single word. Laying it aside, he turned to the letter for explanation. . . .

MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE.—

"In the Library. Nine o'clock P. M.

"MY OWN LOVE—You say in your letter (burned as soon as I had committed the contents to memory) that I must never call you *that* again. There is a higher law than that of man's appointment, binding our hearts together, stronger even than that of your sweet, wise lips. Until you are actually married to the man whom you confess you do not love, you will, according to that divine law, be my own, Marion——"

With a violent start, the young man shook the sheet from his fingers, as he would a serpent.

This was what he had promised not to read, or so much as to touch! The veins stood out high and dark on his forehead; he drew in the air hissing. Had a basilisk uncoiled from his bosom and thrust a forked tongue in his face, the shock would not have been greater. This was "the letter written to Marion!" He had thrown away six of the best years of his life upon the woman whom another man called his "own love;" the man to whom she had confessed that she did not love her betrothed husband! Who was he?

"If they are genuine, respect for the dead, and mercy to the living require that they should be suppressed and destroyed," Mrs. Phelps had said of "papers written *a little while* before Marion's death." His word was pledged. But what name would he see if he reversed the sheet before destroying it? With a bound of the heart that would have assured him, had proof been needed, what his bonnie living girl-love was to him, he put away all tender memories of the dead, false betrothed. He had worshipped and mourned the thinnest of shadows. He might owe respect—abstractly—to the dead, but no reverence to a wild dream from which he had awakened. Who was the "living" to whom he was entreated to show mercy? Where was the man who had first robbed him, then let him play the sad-visaged dupe and fool, while the heyday of youth slipped forever beyond his reach?

To learn that—to remember the name with

MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE.—

execration—to despise with the full force of a wronged and honest soul—perhaps, to brand him as a cur and blackguard, should he ever cross his path—would not break his word. Was it not his right—the poor rag of compensation he might claim for the incalculable, the damnable evil the traitor had wrought? He would confess to Salome's mother to-morrow—but this one thing he *would* do!

He stooped for the letter.

“Peace! let him rest! God knoweth best!

And the flowing tide comes in!

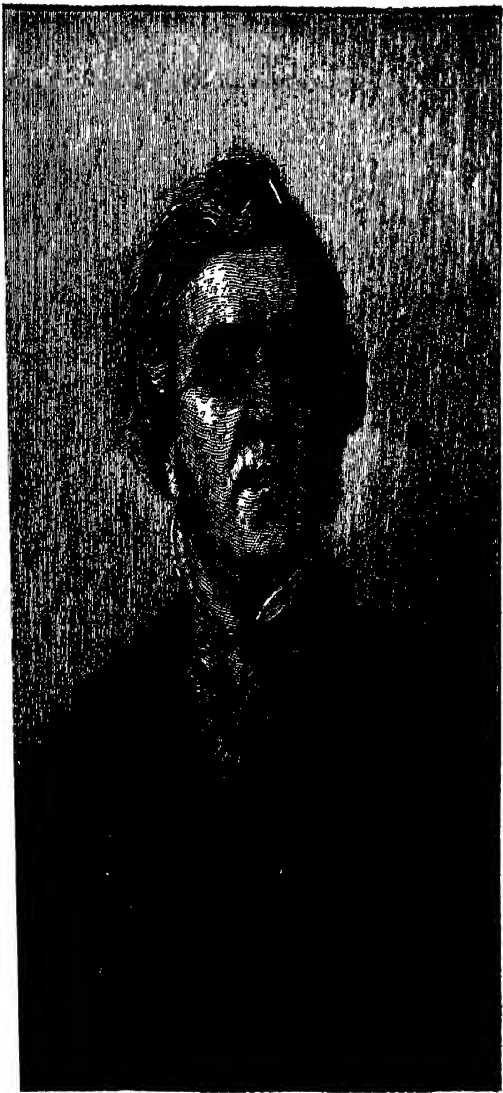
And the flowing tide comes in!”

It was only his beloved stepmother on her nightly round of nursery and Gerald's chamber, singing to her guileless self in passing her stepson's door to prove her serenity of spirit; but Rex staggered back into his seat, put his elbows on his knees, and covered his face with his hands.

He smelled the balsam-boughs slanting to the water; the trailing arbutus Salome wore in her belt; heard the waves lapping the prow and sides of the bounding boat. God's glorious heaven was over them, and the sun was rising, after a long, long night, in his heart. The fresh, tender young voice told the tale of love and loss and patient submission. . . .

Aye! and could not he—affluent in heaven's best blessings, loving and beloved by the noble true daughter of the Christian heroine who expected her “son” to stand fast by his plighted word,—the almost husband of a pure, high-souled woman,—afford to spare the miserable wretch whose own mind and memory must be a continual hell?

He pitied—he almost forgave him, as he took up the sheets from the floor, the scrap of paper from the table, and averting his eyes lest the signature might leap out at him from the twisting flame, laid them under the forestick, and did not look that way again until nothing was left of them but tinder and ashes.—*A Gallant Fight.*



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.—

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE, an English author, born at Calcutta in 1811; died at London in 1863. His great-grandfather, Rev. Thomas Thackeray, was Master of Harrow School; his grandfather, William Makepeace, and his father, Richmond Thackeray, entered the civil service of the East India Company. Richmond Thackeray died in 1816, at the age of thirty, leaving a considerable fortune, a young widow, and a son of five years. In 1817 Mrs. Thackeray took her son to England, and not long afterwards married Major Carmichael Smyth, who became a true father to his stepson. The boy was placed in the Charterhouse School at London, whence, at about eighteen, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where, however, he did not remain long enough to take his degree. He had resolved to be a painter, and went to Rome and Paris for the purpose of studying art. But beyond natural deftness in throwing off hasty outline sketches, he never acquired any tolerable artistic skill. But even this afterwards served him in good stead, when he became a contributor to *Punch*. He never attempted anything except figure-pieces, and these he never drew with accuracy.

Thackeray came into possession of his fortune upon coming of age, and in five years it was all gone. The greater part of it, as well as that of his stepfather, was thrown away in setting up a daily newspaper *The Constitutional*, which lived only a year. He had now to earn his daily bread, and the pen was his only resource. He became a somewhat frequent contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*, and in 1841 to

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.—

Punch, which had just been established. He wrote anonymously or under assumed signatures, such as "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," "George Fitz-Boodle," "Charles James Fitzroy Yellowplush." For ten years and more he wrote Tales, Burlesques, Satires, descriptive Sketches, critical essays and verses, some of which were clever hits at the follies and foibles of the time; but none of them had more than ephemeral value, and few of them gave promise that the author would ever take a permanent place as a writer of fiction, unless *The Great Hoggarty Diamond* may be reckoned an exception. A dark shadow had fallen upon his domestic life. His young wife after giving birth to two daughters, was stricken with a mental malady, from which she never recovered. His daughters, who grew up to be the joy of his life, were placed with his mother at Paris, and he was living a lonely life in London lodgings. It was under these circumstances that *Vanity Fair*, the first of his five great novels, was begun early in 1847. It was published in monthly parts, running through a year and a half; and long before its completion in the summer of 1848 Thackeray's place as a novelist had come to be an assured one. He soon afterwards began his *Pendennis*, also published serially, and running through the years 1849 and 1850. In 1851 Thackeray appeared as a lecturer with his *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*, which were delivered throughout Great Britain and subsequently in America. In 1852 appeared his novel, *Henry Esmond*, the only one of his important works which was not published serially. He himself regarded this as his best work.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.—

Near the close of 1852 Thackeray went to America, where he delivered his lectures on the "English Humorists" in all the principal cities.

In 1854 he broke off his long connection with *Punch*. "There appears in next *Punch*," he writes, "an article so wicked—by poor——, I think—that upon my word I don't think I ought to pull any longer in the same boat with such a savage little Robespierre; and so I have sent in my resignation." In 1853-55 appeared *The Newcomes*, the best of all his novels. The next year he made a second tour in the United States, where he delivered his lectures on *The Four Georges*, which were afterwards delivered, and then published in Great Britain. In 1857 he presented himself as a candidate for Parliament for the city of Oxford, but was defeated by a majority of 67 in a total vote of 2,103. This was his only attempt to enter upon a political life. In 1857-59 appeared his novel, *The Virginians*, which perhaps did not lessen, although it certainly did not increase his reputation. In 1860 he became editor of the new *Cornhill Magazine*, which he conducted for two years. For each Number he furnished one of the *Roundabout Papers*, touching upon a great variety of topics. In this Magazine also appeared his novels *Lovel the Widower*, and *The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World*, a kind of continuation of the *Shabby Genteel Story*, of which a few chapters had been written as early as 1840. After his retirement from the editorship of the *Cornhill*, Thackeray commenced in it the novel *Dennis Duval*, of which only four Numbers had been written

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.—

at the time of his sudden death on December 24, 1863, at the age of fifty-two, when he was meditating a *History of England* commencing with the reign of Queen Anne.

The other works of Thackeray consist mainly of his contributions to *Fraser* and the *Cornhill*, several volumes of foreign sketches, small Christmas books, and a volume of clever *Ballads*. Among these works are: *The Book of Snobs*, *The Yellowplush Papers*, *The Fitz-Boodle Papers*, *The Paris Sketch Book*, *The Irish Sketch Book*, *A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*, *Cox's Diary*, *The Second Funeral of Napoleon*, *A Legend of the Rhine*, *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*, *Mrs. Perkins's Ball*, *Our Street*, *Dr. Birch and his Young Friends*, *The Rose and the Ring*. It was Thackeray's express wish that no formal biography of him should be written. Several such, however, have been put forth, the least unsatisfactory of which is that by Anthony Trollope in the "English Men of Letters." In 1887 was published a *Collection of the Letters of Thackeray*, written between 1847 and 1855, to his close friends Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield. These present our best picture of the noble and loveable character of the man.

MISS REBECCA SHARP.

Miss Sharp's father was an artist, and in that quality had given lessons of drawing at Miss Pinkerton's school. He was a clever man; a pleasant companion, a careless student; with a great propensity for running into debt, and a partiality for the tavern. When he was drunk he used to beat his wife and daughter; and the next morning, with a headache, he would rail at the world for its neglect of his genius,

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.—

and abuse, with a good deal of cleverness, and sometimes with perfect reason, the fools, his brother painters. As it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself, and as he owed money for mile about Soho where he lived, he thought to better his circumstances by marrying a young woman of the French nation, who was by profession an opera-girl. The humble calling of her female parent Miss Sharp never alluded to, but used to state subsequently that the Entrechats were a noble family of Gascony, and took great pride in her descent from them. And curious it is that as she advanced in life this young lady's ancestors increased in rank and splendor.

Rebecca's mother had had some education somewhere, and her daughter spoke French with purity, and a Parisian accent. It was in those days rather a rare accomplishment, and led to her engagement with the orthodox Miss Pinkerton. For the mother being dead, her father finding himself not likely to recover after his third attack of *delirium tremens*, wrote a manly and pathetic letter to Miss Pinkerton, recommending the orphan child to her protection; and so descended to the grave, after two bailiffs had quarrelled over his corpse. Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick, and was bound over as an articulated pupil; her duties being to talk French, and her privileges to live scot-free, and with a few guineas a year to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school.

She was small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down; when they looked up, they were very large, odd, and attractive; so attractive, that the Reverend Mr. Crisp, fresh from Oxford, and curate to the Vicar of Chiswick, Reverend Mr. Flowerdew, fell in love with Miss Sharp, being shot dead by a glance from her eyes which were fired all the way across Chiswick Church from the school-pew to the reading-desk. This infatuated young man used sometimes to take

tea with Miss Pinkerton, to whom he had been presented by his mamma, and actually proposed something like marriage in an intercepted note, which the one-eyed apple woman was charged to deliver. Mrs. Crisp was summoned from Buxton, and abruptly carried off her darling boy; but the idea even of such an eagle in the Chiswick dovecote caused a great flutter in the breast of Miss Pinkerton, who would have sent away Miss Sharp but that she was bound to her under a forfeit; and who never could thoroughly believe the young lady's protestations that she had never exchanged a single word with Mr. Crisp, except under her own eyes on the two occasions when she had met him at tea.

By the side of many tall and bouncing young ladies in the establishment, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the dismal precocity of poverty. Many a dun had she talked to, and turned away from her father's door; many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good-humor, and into the granting of one meal more. She sat commonly with her father, who was very proud of her wit, and heard the talk of many of his wild companions—often ill-suited for a girl to hear. But she had never been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was eight years old. Oh, why did Miss Pinkerton let such a dangerous bird into her cage?

The fact is, the old lady believed Rebecca to be the meekest creature in the world; so admirably, on the occasions when her father brought her to Chiswick, used Rebecca to perform the part of an *ingénue*, and only a year before the arrangement by which Rebecca had been admitted into her house, and when Rebecca was sixteen years old, Miss Pinkerton majestically, and with a little speech, made her a present of a doll—which was, by the way, the confiscated property of Miss Swindle, discovered surreptitiously nursing it in school-hours.

How the father and daughter laughed as they

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.—

trudged home together after the evening party; and how Miss Pinkerton would have raged had she seen the caricature of herself which the little mimic, Rebecca, managed to make out of her doll. Becky used to go through dialogues with it; it formed the delight of Newman Street, Gerard Street, and the artists' quarter; and the young painters, when they came to take their gin-and-water with their lazy, dissolute, clever, jovial senior, used regularly to ask if Miss Pinkerton was at home. Once Rebecca had the honor to pass a few days at Chiswick, after which she brought back Jemima, and erected another doll as Miss Jemmy; for though that honest creature had made and given her jelly and cake enough for three children, and a seven-shilling piece at parting, the girl's sense of ridicule was far stronger than her gratitude, and she sacrificed Miss Jemmy quite as pitilessly as her sister.—*Vanity Fair*.

THE FOTHERINGAY OFF THE STAGE.

As Pen followed his companion up the creaking old stairs his knees trembled under him. He could hardly see when he entered, following the Captain, and stood in the room—in her room. He saw something black before him, and waving as if making a curtsy; and heard, but quite indistinctly, Costigan making a speech over him, in which the Captain, with his habitual magniloquence, expressed to "me child" his wish to make her known to "his dear and admirable young friend, Mr. Arthur Pindinnis, a young gentleman of property in the neighborhood, a person of reformed moind and amiable manners, a sinserelover of poethry; and a man possest of a feeling and affectionate heart."

"It is very fine weather," Miss Fotheringay said, in an Irish accent, and with a deep, rich, melancholy voice.

"Very," said Mr. Pendennis.

"And very warm," continued this Empress and Queen of Sheba.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.—

In this romantic way the conversation began ; and he found himself seated on a chair and having leisure to look at the young lady. She looked still handsomer off the stage than before the lamps. All her attitudes were naturally grand and majestic. If she went up and stood before the mantelpiece, her robe draped itself classically round her ; her chin supported itself on her hand ; the other lines of her form arranged themselves in full harmonious undulation. She looked like a muse in contemplation. If she sat down on a cane-bottomed chair, her arm rounded itself over the back of the seat ; her hand seemed as if it ought to have a sceptre put into it ; the folds of her dress fell naturally around her in order ; all her movements were graceful and imperial.

The conversation thus begun rolled on. She asked Costigan whether he had had a pleasant evening at the George, and he recounted the supper and the tumblers of punch. Then the father asked her how she had been employed during the morning.

"Bows came," said she, "at ten, and we studied Ophaylia. It's for the twenty-fourth, when I hope, Sir, we shall have the honor of seeing ye."

"Indeed you will," Mr. Pendennis cried ; wondering she should say "Ophaylia," and speak with an Irish inflection of voice naturally, who had not the least Hibernian accent on the stage.

"I've secured 'um for your benefit, dear," said the Captain, tapping his waistcoat pocket, wherein lay Pen's sovereigns, and winking at Pen, with one eye, at which the boy blushed.

"Mr. — the gentleman's very obleeinging," said Mrs. Haller.

"My name is Pendennis," said Pen, blushing. "I—I—hope you'll—you'll remember it." His heart thumped so as he made this audacious declaration, that he almost choked in uttering it.

"Pendennis," she answered slowly, and look-

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.—

ing him full in the eyes, with a glance so straight, so clear, so bright, so killing, with a voice so sweet, so round, so low, that the word transfixed him with pleasure.

"I never knew the name was so pretty before," Pen said.

"'Tis a very pretty name," Ophelia said. "Pentweazle's not a pretty name. Remember, papa, when we were on the Norwich Circuit, young Pentweazle, who used to play second old man, and married Miss Raney, the Columbine? They're both engaged in London now, at the Queen's, and get five pounds a week. Pentweazle wasn't his real name. 'Twas Jedkin gave it him, I don't know why. His name was Harrington; that is, his real name was Potts; fawther a clergyman very respectable. Harrington was in London, and got into debt. Ye remember, he came out in Falkland, to Mrs. Bunce's Julia."

"And a pretty Julia she was," the Captain interposed; "a woman of fifty, and a mother of ten children. 'Tis you who ought to have been Julia, or my name's not Jack Costigan."

"I didn't take the leading business then," Miss Fotheringay said modestly. "I wasn't fit for 't till Bows taught me."

"True for you, my dear," said the Captain; and bending to Pendennis, he added, "Rejuiced in circumstances, Sir, I was for some time a fencing-master in Dublin; (there's only three men in the empire could touch me with the foil once, but Jack Costigan's getting old and stiff now, Sir,) and my daughter had an engagement at the thayater there; and 'twas there that my friend, Mr. Bows, gave her lessons, and made her what ye see. What have ye done since Bows went, Emily?"

"Sure, I've made a pie," Emily said, with perfect simplicity. She pronounced it *Poy*.

"If ye'll try it at four o'clock, Sir, say the word," said Costigan gallantly. "That girl, Sir, makes the best veal and ham pie in England; and I think I can promise ye a glass of punch of the right flavor."

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.—

Pen had promised to be home at dinner at six o'clock; but the rascal thought he could accommodate pleasure and duty in this point, and was only too eager to accept this invitation. He looked on with wonder and delight whilst Ophelia busied herself about the room, and prepared for the dinner. She arranged the glasses, and laid and smoothed the little cloth, all which duties she performed with a quiet grace and good-humor which enchanted her guest more and more. The "Poy" arrived from the baker's at the proper hour; and at four o'clock Pen found himself at dinner—actually at dinner with the handsomest woman in creation—with his first and only love, whom he had adored ever since when? ever since yesterday, ever since forever. He ate a crust of her making; he poured her out a glass of beer; he saw her drink a glass of punch—just one wineglassful out of the tumbler which she mixed for her papa. She was perfectly good-natured, and offered to mix one for Pendennis too. It was prodigiously strong; Pen had never in his life drunk so much spirits-and-water. Was it the punch or the punch-maker who intoxicated him?

Pen tried to engage her in conversation about poetry and about her profession. He asked her what she thought of Ophelia's madness, and whether she was in love with Hamlet or not. "In love with such a little ojus wretch as that stunted manager of a Bingley!" She bristled with indignation at the thought. Pen explained that it was not her of whom he spoke, but of the Ophelia of the play. "Oh, indeed, if no offence was meant, none was taken; but as for Bingley, indeed, she did not value him—not that glass of punch!"

Pen next tried her on Kotzebue. "Kotzebue? Who was he?"—"The author of the play in which she had been performing so admirably."—"She did not know that—the man's name at the beginning of the book was Thompson," she said. Pen laughed at her

adorable simplicity. He told her of the melancholy fate of the author of the play, and how Sand had killed him. It was the first time in her life that Miss Costigan had ever heard of Mr Kotzebue's existence; but she looked as if she was very much interested, and her sympathy sufficed for honest Pen.

In the midst of this conversation the hour and a quarter which poor Pen could afford to allow himself passed away only too quickly; and he had taken leave; he was gone, and away on his rapid road homewards on the back of Rebecca. She was called upon to show her mettle in the three journeys which she made that day.

"What was that he was talking about, the madness of Hamlet, and the theory of the great German critic on the subject?" Emily asked of her father.

"'Deed then, I don't know, Milly dear," answered the Captain. "We'll ask Bows when he comes."

"Anyhow, he's a nice, fair-spoken, pretty young man," the lady said. "How many tickets did he take of you?"

"Faith, then, he took six, and gev me two guineas, Milly," the Captain said. "I suppose them young chaps is not too flush of coin."

"He's full of book-learning," Miss Fotheringay continued. "Kotzebue! He, he, what a droll name, indeed, now; and the poor fellow killed by sand, too! Did ye ever hear such a thing? I'll ask Bows about it, papa dear."

"A queer death, sure enough," ejaculated the Captain, and changed the painful theme. "'Tis an elegant mare the young gentleman rides," Costigan went on to say, and a grand breakfast, intirely, that young Mister Foker gave us."

"He's good for two private boxes, and at least twenty tickets, I should say," cried the daughter.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.—

“I’ll go bail of that,” answered the papa. And so the conversation continued for a while, until the tumbler of punch was finished; and their hour of departure soon came too; for at half-past six Miss Fotheringay was to appear at the theatre again, whither her father always accompanied her; and stood, as we have seen, in the side-scene watching her, and drinking spirits-and-water in the green-room with the company there. . . .

“How beautiful she is,” thought Pen, cantering homewards. “How simple and how tender! How charming it is to see a woman of her genius busying herself with the humble offices of domestic life, cooking dishes to make her old father comfortable, and brewing him drink! How rude it was of me to begin to talk about professional matters, and how well she turned the conversation! By-the-way, she talked about professional matters herself; but then with what fun and humor she told the story of her comrade, Pentweazle, as he was called! There is no humor like Irish humor. Her father is rather tedious, but thoroughly amiable; and how fine of him giving lessons in fencing, after he quitted the army, where he was the pet of the Duke of Kent! Fencing! I should like to continue my fencing, or I shall forget what Angelo taught me. Uncle Arthur always liked me to fence; he says it is the exercise of a gentleman. Hang it! I’ll take some lessons of Captain Costigan. Goalong, Rebecca—up the hill, old lady! Pendennis, Pendennis—, how she spoke the word! Emily, Emily! how good, how noble, how beautiful, how perfect she is!”

Now the reader who has had the benefit of hearing the entire conversation which Pen had with Miss Fotheringay, can judge for himself about the powers of her mind, and may perhaps be disposed to think that she has not said anything astonishingly humorous or intellectual in the course of the *above* interview.—*Pendennis*.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.—

THOMAS NEWCOME ANSWERS.

So, weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac; at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed and he was a youth again: a youth all love and hope—a stricken old man with a beard as white as snow covering his noble, care-worn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady. Anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it; only peace and good-will dwelt in it. . . .

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fall. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by his bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and the Gray Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited. Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out.

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome

began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command; spoke Hindustanee, as if to his men. Then he spoke French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying "*Toujours, toujours!*" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him. The nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham. At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad; he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; "and said just now he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot. The old man within it talked on rapidly for a while; then he would sigh and be still. Once more I heard him say hurriedly, "Take care of him while I am in India," and then with a heart-rending voice he called out "*Léonore, Léonore!*" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "*Adsum!*" and fell back. It was the word we used at school when the names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.—*The Newcomes.*

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.—

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of
stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright, and the air rather
pure ;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the
way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knick-knacks and silly old
books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends
Crooked bargains from brokers, cheap keep-
sakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all
cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed,
A two-penny treasury, wondrous to see ;
What matter ? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and
me.

Long, long through the hours, and the night,
and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and
old times ;
As we sit in a bog made of rich Latakia
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my
nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best :
For the finest of couches that's padded with
hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed
chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered worm-
eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.—

But since the fair morning when Fanny sat
there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed
chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such
charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered
old arms !
I looked and I longed, and I wished in despair ;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed
chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place ;
She'd a scarf on her neck and a smile on her
face ;
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-
bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a
prince ;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet, I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed
chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's
gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past, and revisits my room ;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and
bloom ;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair—
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair
Ballads.

OCTAVE THANET.—

THANET, OCTAVE, is the pen-name of Miss Alice French, an American story-writer; born in 1850 at Andover, Mass., and educated there. Her descent goes back to Sir William French who came to the Massachusetts colonies in the seventeenth century; and on her mother's side to Nathaniel Morton, who married Gov. Bradford's sister. She has spent much time in the South, especially in Arkansas. Economic and social topics have especially interested her and prompted the writing of articles in the magazines. Among her works are: *Knitters in the Sun* (1887), *Expiation* (1890), *We All* (1891), *Best Letters of Lady Mary Montague* (1891).

TWO LOST AND FOUND.

They rode along, Ruffner furtively watching Bud, until finally the elder man spoke with the directness of primitive natures and strong excitement:—

"Whut's come ter ye, Bud Quinn? Ye seem all broke up 'bout this yere losin' yo' little trick [child]; yit ye did'nt useter set no gre't store by 'er—least, looked like——"

"I know," answered Bud, lifting his heavy eyes, too numb himself with weariness and misery to be surprised,—“I know; an' 't ar curi's ter me too. I didn't set no store by 'er w'en I had 'er. I taken a gredge agin 'er kase she hadn't got no good sense, an' you all throwed it up to me fur a jedgment. An' knawin' how I hadn't done a thing to hurt Zed, it looked cl'ar agin right an' natur fur the Lord ter pester me that a-way; so someways I taken the notion 'twar the devil, and that he got inter Ma' Bowlin', an' I mos cudn't b'ar the sight er that pore little critter. But the day she got lost kase er tryin' ter meet up with me, I 'lowed mabbe he tolled 'er off, an' I sorter felt bad fur 'er; an' w'en I seen them little tracks

er her'n, some ways all them mean feelin's I got they jes broked off short insider me like a string mought snap. They done so. An' I wanted thet chile bader'n I ever wanted anything."

"Law me!" said Ruffner, quite puzzled. "But say, Bud, ef ye want 'er so bad's all thet, ye warn't want'er mad the Lord by lyin', kase He are yo' on'y show now. Bud Quinn, *did* ye hurt my boy?" He had pushed his face close to Bud's, and his mild eyes were glowing like live coals.

"Naw, Mr. Ruffner," answered Bud, quietly, "I never tetched a ha'r er 'is head!"

Ruffner kept his eager and almost fierce scrutiny a moment; then he drew a long gasping sigh, crying, "Blame my skin ef I don' b'lieve ye! I've 'lowed, fur a right smart, we all used ye mighty rough."

"'Tain't no differ," said Bud, dully. Nothing mattered now, the poor fellow thought; Ma' Bowlin' was dead, and Sukey hated him.

Ruffner whistled slowly and dolefully; that was his way of expressing sympathy; but the whistle died on his lips, for Bud smote his shoulder, then pointed towards the trees.

"Look a-thar!" whispered Bud, with a ghastly face and dilating eyeballs: "Oh, Lord A'mighty! thar's her—an *him*!"

Ruffner saw a boat leisurely propelled by a long pole approaching from the river side; a black-haired young man in the bow with the pole, a fair-haired little girl in the stern. The little girl jumped up, and at the same instant a shower of water from light flying heels blinded the young man.

"Paw! paw!" screamed the little girl; "maw tole Ma' Bowlin'—meet up—paw!"

He had her in his arms now; he was patting her shoulder, and stroking her hair with a trembling hand. Her face looked like an angel's to him in its cloud of shining hair; her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were red, but there was something else which in the intense

emotion of the moment Bud dimly perceived—the familiar dazed look was gone. How the blur came over that innocent soul, why it went, are alike mysteries. The struggle for life wherein, amid anguish and darkness, the poor baby intellect somehow went astray, and the struggle for life wherein it groped its way back to light, both are the secrets of the swamp, their witnesses; but however obscurely, none the less surely, the dormant soul had awaked and claimed its rights, and Ma' Bowlin' had ceased to be the baby, forever.

Meanwhile, if possible, the other actors in the scene were equally agitated. The old man choked, and the young man exclaimed, huskily, "Paw! ye ain't dead, then?"

"Waal, I don't guess I be," said Ruffner, struggling after his old dry tone, though his voice shook; "did ye 'low I war?"

"I read it in a Walnut Ridge paper only a month ayfter I went; 'The late Mr. William Ruffner er Clover Bend'—an' a right smart about ye——"

"Thet thar war yo' uncle Raker, boy. He war on a visit like, an' died; an' that ar blamed galoot in Walnut Ridge got 'im sorter mixed up with me, ye un'erstan'; but yo' maw, she are gone, boy, shore, died up an' buried."

"I kin b'ar hit," said Zed Ruffner; "but I was right riled up 'bout *you*, paw. 'Lef 'all his property to his widder,' says the paper; thet ar riled me too. Says I, ye wun't see me very soon to Clover Bend—I was allers sorter ashy, ye know. Fur a fact, ye wouldn't 'a seen me now ef 't hadn't a-ben fur this yere little trick. I war on a trade boat near Newport, an' some fellers I know taken me off fur a night ter thar camp. They are stavers. Hit's 'way off in the swamp, twelve mile frum here; an' I was up befo' sun up, aimin' ter start back fur the river, w'en I heard the funniest sound, suthin' like a kid, 'Maw! maw!' Natchelly I listened, an' byme-by I follered ayfter it, an' whut shud I come on but a gre't big log, and

OCTAVE THANET.—

this here little critter sittin' on 't hol'in on by her two hands to a sorter limb growin' on the log, an' shore's ye live, with her gownd slung reoun' her neck in a bundle. Lord knows how fur thet ar log had come, or whut travelin' it made, but thar warn't a speck or a spot on thet ar gownd. 'S all I cud do ter git 'er ter lemme pack it up in a bundle, kase she wudn't put 't on nohow; said the bateau was wet. So we warmed 'er an' fed 'er, and I taken 'er 'long seekin' fur her kin; an'—wa'al, that's w'y I'm yere!"

Just as the big clock in the store struck the last stroke of six, Sukey Quinn, who had been cowering on the platform steps, lifted her head and put her hand to her ear. Then everybody heard it, the long peal of a horn. The widow from Georgia ran quickly up to Sukey and threw her arm about her shoulders. For a second the people held their breath. It had been arranged that whoever found the lost child should give the signal by blowing his horn, once if the searchers came too late, three times if the child should be alive. Would the horn blow again?

"It are Bud's horn!" sobbed Sukey. "He'd never blow fur onst! Hark! Thar 't goes agin! Three times! An' me wudn't hev no truck with 'im; but he set store by Ma' Bowlin' all the time."

Horn after horn caught up the signal joyfully, and when the legitimate blowing was over, two enterprising boys exhausted themselves on a venerable horn which was so cracked that no one would take it. In an incredibly short time every soul within hearing distance, not to mention a herd of cattle and a large number of swine, had run to the store, and when at last two horses' heads appeared above the hill, and the crowd could see a little pink sun-bonnet against Bud Quinn's brown jean, an immense clamor rolled out.—*Ma' Bowlin. in Knitters in the Sun.*

CELIA THAXTER.—

THAXTER, CELIA (LAIGHTON), an American author, born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1835, died at the Isle of Shoals Aug. 26, 1894. When she was five years of age, her father removed to one of the Isles of Shoals, nine miles from the nearest coast, to be keeper of the lighthouse. Her poems are full of the shimmer and dash of the sea—many of them exquisite marine paintings as well as glowing utterances of the heart. Her collected poems were published in 1871 and 1876; *Drift-weed* (1878), *Poems for Children* (1884), *The Cruise of the Mystery and Other Poems* (1886), *Idyls and Pastorals* (1887). *Among the Isles of Shoals* (1873), is a series of charming prose sketches.

NOVEMBER MORNING.

With clamor the wild southwester
Through the wide heaven is roaring,
Ploughing the ocean, and over
The earth its fury pouring.

Lo, how the vast gray spaces
Wrestle and roll and thunder,
Billow piled upon billow,
Closing and tearing asunder,

As if the deep raged with anger
Of hosts of the fabulous kraken!
And the firm house shudders and trembles,
Beaten, buffeted, shaken.

Battles the gull with the tempest,
Struggling and wavering and faltering,
Soaring and striving and sinking,
Turning, its high course altering.

Down through the cloudy heaven
Notes from the wild geese are falling;
Cries like harsh bell-tones are ringing,
Echoing, clanging, and calling.

CELIA THAXTER.—

Plunges the schooner landward,
Swiftly the long seas crossing,
Close-reefed, seeking the harbor,
Half lost in the spray she is tossing.

A rift in the roof of vapor !
And stormy sunshine is streaming
To color the gray, wild water
Like chrysoprase, green and gleaming.

Cold and tempestuous ocean,
Ragged rock, brine-swept and lonely,
Grasp of the long, bitter winter—
These things to gladden me only !

Love, dost thou wait for me in some rich land
Where the gold orange hangs in odorous
calm ;
Where the clear waters kiss the flowery strand,
Bordered with shining sand and groves of
palm ?

And while this bitter morning breaks for me,
Draws to its close thy warm, delicious day ;
Lights, colors, perfumes, music, joy, for thee,
For me the cold, wild sea, the cloudy gray !

Rises the red moon in thy tranquil sky,
Plashes the fountain with its silver talk,
And as the evening wind begins to sigh,
Thy sweet girl's shape steals down the gar-
den walk.

And through the scented dusk a white robe
gleams,
Lingering beneath the starry jasmine sprays,
Till where thy clustered roses breathe in dreams,
A sudden gush of song thy light step stays.

That was the nightingale ! O Love of mine,
Hear'st thou thy voice in that pathetic song,
Throbbing in passionate cadences divine,
Sinking to silence with its rapture strong ?

I stretch my arms to thee through all the cold,
Through all the dark, across the weary space
Between us, and thy slender form I fold,
And gaze into the wonder of thy face.

CELIA THAXTER.—

Pure brow the moonbeam touches, tender eyes
Splendid with feeling, delicate smiling mouth,
And heavy silken hair that darkly lies
Soft as the twilight clouds in thy sweet
South.

O beautiful my Love ! In vain I seek
To hold the heavenly dream that fades from
me.

I needs must wake with salt spray on my cheek,
Flung from the fury of this northern sea.

THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I ;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
And up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky ;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong ;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously ?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright !
To what warm shelter canst thou fly ?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth

CELIA THAXTER.—

The tempest rushes through the sky :
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I ?

COURAGE.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife ;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes
blow,
By every ray and every rain-drop kissed
That God's love doth bestow ;

Think you I find no bitterness at all ?
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack ?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back ?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me ? Nay !
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow
shine ;
Grateful I take his slightest gift, no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are
past,
One golden day redeems a weary year ;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness,—me
The powers of light befriend.

THEOCRITUS.—

THEOCRITUS, a Grecian poet, who flourished about 270 B. C. The details of his personal history are very meagre, and he seems sometimes to be confounded with another writer of the same name. He was born at the Grecian colony of Syracuse on the island of Sicily. About 270 B. C. he was drawn to Alexandria, in Egypt, where he rose into favor with King Ptolemy Philadelphus, the founder of the famous Alexandrian Library, whom he has extolled in one of his best poems. Subsequently he returned to his native island, where he is supposed to have passed the remainder of his life. Theocritus was the creator of what is styled "idyllic" poetry; but none of his imitators, from Virgil downwards, have equalled their master, whom Elizabeth Barrett Browning characterizes as him "with glittering locks dropt side-way, as beneath the rocks he watched the visionary flocks;" and whose free version of the idyll of *The Cyclops* perhaps best represents the courtly poet, who sang mainly of rustic scenes.—The extant works of Theocritus consist of thirty "Idylls" and twenty-two "Epigrams." The best translations into English are those of *Creech* (1681), *Fawkes* (1767), *Polwhele* (1786), *Chapman* (1836), *Calverly* (1869). Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her "Paraphrase on Theocritus' Idyll XI," has best caught the tone of Theocritus.

IDYLL VIII.—MENALCAS AND DAPHNIS.

Menalcas met, while pasturing his sheep,
The cowherd Daphnis on the higher steep :
Both yellow-tressed, and in their life's fresh
spring ;
Both skilled to play the pipe, and both to sing.
Menalcas, with demeanor frank and free,

THEOCRITUS.—

Spoke first: "Good Daphnis, will you sing
with me?

I can outsing you whenso'er I try,
Just as I please."—Then Daphnis made
reply:—

"Shepherd and piper, that may never be,
Happen what will, as you on proof will see."—

"Ah, will you see it, and a wager make?"—

"I will to see this and to pledge a stake."—

"And what the wager worthy fame like
ours?"—

"A calf my pledge, a full-grown lamb be
yours."—

"At night my cross-grained sire and mother
use

To count the sheep; that pledge I must
refuse."—

"What shall it be, then? what the victor's
prize?"

"I'll pledge a nine-toned pipe that even lies
In the joined reeds, with whitest wax inlaid,
The musical sweet pipe I lately made,
This will I pledge, and not my father's
things."—

"I too have got a pipe that nine-toned sings,
Compact with white wax, even-jointed, new,
Made by myself. A split reed sudden flew,
And gashed this finger; it is painful still.
But who shall judge which has the better
skill?"—

"Suppose we call that goat-herd hither? see!
A young white dog at his kids barks lustily."

He came when called; and, hearing their
request,

Was willing to decide which sang the best.
Clearly their rival notes responsive rung,
Each in his turn; but first Menalcas sung.

Menalcas.

Ye mountains vales, and rivers! race divine!

If aught Menalcas ever sang was sweet,
Feed ye these lambs, and feed no less his
kine,

When Daphnis drives them to this dear re-
treat.

THEOCRITUS.—

Daphnis.

Fountains and herbs, growth of this budding
year,
If Daphnis sings like any nightingale,
Fatten this herd; and if Menalcas here
Conduct his flock, let not their pasture fail.

Menalcas.

Pastures and springs, and milk-full udders
swelling,
And fatness for the lambs, is everywhere
At her approach; but if the girl excelling
Depart, both herbs and shepherd wither
there.

Daphnis.

The sheep and goats bear twins, the bees uplay
Full honey-stores; the spreading oaks are
higher,
Where Milto walks; but if she goes away,
The cowherd and his cows themselves are
drier.

Menalcas.

Uxorious ram, and flatnosed kids, away
For water to that wilderness of wood;
There, ram without a horn, to Milto say
Proteus—a god too—fed the sea calf brood.

Daphnis.

Not Pelops's realm be mine, nor piles of gold,
Nor speed fleet as the wind; but at this
rock
To sing, and clasp my darling, and behold
The sea's blue reach, and many a pasturing
flock.

Menalcas.

To forest beast the net, to bud the noose,
Winter to trees, and draught to springs, is
bad;
To man the sting of beauty. Mighty Zeus!
Not only I—thou too art woman-mad.

Their sweet notes thus in turns they did pro-
long;
Menalcas then took up the closing song,

THEOCRITUS.—

Menalcas.

Spare, wolf, my sheep, nor injure me,
Because I many tend, though small I be.
Sleepest Lamprinus ? Up ! no dog should
 sleep
That with the shepherd-boy attends his sheep.
Be not to crop the tender herbage slow ;
Feed on, my sheep ; the grass again will grow ;
Fill ye your udders, that your lambs will have
Their share of milk—I some for cheese may
 save.

Then Daphnis next his tones preluding rung,
Gave to his music voice, and sweetly sung :—

Daphnis.

As yesterday I drove my heifers by,
A girl, me spying from a cavern nigh,
Exclaimed, “How handsome !” I my way
 pursued
With downcast eyes, nor made her answer rude.
Sweet is the breath of cows and calves, and
 sweet
To bask by running streams in summer heat.
Acorns the oak, and apples on the bough
Adorn the apple-tree ; her calf the cow ;
His drove of kine, depasturing the field,
His proper honor to the cow-herd yield.
The admiring goat-herd then his judgment
 spake :—
“ Sweet is thy mouth, and sweetest tones awake
From thy lips, Daphnis. I would rather hear
Than suck the honeycomb, I swear.
Take thou the pipe, for thine the winning song.
If thou wilt teach me, here my goats among,
Some song, I will that hornless goat bestow
That ever fills the pails to overflow.”
Glad Daphnis clapped his hands, and on the
 lawn
He leaped, as round her mother leaps the fawn.
But sad Menalcas fed a smouldering gloom,
As grieves a girl betrothed to unknown groom ;
And first in song was Daphnis from that time,
And wived a Naiad in his blooming prime.

Transl. of J. M. CHAPMAN.

THEOCRITUS.—

THE CYCLOPS. IDYLL XL

And so an easier life our Cyclops drew—
The ancient Polyphemus, who in youth
Loved Galatea—while the manhood grew
Adown his cheeks, and darkened round his
mouth.

No jot he cared for apples, olives, roses ;
Love made him mad ; the whole world was
neglected ;

The very sheep went backward from their
closes,

From out the fair green pastures self-direct-
ed.

And, singing Galatea thus, he wore
The sunrise down along the weedy shore
And pined alone and felt the cruel wound
Beneath his heart, which Cypris's arrow
bore,

With a deep pang ; but so the cure was found ;
And sitting on a lofty rock, he cast
His eyes upon the sea, and sang at last :—

“ O whitest Galatea ! can it be
That thou shouldst spurn me off, who love
thee so ?

More white than curds, my girl, thou art to
see,

More meek than lambs, more full of leaping
glee

Than kids, and brighter than the early glow
On grapes that swell to ripen—sour like thee !

Thou comest to me with the fragrant sleep
And with the fragrant sleep thou goest from
me ;

Thou fliest, fliest, as a frightened sheep
Flies the gray wolf !—yet Love did overcome
me

So long ;—I loved thee, maiden, first of all
When down the hills (my mother fast beside
thee)

I saw thee stay to pluck the summer-fall
Of hyacinth-bells, and went myself to guide
thee ;

THEOCRITUS.—

And since my eyes have seen thee, they can
leave thee
No more from that day's light! But thou, by
Zeus!

Thou wilt not care for *that*, to let it grieve
thee!

"I know thee, fair one, why thou springest
loose

From my arm round thee. Why? I tell
thee, Dear,

One shaggy eyebrow draws its smudging road
Straight through my ample front, from ear
to ear

One eye rolls underneath, and yawning, broad,
Flat nostrils, feel the bulging lips too near.

Yet ho, ho! I—whatever I appear—

Do feed a thousand cows, and drink the milk
that's best;

I lack no cheese, while summer keeps the
sun;

And after, in the cold, it's ready pressed.

And then I know to sing—as there is none

Of all the Cyclops can—a song of thee,

Sweet apple of my soul, on Love's fair tree,

And of myself who love thee, till the West

Forgets the light, and all but I have rest.

"I feed for thee, besides, eleven fair does,

And all in fawn; and four tame whelps of
bears:

Come to me Sweet! thou shalt have all of
these

In change for love! I will not halve the
shares.

Leave the blue sea, with pure white arms ex-
tended

To the dry shore; and in my cave's recess

Thou shalt be gladder for the moonlight end-
ed;

For here be laurels, spiral cypresses,

Dark ivy, and a vine whose leaves enfold

Most luscious grapes; and here is water cold,

That wooded Ætna pours down through the
trees

THEOCRITUS.—

From the white snows—which gods were scarce
too bold

To drink in turn with nectar. Who with
these

Would choose the salt wave of the lukewarm
seas?

“Nay, look on me! If I am hairy and rough,
I have an oak’s heart in me; there’s a fire
In these gray ashes which burns hot enough;

And when I burn for *thee* I grudge the pyre
No fuel: not my soul, nor this one eye—

Most precious thing I have, because thereby
I see thee, Fairest! Out, alas! I wish

My mother had borne me finné like a fish

That I might plunge down in the ocean near
thee

And kiss thy glittering hand between the
weeds,

If still thy face were turned; and I would
bear thee

Each lily white, and poppy fair that bleeds

Its red heart down its leaves! one gift for
hours

Of summer—one for winter; since to cheer
thee

I could not bring at once all kinds of flowers.

Even now, girl, now, I fain would learn to
swim,

If stranger in a ship sailed nigh, I wis,

That I may know how sweet a thing it is

To live down with you in the Deep and Dim.

Come up, O Galatea, from the ocean,

And having come, forget again to go!

As I, who sing out here my heart’s emotion,

Could sit forever. Come up from below!

Come, keep my flocks beside me, milk my kin;

Come press my cheese destrain my whey and
curd!

“Ah, mother! she alone—that mother of
mine—

Did wrong me sore! I blame her!—Not a
word

Of kindly intercession did she address

THEOCRITUS.—

Thine ear with for my sake; and ne'ertheless
She saw me wasting, wasting, day by day!
Both head and feet were aching, I will say,
All sick for grief, as I myself was sick!
O Cyclops, Cyclops, whither hast thou sent
Thy soul on fluttering wings? If thou wert
bent

On turning bowls, or pulling green and thick
The sprouts to give thy lambkins, thou wouldst
make thee

A wiser Cyclops than for what we take thee.

Milk dry the present! Why pursue too
quick

That future which is fugitive aright?

Thy Galatea thou shalt haply find,

Or else a maiden fairer and more kind;

For many girls do call me through the night

And as they call, do laugh out silverly:

I too, am something in the world, I see!"

While thus the Cyclops love and lambs did fold
Ease came with song he could not buy with
gold.

Transl. of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A few detached passages of description
or reflection are here given in the quite
literal prose translation of Crawford Tait
Ramage :

A SUMMER SCENE.

And from aloft, overhead were waving to and
fro poplars and elms; and near by a sacred
stream kept murmuring as it flowed from a
cavern of the Nymphs, and the bright cicadas on
the shady branches kept laboriously chirping;
while in the distance, amidst the thick thorn-
bushes, the thrush was warbling. Tufted larks
and goldfinches were singing; the turtle-dove
was cooing; tawny bees were humming round
about the fountains. Everything was redolent
of golden summer, and redolent of fruit-time.
Pears were at our feet and by our sides; apples
were rolling for us in abundance; and the
boughs hung plentifully weighed down to the
ground with damsons.

THEOCRITUS.—

THE JOYS OF PEACE.

And oh that they might till rich fields, and that unnumbered sheep and fat might bleat cheerfully through the plains, and that oxen coming in peace to the stalls should urge on the traveller by twilight. And oh that the fallow lands might be broken up for sowing, when the cicada, sitting on his tree, watches the shepherd in the open day, and chirps on the topmost twig; that spiders may draw their fine webs over warlike arms, and not even the name of the battle-cry be heard. . . In truth, the day will come when the sharp-toothed wolf, having seen the kid in his lair, shall not wish to harm it.

A LONGED-FOR PRESENCE.

As much as spring is more delightful than winter; as much as the apple than the sloe, as much as the sheep is more woolly than the lambkin, as much as a virgin is better than a thrice-wed dame, as much as a fawn is nimbler than a calf, as much as a nightingale surpasses in song all feathered kind—so much; does thy longed-for presence cheer my mind; to thee I hasten as the traveller to the shady beech when the fierce sun blazes.

THEOGNIS.—

THEOGNIS, a Greek poet, born at Megara about 570 B. C., died in Sicily about 500 B. C. He acted a busy part in the political affairs of his native State, and was finally driven into exile. His poems were originally composed as "elegies" or songs for convivial entertainments. But they abound in apothegms and moral maxims, and came to be a kind of handbook for instruction. The extracts here given are in the translation of Hookham Frere.

TRAINING IN MORALS AND MANNERS.

To rear a child is easy, but to teach
Morals and manners is beyond our reach;
To make the foolish wise, the wicked good,
That science yet was never understood.
The sons of Esculapius, if their art
Could remedy a perverse and wicked heart,
Might earn prodigious wages. But in fact,
The mind is not compounded and compact
Of precept and example; human art,
In human nature has no share or part.
Hatred of vice, the fear of shame and sin,
Are things of native growth, not grafted in;
Else wise and worthy parents might correct
In children's hearts each error and defect;
Whereas we see them disappointed still,
No scheme nor artifice of human skill
Can rectify the passions or the will.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

For human nature Hope remains alone
Of all the deities; the rest are flown.
Faith is departed, Truth and Honor dead;
And all the Graces, too, my friend, are fled.
The scanty specimens of living worth
Dwindled to nothing, and extinct on earth.
Yet while I live and view the light of heaven,
(Since Hope remains, and never hath been
driven
From the distracted world,) the single scope

THEOGNIS.—

Of my devotion is to worship Hope.
Where hecatombs are slain, and altars burn,
With all the deities adored in turn,
Let Hope be present. And with Hope, my
friend,
Let every sacrifice commence and end.

SOME DETACHED THOUGHTS.

The generous and the brave in common fame
From time to time encounter praise or blame;
The vulgar pass unheeded. None escape
Scandal or insult in some form or shape.
Most fortunate are those—alive or dead—
Of whom the least is thought, the least is said.

The largest company you could enroll
A single vessel could embark the whole!
So few there are—the noble, manly minds,
Faithful and firm; the men that honor binds;
Impregnable to danger and to pain,
And low seduction in the shape of gain.

Learning and wealth the wise and wealthy find
Inadequate to satisfy the mind;
A craving eagerness remains behind.
Something is left for which we cannot rest,
And the last something always seems the best:
Something unknown, or something unpossessed.

I envy not these sumptuous obsequies,
The stately car, the purple canopies:
Much better pleased am I, remaining here,
With cheaper equipage, and better cheer.
A couch of thorns, or an embroidered bed,
Are matters of indifference to the dead.

AUGUSTIN AND AMÉDÉE THIERRY.—

THIERRY, JACQUES NICOLAS AUGUSTIN, a French historian, born at Blois in 1795; died at Paris in 1856. He went to Paris, where he became an associate of Saint-Simon, and at nineteen put forth an essay on the Reorganization of European Society, embodying the theory of one confederate government for the whole of Europe, each people, however, preserving its distinct national existence. He soon devoted himself strictly to historical study, and in 1825 published his *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans* which placed him in the first rank of modern historians, as distinguished from mere chroniclers on the one hand and from historical theorists on the other. While engaged upon this work his eyesight was impaired, and in 1827 he became totally blind, although, as in the similar case of Milton, there was no outward indication of the loss of vision. A few years later he became paralyzed in all his limbs, being unable to walk or even hold a pen. He nevertheless continued his minute historical researches, by the help of the eyes and hands of others, notably those of his young wife, Julie de Qurangel, whom he married in 1831, and who was herself the author of several esteemed works. Thierry's other works are: *Letters on the History of France* (1827), *Ten Years of Historical Studies* (1834), *Narrative of the Times of the Merovingians* (1840), *Essay on the Formation and Progress of the Third Estate* (1853). All these have been translated into English; the *History of the Conquest of England* best by William Hazlitt.

His brother, AMÉDÉE SIMON DOMINIQUE THIERRY (born at Blois in 1797; died

at Paris in 1873), entered the civil service. In 1830 he became Prefect of the department of Haute-Saone; was made a member of the Council of State in 1838, and in 1860, under the Empire, was created a Senator. He wrote several valuable historical works, among which are: *History of the Gauls* (1828), *History of Attila* (1840), *Pictures of the Roman Empire from the Foundation of Rome to the End of the Imperial Government in the West* (1840), *St. Jerome* (1867), *St. John Chrysostom and the Empress Eudoxia* (1872).

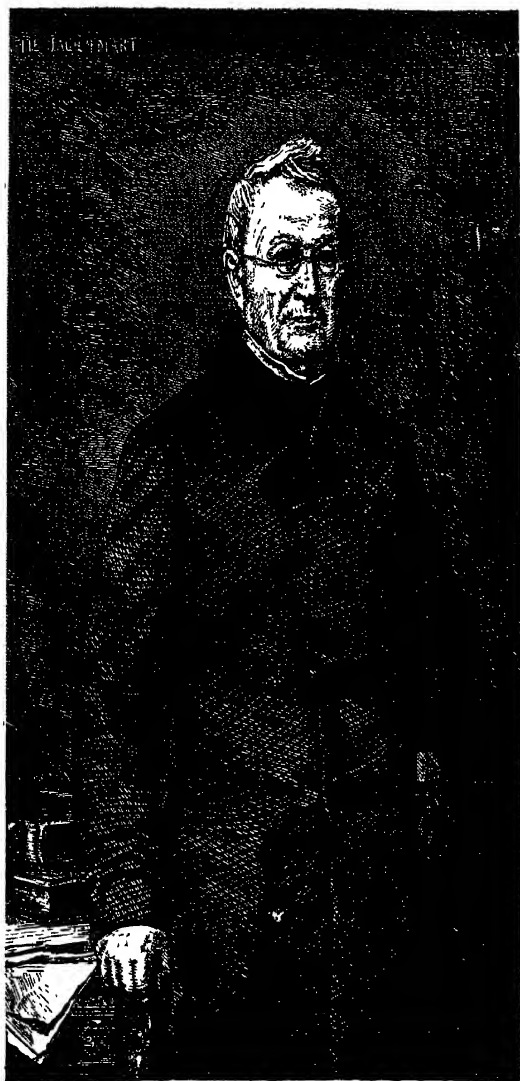
THE PARTITION OF ENGLAND AMONG THE NORMAN CONQUERORS.

A close inquiry was made into the names of all the English partisans of Harold who had either died in battle, or survived the defeat, or who by involuntary delays had been prevented from joining the royal standard. All the property of these three classes of men was confiscated. The children of the first class were declared forever disinherited. The second class were in like manner wholly dispossessed of their estates and property of every kind; and, says one of the Normans, were only too grateful to be allowed to retain their lives. Lastly, those who had not taken up arms were also despoiled of all they possessed, for having had the intention of taking up arms; but by special grace they were allowed to entertain the hope that after many long years of obedience and devotion to the foreign power, not they, indeed, but their children, might perhaps obtain from their masters some portion of their paternal heritage.

The immense product of this universal spoliation became the reward of those adventurers who had enrolled under the banner of the Duke of Normandy. Their chief—now the King of England—retained, in the first place, for his own share all the treasure of the ancient kings,

the church plate, and all that was most precious in the shops of the merchants. William sent a portion of these riches to Pope Alexander II. with Harold's standard in exchange for that which had triumphed at Hastings, and all the foreign churches in which psalms had been chanted and tapers burned for the success of the invasion, received in recompense crosses, sacred vessels, and cloth of gold.

After the King and clergy had taken their share, that of the soldiers was awarded according to their rank and the conditions of their engagement. Those who at the camp of Dives had done homage for lands then to be conquered, received those of the dispossessed English. The barons and knights had vast domains, castles, villages, and even whole cities. The simple vassals had smaller portions. Some received their pay in money; others had stipulated that they should have a Saxon wife, and William—says the Norman chronicler—gave them in marriage noble dames, great heiresses whose husbands had fallen in the battle. Only one among the knights who had accompanied the Conqueror, claimed neither land, gold, nor wife, and would accept none of the spoils of the conquered. His name was Guilbert Fitz-Richard; he said that he had accompanied the King his Lord to England because such was his duty; but that stolen goods had no attractions for him, and that he would return to Normandy and enjoy his own heritage—a moderate but legitimate heritage—and, content with his own lot, would rob no one.—
The Conquest of England by the Normans.



FA JOERDEWS. ges. u. ge-l. D. A. L. S. D. M.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.—

THIERS, LOUIS ADOLPHE, a French statesman and historian, born at Marseilles in 1797; died in 1877. He studied law at Aix, where he practiced from 1818 to 1821, when he went to Paris and soon entered upon political journalism. To narrate his public career would be to write the political history of France for more than half a century. We touch only upon some of its salient points. In 1832 he was made Minister of the Interior; in 1834 he became head of the Ministry, a position which he resigned in 1840, and was succeeded by Guizot. He was elected a member of the French Academy in 1836. He acquiesced in the establishment of the Republic after the overthrow of Louis Philippe in 1848. At the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon at the close of 1852, Thiers was arrested and banished from France. He was soon permitted to return to Paris, but kept aloof from politics until 1863 when he was elected to the Assembly, and took his place as an opponent of the foreign policy of Napoleon. III. He was bitter in his denunciations of the ambitious projects of Prussia, and what he designated as the supineness of the French Government. He, however, opposed the declaration of war in 1870, on the ground that France was wholly unprepared to enter upon the contest. After the overthrow of Napoleon. III. Thiers was placed at the head of affairs, under the title of "Chief of the Executive Power." He persuaded the Provisional Government to secure peace by yielding to the hard terms imposed by Germany. The insurrection of the communes having been put down, Thiers was in 1871 made President of the French Re-

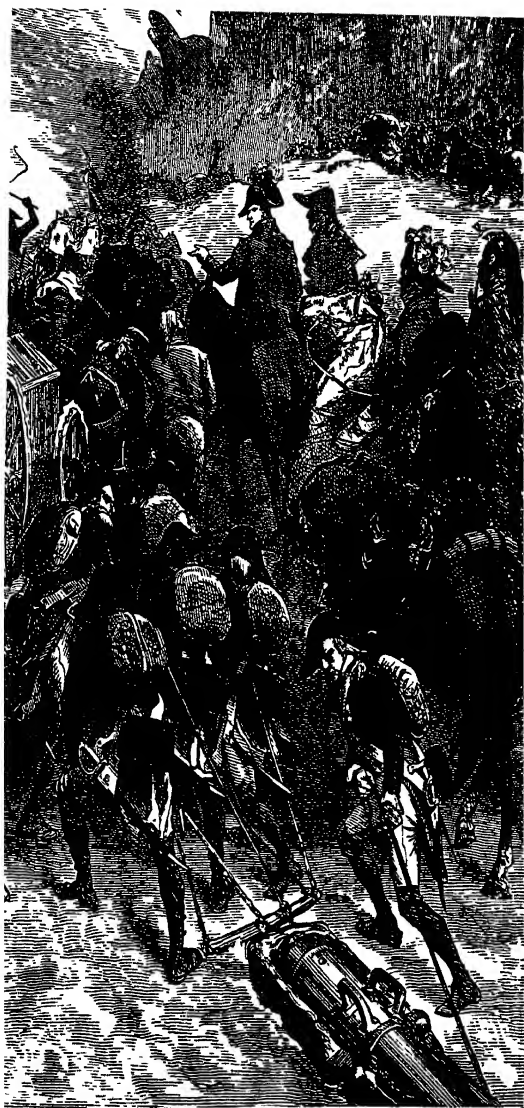
LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.—

public. He held this position only two years, when he was superseded by Marshal MacMahon; though up to the time of his death he was regarded as the head of the "Conservative Republican" party.—Thiers wrote much upon various literary and political topics; but his permanent place in literature rests upon his two great historical works, the *History of the French Revolution* (10 vols., 1822–1827), and the *History of the Consulate and of the Empire* (20 vols., 1845–1863). Our extracts are in the translation of D. Forbes Campbell.

BONAPARTE CROSSING THE ST. BERNARD.

At the middle of May, 1800, the First Consul was still at Martigny proposing not to cross the St. Bernard till with his own eyes he had seen the last portion of the *matériel* dispatched. The tidings which Berthier had sent him of the obstacle of Fort Bard, which he deemed insurmountable, gave him at first a kind of shock; but he soon recovered himself and obstinately refused to entertain the idea of a retrograde movement. Nothing in the world would have induced him to submit to such an extremity. He thought that if one of the highest mountains of the globe had not stopped him, a secondary rock would not be capable of baffling his courage or his genius. "They will take the fort," said he, "by a bold stroke; if it is not to be taken, it must be turned. Besides, provided the infantry and the cavalry can pass with a few four-pounders, they will proceed to the Ivrea, at the entrance of the plain, and wait there until the heavy artillery can follow them. If this heavy artillery cannot clear the obstacle that has presented itself, and if to replace it they must take that of the enemy, the French infantry is numerous and brave enough to fall upon the Austrian artillery, and to carry off their guns."

Again he resorted to the study of his maps;



BONAPARTE CROSSING THE ST. BERNARD.

Drawing by F. Lix.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.—

he questioned a great number of Italian officers, and learning from them that other roads led from Aosta to the surrounding valleys, he wrote letter after letter to Berthier, forbidding him to interrupt the movement of the army, and indicated with astonishing precision the reconnoissances that ought to be made around the Fort of Bard. Satisfied that no serious danger could arise except from the arrival of a hostile corps to close the debouche of Ivrea, he enjoined Berthier to send Lannes on by the path of Albaredo, and to make him take up a strong position there, covered from the Austrian artillery, and cavalry. "Provided he can keep the door of the valley," added the First Consul, "no matter what may occur, at worst we can but lose a little time. We have a sufficient quantity of provisions to wait; and we shall gain our point at last, either by turning or by overcoming the obstacle which stops us at the moment."

Having given instructions to Berthier, Bonaparte addressed his last orders to General Moncey, who was to debouch from the St. Gothard; to General Chabran, who, crossing the Little St. Bernard, would come right upon the Fort of Bard, and he at length determined upon crossing the mountain himself. Before he set out, he received intelligence from the Var that on the 14th of May Baron de Melas was still at Nice. As it was now the 20th, it was not to be supposed that the Austrian general had hurried in the space of six days from Nice to Ivrea. He set out, therefore, to cross the Col before daylight on the 20th. He was accompanied by Duroc, his aide-de-camp and Bourrienne, his secretary.

Artists have delineated him crossing the Alpine heights mounted on a fiery steed. The plain truth is, that he ascended the St. Bernard in that gray surtout which he generally wore, upon a mule led by a guide belonging to the country, evincing in the difficult passes the abstraction of a mind occupied elsewhere. He

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.—

conversed with the officers scattered on the road, and at intervals questioned the guide who attended him, making him relate the particulars of his life—his pleasures, his pains—like an idle traveller who has nothing better to do. This guide, who was quite young, gave him a simple recital of the details of his obscure existence, and especially the vexation he felt, because, for the want of a little money, he could not marry one of the girls of the valley.

The First Consul—sometimes listening, sometimes questioning the passengers with whom the mountain was covered—arrived at the Hospice, where the worthy monks gave him a warm reception. No sooner had he alighted from his mule than he wrote a note which he handed to his guide, desiring him to be sure and deliver it to the quartermaster of the army, who had been left on the other side of the St. Bernard. In the evening the young man, on returning to St. Pierre, learned with surprise what powerful traveller it was whom he had guided in the morning; and that General Bonaparte had ordered that a house and a piece of ground should be given to him, and that he should be supplied, in short, with the means requisite for marrying, and for realizing all the dreams of his modest ambition. This mountaineer died not long since, in his own country, the owner of the land given to him by the ruler of the world.

The First Consul halted for a short time with the monks, thanked them for their attention to his army, and made them a magnificent present for the relief of the poor and the travellers. He descended rapidly, suffering himself, according to the custom of the country, to glide down upon the snow; and arrived the same evening at Etroubles. Next day, after paying some attention to the park of artillery and to the provisions, he started for Aosta and Bard.—*The Consulate and the Empire.*

CONNOP THIRLWALL.—

THIRLWALL, CONNOP, an English ecclesiastic and historian, born at Stepney in 1797; died in 1875. He was educated at Cambridge, taking his Master's degree in 1821, and was made a Fellow of his College. He studied law, and was called to the bar in 1825, but soon gave up the profession of law for that of theology, and in 1828 was inducted into a Rectorship in Yorkshire. In 1840 he was made Bishop of St. Davids, in Wales, holding the bishopric until his resignation in 1874. In 1828, in conjunction with C. J. Hare, to whom he afterwards dedicated his *History of Greece*—he translated the first two books of Niebuhr's *History of Rome*. Thirlwall's *History of Greece* was originally written for "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia" (1835); but was afterwards greatly enlarged, and published separately (8 vols., 1845–1852). The *Literary and Theological Remains* of Thirlwall, edited by Perowne, were published in 1876.

THE ATHENIAN SOPHISTS AND RHETORICIANS.

At Athens, where the value of eloquence, as a weapon or a shield, was felt every day more and more, the youths who flocked around the Sophists were in general much less anxious about the truths which they had to deliver, than desirous of acquiring the art which would enable them to shine in the Assembly, to prevail in Courts of Justice, and to argue on any subject and on any side, so as to perplex their adversary and to impose on the hearers.

It was not by an accidental coincidence that the masters who taught the art also held doctrines which tended to universal skepticism. It is probable indeed that each Sophist had some favorite topics on which he discoursed more readily than upon others; but still it seems that they were all ambitious of the rep-

CONNOP THIRLWALL.—

utation of being able to discuss any subject that might be proposed to them; though it is only of Gorgias we hear that he publicly undertook to speak on any thesis, and answer any question. All subjects might equally serve for dialectic or rhetorical exercises. So, according to the avowed doctrine of Protagoras and Gorgias, no truth could claim any higher value than that of a plausible opinion. The newest and boldest propositions afforded most room for the display of acuteness and ingenuity.

It may easily be imagined how many popular prejudices, which had long been held sacred, must have been violently shaken by these disputations; how many objects which had hitherto been viewed with awe must have lost their venerable aspect among men whose minds had been chiefly formed by a poetical literature, and who had been used to connect not only their religious belief, but their social duties, with the rites of superstitious worship and the traditions of a fantastical mythology. The masters who had helped to excite this fluctuation and conflict of opinion neither wished nor were able to lay it. They had nothing more valuable or solid to substitute for the vulgar errors which they had dislodged.—*History of Greece.*

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND HIS CONQUESTS.

It is not to be supposed that in any of his undertakings Alexander was animated by speculative curiosity or by abstract philanthropy. If he sought to discover as well as to conquer, it was because the limits of the known world were too narrow for his ambition. His main object undoubtedly was to found a solid and flourishing empire; but the means which he adopted for this end were such as the highest wisdom and benevolence might have suggested to him in his situation, without any selfish motive. And as his merit is not the less because so many of his works were swept away by the inroads of savage and fanatic hordes, so it must be remembered that his untimely death

CONNOP THIRLWALL.—

left all that he had begun unfinished, and most that he meditated unknown; that he could hardly be said to have completed the subjugation of the lands comprised within the limits of the Persian Empire. Still it cannot be denied that the immediate operation of his conquests was highly beneficial to the conquered people. . . .

Let any one contemplate the contrast between the state of Asia under Alexander and the time when Egypt was either in revolt against Persia, or visited by her irritated conquerors with the punishment of repeated insurrection; when almost every part of the great mountain range which traverses the length of Asia, from the Mediterranean to the borders of India, was inhabited by fierce, independent tribes; when the Persian kings themselves were forced to pay tribute before they were allowed to pass from one of their capitals to the other. Let any one endeavor to enter into the feelings with which a Phœnician merchant must have viewed the change which took place on the face of the earth when the Egyptian Alexandria had begun to receive and to pour out an inexhaustible tide of wealth; when Babylon had become a great port; when a passage was opened both by sea and land between the Euphrates and the Indus; when the forests on the shores of the Caspian had begun to resound with the axe and the hammer. It will then appear that this part of the benefits which flowed from Alexander's conquest cannot be easily exaggerated.—*History of Greece.*

.

FRIEDRICH A. G. THOLUCK.—

THOLUCK, FRIEDRICH AUGUST GOTTFREU, a German theologian, born at Breslau in 1799 ; died at Halle in 1877. He studied at the University of Breslau, and afterwards at Berlin, where he devoted himself especially to the Oriental languages and to those of modern Europe, and in the number of languages which he mastered he almost rivalled Cardinal Mezzofanti. At twenty-three he was made Professor of Oriental Literature at Berlin ; and in 1826 was called to the chair of Theology at Halle, a position which he held until his death. He came to be recognized as the representative man of the "Evangelistic" as distinguished from the "Rationalistic" school of German theologians of his day. His writings are very numerous, and many of them have been translated into English. They include commentaries upon several Books of the Old and New Testaments ; treatises in opposition to the various phases of rationalism, and several volumes relating to Oriental literature. He was Pastor of the Students as well as Professor of Theology, and he is better known by his sermons than by his exegetical and polemic writings. In 1863 was published, in five volumes, a selection from his sermons entitled *Discourses on the Principal Points of the Christian Faith and Life*.

THE RELATIONS OF CHRISTIANS TO THE LAW.

Our fathers found a great part of their guilt to consist in the fact that the discipline of the law did not control with sufficient power the internal Christian character. If now we take notice that Christians of modern days are speaking constantly and exclusively of "freedom," of "spirit," of "the children of God," but very seldom of "the discipline of the law," of "self-denial," as the true idea of the word, "servant

of God," we shall regard it as a profitable exercise to examine the question, "what is the true idea of the outward disciplinary influence of law upon the inward Christian character?" A comprehensive explanation of the subject we find in the expression of our Lord (Mark ii. 27, 28): "And he said unto them, the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Therefore the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath-day."

There is something enigmatical in these words; and yet their meaning may be easily discovered. That the Saviour permitted his disciples to pluck the ears of corn on the Sabbath, and thus to break the law of a rigid observance of the day, has been a stumbling-block to theologians. By this act the Lord shows what is the binding force of an external, and especially of a ceremonial law. "Man," he says, "was not made for the Sabbath;" that is, the end of man's existence is not attained by the observance of the ceremonial law; the end of his existence is life in God; instead of man's being made for the Sabbath, the Sabbath was made for him. That is, such external ordinances as the Sabbath are instituted for the purpose of educating man. They are external discipline, designed to form him from without, to that character for which he has no strength to determine himself from within. . . .

You see how clearly as well as profoundly this language of our Saviour instructs us in the application of the outward discipline of law to faithful Christians. The Son of Man and of God is Lord over the law, because he has the Spirit without measure. The same Spirit, however, will be given to his followers through faith. And therefore this language teaches us, in the first place, that where the Spirit of God controls, the outward discipline of the law ceases. But it teaches us, with the same certainty, in the second place, that where the Spirit of God does not yet control, there the outward discipline of the law must remain.—*Discourses on the Christian Faith and Life.*

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS.—

THOMAS, EDITH MATILDA, an American author, born at Chatham, Ohio, in 1854. She was educated at the normal institute, Geneva, Ohio. She composed verses in her childhood, and grew up familiar with the best English classics, especially Spenser, Milton and Keats. In 1881, she met Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, who appreciated her work and introduced her to *The Century* magazine, in which much of her writing has since appeared. She has published in book-form *A New Year's Masque, and Other Poems* (1885), *The Round Year* (prose, 1886), *Lyrics and Sonnets* (1887), *The Inverted Torch* (1890).

SPIRIT TO SPIRIT.

Dead? Not to thee, thou keen watcher,—not
silent, not viewless to thee,
Immortal, still wrapped in the mortal! I from
the mortal set free,
Greet thee by many clear tokens, thou smilest
to hear and see.

For I when thou wakest at dawn, to thee am
the entering morn:
And I, when thou walkest abroad, am the dew
on the leaf and thorn,
The tremulous glow of the noon, the twilight
on harvests of corn.

I am the flower by the wood-path,—thou
bendest to look in my eyes;
The bird in its nest in the thicket,—thou
heedest my love-laden cries;
The planet that leads the night legions,—thou
liftest thy gaze to the skies.

And I am the soft-dropping rain, the snow with
its fluttering swarms;
The summer-day cloud on the hill-tops, that
showeth thee manifold forms;
The wind from the south and the west, the
voice that sings courage in storms.

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS.—

Sweet was the earth to thee ever, but sweeter
by far to thee now :
How hast thou room for tears, when all times
marvelest thou,
Beholding who dwells with God in the blossoming
sward and bough !

Once as a wall were the mountains, once dark-
ened between us the sea ;
No longer these thwart and baffle, forbidding
my passage to thee :
Immortal, still wrapped in the mortal, I linger
till thou art set free !

Lyrics and Sonnets.

WINTER LEAFAGE.

Each year I mark one lone outstanding tree,
Clad in its robings of the summer past,
Dry, wan, and shivering in the wintry blast.
It will not pay the season's rightful fee,—
It will not set its frost-burnt leafage free ;
But like some palsied miser all aghast,
Who hoards his sordid treasure to the last,
It sighs, it moans, it sings in eldritch glee.
A foolish tree, to dote on summers gone ;
A faithless tree, that never feels how spring
Creeps up the world to make a leafy dawn,
And recompense for all despoilment bring !
Oh, let me not, heyday and youth withdrawn,
With failing hands to their vain semblances
cling !

Lyrics and Sonnets.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

Noblesse oblige. What though ye gain
The sightly ground above the plain ?
We wait to see your signal glow
Upon the mountain's ancient snow :
Now speed, since all return is vain.
If looking downward, ye were fain
In the sweet valley to remain,
A voice would warn you from below,—
Noblesse oblige !
Ye burden-bearers, ne'er complain,
Though more and more ye must sustain.

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS.—

On you their loads will many throw ;
Make broad your shoulders ; blessings go
With those who help the wailing train,—
Noblesse oblige !

A New Year's Masque and Other Poems.

NOVEMBER SIGHTS, AND SOUNDS.

It is wonderful how the grass contrives to double the seasons. It has two spring-times, and grows bravely up to the very threshold of winter, both on the vernal and autumnal side. In some places, it may have communicated its courageous spirit to neighboring plants. This November blue violet, does it not sweetly and acceptably apologize for the absence of blue overhead ? Here and there the dandelion still contributes its pennyworth of sunshine. These signs of nature's vernal feeling in the dead of the year affect us with such surprise as we have at seeing the summer-time constellations rising before dawn of a winter day. But the pushing thriftiness of the grass cannot mask the prevailing soberness of the season. In pastures, and about the fence corners, weeds of rank flowerage during the autumn now stand with hoary or black tops, like a row of snuffed-out candles, once used for an illumination. Here is the milkweed, with its pods set so as to represent a bevy of birds ; but the wind is plucking off their silken white plumage, and sending it wastefully adrift through the field. Here a shabby thistle is putting out a last purple pretence of decayed royalty. "Poverty grass," with its straight, wispy bents, bleached white, and standing in even parallels, looks like the thread of the warp in the loom. But there is not so much as a spider to put in a gossamer filling. I sometimes hear a faint, thin note in the grass, much like the rattling of small seeds in a dry husk : this, I fancy, may be the lay of the last cricket. Once in a long interval, my foot starts up a decrepit grasshopper, frost-bitten and rheumatic,—possibly the old immortal Tithonus of the fable. Here a puff-ball, grown

to prodigious size, and torn or burst open at the top, is sifting its fine, snuff-colored dust into the wind. It suggests *diablerie*; indeed, the brown elves must use it as a censer in their unhallowed midnight incantations. Weird and eldritch suggestions are plenty on every side. If you walk in the woods, you are startled by mysterious small sounds,—panic noises, which you cannot readily trace to an origin. That old rustic practical joker, who in his day has frightened so many a solitary traveler, was never more alive and maliciously inventive than now. He it is, undoubtedly, who sends the partridge detonating through the dry leaves directly in our path; who sets the woodpecker to dispatching telegraphic messages, with a hollow tap, tap, on some sonorous trunk close by; who makes the trees groan humanly among their upper branches, and the dry leaves on the scrub oak discourse gibberish. Sometimes, where the fallen leaves are glued together with mildew, one detaches itself from the sodden company, and turns deliberately over, with a beckoning motion. Then I see the brown, charm-weaving hand of some ancient earth sibyl. On a hard-bound December evening, the low, faint shudder running through the crisp leaves and grasses brings to mind a certain awesome scripture: "Thou shalt be brought down, and shalt speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be, as of one that hath a familiar spirit, out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust."—*The Round Year*.

HIRAM WASHINGTON THOMAS.—

THOMAS, HIRAM WASHINGTON, clergyman, was born at Hampshire, Va. (now West Virginia), April 29, 1832. His early life was spent in his native State. He studied for the ministry and was ordained in the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1855 he was married to Miss Emeline C. Merrick (died January 5, 1896), of Pennsylvania, and removed to the West. Later he became a member of the Rock River Conference of Illinois. For six years, or from 1869 until 1875, he was pastor of churches in Chicago, and for the next two years, or until 1877, he filled the pulpit of the First Church of Aurora, Ill. He was then called back to Chicago to the Centenary, where he remained until 1880, when he was expelled from the Methodist Church for heresy. In the same year he became pastor of the People's Church, an independent organization founded for him by those whose sentiments were in accord with his own.

Besides his own congregation, he has a large transient attendance, many strangers remaining over Sunday in the city, availing themselves of the opportunity to hear him. In his Independent Church Dr. Thomas preaches the religion of humanity, or brotherly love, as well as love of God. He also teaches that man, with all his weaknesses and errors, is too noble, too nearly allied to his Creator, to be an object of divine wrath, and in his cares and trials and sufferings here, he sees God's plan for fitting him for a nobler and higher destiny hereafter.

He has published *Origin and Destiny of Man* (1877); *Life and Sermons* (1880); *The People's Pulpit* (1888).

HIRAM WASHINGTON THOMAS.—

OUR SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS UNREST.

In the darker ages, the poorer classes believed implicitly in the life to come, and that there they would be rewarded for their sufferings in this world ; and that hope gave them courage and patience to do and suffer. But now we have the unpleasant fact that so many of our time, and especially among the laboring people, have no such faith or hope upon which to lean ; and feeling that this life ends all, and that their present existence is a hardship, and that now is their only chance for happiness, it is not strange that some are driven almost to desperation. I have been told by those who ought to know, that this is the state of mind of very many of the discontented hard-working people of our country and of Europe ; and that they would laugh if one should urge patience under present hardship and suffering, from the hope of a better life beyond death, for themselves or their children. It is this world, the now-or-never feeling and argument ; and these disturbed minds are not ignorant of the fact that many of the educated classes hold the same dark views ; and they naturally conclude that, like themselves, they are living for the present, and with no fear of God or thought of the future.

The physical hardships of this world can be borne with a great degree of composure, if only the mind and heart can find rest and hope in a great trust in God and the future, and in the triumph of truth and right at last ; but it is much harder to live with faith in the present world, and the despair of the world to come, than to live with the despair of the present, and the hope of the future. And this is precisely the painful unrest of many in our uneasy world to-day. We cannot now discuss the many causes that have led to this loss of religious faith and hope. My own judgment of the case is that they are mainly two ; and the first is, that the external con-

HIRAM WASHINGTON THOMAS.—

ceptions of God, and man, and religion, that were put forth in the darker ages, and that may have been suited to that time, and that rested upon external authority, are not adapted to the present larger thought of mankind; and that the theology of the last fifteen hundred years is largely responsible for much of the doubt of the present. And the second cause of the unbelief and prejudice of the present is to be found in the un-Christ-like life of the Christian Church; in its wars of persecution and extermination; in its narrowness and bigotry and hatred. Had the Church lived as the Christ lived; had his professed followers exemplified his patience and forgiving and suffering love, and like Him gone forth to seek and to save the lost,—no bitter memories and prejudices because of the wrongs and cruelties wrought in his name would rankle in the breast of the present; and the great life and love and power of religion would be such as to lift the souls of men above the dark world of doubt. The divinest evidence of religion is in its own blessed life and experience and example.

But what is to be the end of all this religious unrest? Great changes come not in a day, and hence the results will probably be slowly unfolded. It is evident that the more thoughtful are not satisfied with the old conceptions and doctrines; and it is just as evident that the human mind and heart will not find rest in doubt and denial. The mind is made for truth, and the heart for love and hope. The very fact of this doubt, this despair, is in itself a prophecy of the clearer light that is yet to shine forth from reason, from nature, from revelation, from God. It cannot be that reason will defeat the ends of reason, will cut short its own path of progress. It cannot be that truth leads only to darkness, and love and hope to hatred. Slowly the day is dawning; the world is moving away from the old external concep-

HIRAM WASHINGTON THOMAS.—

tions, and men are finding God in reason and right ; they are finding the perpetual Christ in all the incarnations of love and suffering for others ; they are finding the continual inspirations in the ever-increasing truth of the ages, and they are finding the assurances of immortality in the consciousness of their own divinity ; that they are the children of the God of life ; that man is too great to die.—*Sermon, November 20, 1887.*

PLAN AND PURPOSE OF CREATION.

It is this dark side of life that with some stands in the way of faith ; that opens the door of doubt, whether there be a plan and purpose in this strange life ; and if so, whether it can be good. Whether there be a great heart in the universe ; a God who knows and feels and pities. Paul faced all these hard facts and conditions and faced them in an age far less favorable than the present, in an age when despotism and slavery held their dark sway over the millions. And it is far better for us all to face the facts and conditions of life as they are ; to face the facts of labor, of man's possible need, and pain, and sorrow ; of marriage altars and funeral rites so near together.

But Paul saw in the plan and purpose of creation a great and beneficent end. The earth has its beauty and sunshine ; life has its pleasures to be enjoyed ; but the making of men and women requires more ; there are needed the experiences and discipline of labor, of burden-bearing, of care and of sorrow, even. Only under the burdens of these are, and can be, called forth the great, the divinest qualities of the soul. Out of these dark and darkest nights are born the brightest skies of day ; out of burden-bearing come strength, sympathy, the Christ-spirit ; out of great sorrow souls are lifted to larger visions and diviner peace and joy.—*Sermon, March 22, 1896.*

JOHN RANDOLPH THOMPSON.—

THOMPSON, JOHN RANDOLPH, an American journalist and poet, born at Richmond, Va., in 1823; died at New York in 1872. He graduated at the University of Virginia in 1845, studied law, and in 1847 became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which he conducted for several years. That Magazine was discontinued about the time of the breaking out of the civil war, and Mr. Thompson engaged in other literary labor at the South. He subsequently went to Europe, where he remained two or three years; after which he became editorially connected with the New York *Evening Post*. He was also a frequent contributor to various periodicals in America and Great Britain.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

Two armies covered hill and plain
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure,
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down,
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunlight slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

JOHN RANDOLPH THOMPSON.—

A Federal band which, eve and morn,
 Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn,
 And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks
 Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
 And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still ; and then the band,
 With movement light and tricky,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
 Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
 Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
 With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
 The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
 To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
 To kiss the shining pebbles ;
Loud shrieked the swarming "Boys in Blue"
 Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle song
 Above the stormy riot ;
No shout upon the evening rang—
 There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
 Poured o'er the glancing pebbles ;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
 All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
 That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
 The hidden founts of feeling.

Of Blue or Gray, the soldier sees,
 As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
 The cabin by the prairie.

JOHN RANDOLPH THOMPSON.—

Or cold or warm, his native skies,
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mists in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain,
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together.

But Memory, waked by Music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines—
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of Nature.

MAURICE THOMPSON.—

THOMPSON, MAURICE, an American *litterateur* and scientist, born at Fairfield, Ind., in 1844. His parents removing to Georgia, he enlisted in the Confederate army, and at the end of the war, returned to Indiana, and rose from a subordinate position to the head of a railway survey. After a course of study in law, he began practice in Crawfordsville, Ind., was elected to the legislature in 1879, and appointed chief of the state geological survey in 1885. His productions have attracted wide attention for their original observation, large information, and poetic richness of diction. His volumes are: *Hoosier Mosaics* (1875), *The Witchery of Archery* (1878), *A Tallahassee Girl* (1882), *His Second Campaign* (1882), *Songs of Fair Weather* (1883), *At Love's Extremes* (1885), *By-Ways and Bird Notes* (1885), *The Boys' Book of Sports* (1886), *A Banker of Bankersville* (1886), *Sylvan Secrets* (1887), *The Story of Louisiana* (1888), *A Fortnight of Folly* (1888), *The King of Honey Island* (1893), *Lincoln's Grave*, the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Poem (1894).

THE KINGFISHER.

The kingfisher is a dash of bright blue in every choice bit of brookside poetry or painting; he is a warm fragment of tropical life and color, left over from the largess bestowed upon our frigid world by one of those fervid periods of ancient creative force so dear to the imagination, and so vaguely limned on the pages of science. The bird, by some fine law, keeps its artistic value fully developed. You never see *Alcyon* out of keeping with the environment; even when going into the little dark hole in the earth, where its nest is hidden, the flash of turquoise light with which it disappears leaves a sheen on the observer's memory as fascinating and evasive as some fleeting poetical allusion.

MAURICE THOMPSON.—

Ceryle Alcyon! how sweet the name in the midst of those jarring sounds invented by science. Coming upon it in the catalogues is like hearing a cultured voice in the midst of a miner's broil, or like meeting a beautiful child in a cabinet of fossils. *Ceryle Alcyon* suggests sunshine, bright water, dreamy skies, and that rich foliage growing near streams—a foliage to which the adjective *lush* clings like some rather ornamental caterpillar, with an underhint of classical affinity very tenuous and filmy. It is a disappointment to one's imagination at first to find out that so beautiful a creature as the *Alcyon* cannot sing; but there is just compensation in the knowledge which soon comes, that instrumental music is the bird's forte—he plays on the water as on a dulcimer, bringing out pure liquid notes (at long intervals, indeed) too sweet and elusive to be fixed in any written score. To watch *Ceryle Alcyon* strike the silver-strings of a summer brook and set them to vibrating is worth the sacrifice of any leisure hour. It is the old touch of Apollo, swift, sure, masterful, virile, and yet tender as the very heart of nature. "Plash!" A sudden gleam of silver, amethyst, and royal purple, a whorl as of a liquid bloom on the water, rings and dimples and bubbles, and in the midst of it all, the indescribable sound from the smitten stream, its one chord rendered to perfection.

Nature sketched the kingfisher, in the first place, with a certain humorous expression, which still lurks in the overlarge crest and almost absurdly short legs; but the bird itself is always in earnest. It may look at times like a bright, sharp exclamation point at the close of some comic passage in the phenakism of nature, but it is the very embodiment of sincerity; in fact, the birds are all realists of the prosiest kind. One might as well look for something large and morally lifting in a minutely analytical novel, as to expect a bird to be sentimental. A worm—in the case of the kingfisher a minnow—is the highest object of avian

MAURICE THOMPSON.—

ambition—the realist dotes on one's motive in twisting one's thumbs—and ornithic life does not generate poetry. The kingfisher knows his brook from source to mouth, for he has conned it during countless ages. Not that he has lived so long individually, the knowledge exists in heredity—the transmitted sum of ten thousand ancestral lives devoted to one end.

We must take *Alcyon* as he is, without any genealogical table or ancient armorial relics. He is not an aristocrat, if the index of aristocracy is a well-formed foot, for, like all his family, he has but three good toes, and they are as rough and ugly as warts. Compared with those of the mocking-bird, indeed, his feet appear scarcely more than rudimentary (about on a par with his vocal organs, advancing the comparison so as to weigh his rattling laugh with the ecstatic song of *Mimus polyglottus*), still he perches very firmly and, after a fashion, gracefully. His descent upon a minnow is a miracle of motion, accompanied by a surpassing feat of vision. We will imagine him seated on a bough thirty feet above the brook-stream. The sunshine comes down in flakes like burning snow upon the twinkling, palpitating water, making the surface flicker and glimmer in a way to distract any eye. Down in this water, is the minnow which *Alcyon* is to catch and swallow, a minnow whose sides are silver just touched with gold, flitting and flashing here and there, never still, flippant as the wavelets themselves. Mark the bird's attitude and expression as they blend into a sort of serio-comic enigma—crest erect and bristling, eyes set and burning, bill elevated at a slight angle, tail depressed, wings shut close, the whole figure motionless. Suddenly he falls like a thought, a sky-blue film marking the line of descent to where he strikes. He pierces the pool like an arrow, disappearing for a second in the centre of a great whirling, leaping, bubbling dimple of the water, with a musical plunge note once heard never forgotten. Rarely does

MAURICE THOMPSON.—

he miss his aim. If your eyes are quick you will see the hapless "silver side" feebly wriggling in the grip of that powerfull bill as *Ceryle Alcyon* emerges from the dancing waves and resumes his perch, happier, but none the wetter, on account of the bath. Now the wonder of this vision-feat is not in seeing the minnow from the perch, but in continuing to see it during that arrow-like descent into the water; or, if you choose to refer the success of the stroke to accuracy of flight, then try to understand what amazing accuracy it is! For, in that case, *Alcyon* must take into exact account the difference between the apparent and the true position of an object in the water as viewed at an angle from without. . . .

The most beautiful kingfisher superstition or legend I ever have known of was told to me by an old negro in Georgia. How far it extended among the Southern slaves I have no means of knowing. Here it is:

"When you is a leetle boy, not mo' 'n six year old, ef yo' go to de ribber an' see de minner at sunrise 'fo' de kingfisher do, den yo' nebber die 'ceptin' yo' git drowneded; an den ef yo' *does* git drowneded, de kingfisher tote yo' sperit right off ter hebben, ca'se der's no use 'r talkin' 'bout habin' any bad luck ef yo' got de eye like de ole kingfisher."

I say the superstition is very beautiful, but in effect it is the same old story of the heavy chances against the seeker after lasting happiness, for how much harder is it for a camel to amble through the eye of a needle than for any living being to see a minnow in the water quicker than can the incomparable eyes of the *Ceryle Alcyon*?—*Sylvan Secrets*.

JAMES THOMSON.—

THOMSON, JAMES, a British poet, born in Roxburghshire, Scotland, in 1700; died at Kew, then a suburb of London, in 1748. His father, a minister of the Scottish Kirk, removed to the retired parish of Southdean, among the Cheviot Hills, where the boyhood of the poet was passed. His poetic faculty developed itself at an early age; but none of his juvenile productions are very distinctive, unless we admit the genuineness of a "Fragment," said to have been written at the age of fourteen, but apparently first printed in 1841 in a *Life of Thomson* by Allan Cunningham. At eighteen Thomson was entered as a student of divinity at the University of Edinburgh. Among the "exercises" assigned to him was a translation of Psalm civ. The young student's version was somewhat more poetical and much less literal than seemed fitting to the college Professor, who admonished him that "he must put a curb on his fancy if he wished to be useful in the ministry." This well-meant warning had an effect quite contrary to what was intended. Since it seemed that he could not be both, Thomson resolved to be a poet rather than a clergyman. At the age of something more than twenty, his father having just died, he went up to London, scantily provided with money, and having besides only a few poems, among them some descriptive verses. Fortunately his former college friend, David Mallet, who had also come up from Scotland, procured for him a position as private tutor, and encouraged him to expand his descriptive verses, which were published in 1726, under the title "Winter." "Summer" followed in 1727; and in 1730 the entire

JAMES THOMSON.—

poem which we know as *The Seasons* was published by subscription, at a guinea a copy. In 1731 Thomson accompanied the son of Sir Charles Talbot, afterwards Lord Chancellor, upon a continental tour. Upon his return he put forth *Liberty*, a rather mediocre poem, though containing some fine passages, dedicated to Frederick, Prince of Wales, who bestowed upon him a pension of £100. Still his circumstances were straitened for some years until he received the appointment of Surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands, the small duties of which were performed by deputy, leaving the poet free, with a good income. He now set himself to the work of completing *The Castle of Indolence*, which was finished in 1748, very shortly before his somewhat sudden death.

Besides the three poems already mentioned, Thomson put forth, from time to time, some smaller poems, all of which would hardly have gained for him a conspicuous place even among our minor poets. He tried his hand at dramatic composition, writing the tragedies of *Sophonisbe*, *Agamemnon*, *Edward and Leonora*, and *Coriolanus*, none of which can be considered other than failures. In conjunction with Mallet he brought out *Alfred: a Masque*, the parts produced by each not being designated, though the popular song "Rule Britannia" is credibly attributed to Thomson. He certainly has won a place high among the second class of English poets: among the people by *The Seasons*, and the magnificent *Hymn* which accompanies it; among critics by *The Castle of Indolence*, of which Spenser might well have been proud.

JAMES THOMSON.—

THE COMING OF SPRING.

Come gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come ;
And from the bosom of your dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend. . . .

And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts :
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravished vale ;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind
touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the
sky. . . .

Forth fly the tepid airs ; and unconfined,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls to where the well-used
plough
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harnessed yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheered by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the obstructing
clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the
glebe.
While through the neighboring fields the
sower stalks,
With measured step ; and liberal throws the
grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground ;
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the
scene.

The Seasons : Spring.

THE COMING OF AUTUMN.

Crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the wintry
frost

JAMES THOMSON.—

Nitrous prepared — the various - blossomed
Spring

Put in white promise forth—and Summer suns
Concocted strong—rush boundless now to view,
Full perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous
days,

And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence
shook

Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enlivened, wide invests
The happy world. Attempered suns arise
Sweet-beamed, and shedding off through lucid
clouds

A pleasing calm; while broad and brown
below

Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain;
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to
blow.

Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
The clouds fly different, and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds the illumined field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gayly-checked, heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded, tossing in a flood of corn.

The Seasons: Autumn.

A WINTER TEMPEST.

Then issues forth the storm with sudden
burst,

And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends the ethereal force, and with strong
gust

Turns from its bottom the discolored deep.
Through the black night that sits immense
around,

Lashed into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn.
Meantime the mountain billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swelled, surge above
surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,

JAMES THOMSON.—

And anchored navies from their station drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters. . . .

Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders: and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vexed, and sheds
What of its tarnished honors yet remain ;
Dashed down, and scattered by the tearing
wind's

Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;
And on the cottage thatched or lordly roof
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking
dome,

For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds com-
mixed

With stars swift-gliding, sweep along the sky.
All nature reels; till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm ;
Then straight air, sea, and earth are hushed at
once.

The Seasons: Winter.

HYMN ON THE SEASONS. .

These as they roll, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love ;
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent ; then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling
year ;

JAMES THOMSON.—

And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and graves, in hollow-whispering
gales.

Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown; tempest o'er tempest
rolled—

Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force
divine,

Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still. . .

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness
breathes.

Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is head afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to
heaven

The impetuous song, and say from whom you
rage.

His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling
rills,

And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the hurried maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater
voice

JAMES THOMSON.—

Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and
 flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
 paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate
 world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise: for the Great Shepherd
 reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless
 day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his
 praise,
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great-hymn! In swarming cities
 vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,

JAMES THOMSON.—

There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forgot the darling theme—
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east—
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest
verge

Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles : 'tis nought to me ;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where Universal Love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable !
Come, then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

Of *The Castle of Indolence*, the author says : " This poem, being written in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect." The poem is divided into two Cantos, having respectively 78 and 79 stanzas. The scope of Canto I. is thus indicated :

" The Castle hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury,
Where for a little time, alas !
We lived right jollily."

JAMES THOMSON.—

THE WIZARD'S ABODE.

O mortal man who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an early date,
And, certes, there is for it reason great ;
For, though it sometimes makes thee weep and
wail,

And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting Wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere
found.

It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with Spring, with Summer half
imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for
play.

Was nought around but images of rest :
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns
between ;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence
kest,
From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant
green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets
played
And hurlèd everywhere their waters' sheen ;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling mur-
mur made. . . .

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky.
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly

JAMES THOMSON.—

Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast;
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of 'noyance or unrest
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landscape such—inspiring perfect ease—
Where Indolence (for so the Wizard hight)
Close hid his Castle 'mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus
bright,

And made a kind of checkered day and night.
Meanwhile unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel Fate
And Labor harsh, complained, lamenting man's
estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass these by;
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighboring
hill,

The freshness of the valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round the Enchanter false they
hung

Ymolten with his siren melody;
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting
verses sung.

Castle of Indolence. Canto I.

DELIGHTS OF THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursèd knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-opened into halls, where who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand—
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band,
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swell-
ing bed.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
With wines high-flavored and rich viands
crowned;

JAMES THOMSON.—

Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean 'genders in his round,
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound :
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the
glasses played. . . .

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale :
Reclining lovers in the lonely dale
Poured forth at large the sweetly-tortured
heart ; .
Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed Echo to resound their
smart ;
While flocks, woods, streams around repose and
peace impart. . . .

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclined,
Lulled the weak bosom, and induced ease ;
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs
As did, alas ! with soft perdition please.
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all
cares. . . .

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters
fell ;
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began
(So worked the Wizard) wintry storms to
swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell ;
At doors and windows threatening seemed to
call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell ;
Yet the least entrance found they none at all ;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep secure in
massy hall.

JAMES THOMSON.—

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace,
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That played in waving lights from place to
place,
And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.
Castle of Indolence. Canto I.

Canto II. of *The Castle of Indolence* nar-
rates the capture of the Castle by the
Knight of Arts and Industry, the deliver-
ance of its reclaimable inmates, and the fate
of the irreclaimable.

THE BARD'S APPEAL.

It was not by vile loitering in ease
That Greece obtained the brighter palm of
Art;
That soft yet ardent Athens learned to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme, complete in every part!
It was not thus majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering
dart.
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

Had unambitious mortals minded nought
But in loose joy their time to wear away;
Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude Nature's state had been our state to-
day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother-brutes the human race had
gazed;
None e'er had soared to fame, none honored
been, none praised:

JAMES THOMSON.—

Great Homer's song had never fired the breast
To thirst of glory and heroic deeds ;
Sweet Mars's Muses, sunk in inglorious rest,
Had silent slept among the Mincian reeds ;
The wits of modern times had told their
beads,
And monkish legends been their only strains ;
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
Our Shakespeare strolled and laughed with
Warwick swains
Ne had my master Spenser charmed his Mulia's
plains.

Dumb, too, had been the sage Historic Muse,
And perished all the sons of ancient fame ;
Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
Through the dark depth of time their vivid
flame,
Had all been lost with such as have no name.
Who then had scorned his ease for other's
good ?

Who then had toiled rapacious men to tame ?
Who in the public breach devoted stood,
And for his country's cause been prodigal of
blood ?

But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
If right I read, you pleasure all require,
Then hear how best may be obtained this fee,
How best enjoyed this Nature's wide desire.
Toil and be glad ! Let Industry inspire
Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath !
Who does not act is dead ; absorbed entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath.
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death !

Ah ! what avail the largest gifts of heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?
How tasteless, then, whatever can be given !
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
Soon swallowed in disease's sad abyss ;
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as
clear as day.

JAMES THOMSON.—

Oh, who can speak the vigorous joys of health !
Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind ;
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
See ! how the younglings frisk along the
meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy
wind ;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds :
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing
pleasaunce breeds ?

“ But here, instead, is fostered every ill
Which or distempered minds or bodies know.
Come, then, my kindred spirits ! do not spill
Your talents here. This place is but a show,
Whose charms delude you to the den of woe.
Come, follow me. I will direct you right,
Where Pleasure’s roses, void of serpents,
grow,
Sincere as sweet. Come follow this good
knight,
And you will bless the day that brought him
to your sight.”

Castle of Indolence, Canto II.

JAMES THOMSON.—

THOMSON, JAMES, a Scottish-American poet, born at Port Glasgow, Scotland in 1834; died in 1882. He was educated at the Royal Caledonian Asylum, and subsequently entered the Training School at Chelsea, with the purpose of becoming a schoolmaster in the army. For a while he was employed in the office of a London solicitor; then he came to America as secretary to a silver-mining company; and afterwards went to Spain as correspondent of a New York newspaper. His principal poem, *The City of Dreadful Night*, was published in 1880; this was followed in 1881 by *Vane's Story, and Other Poems*. He also published a volume of *Essays* in prose, and left behind him many minor poems, and translations. The "City of Dreadful Night" is the abode of Hopelessness, the description of whose statue is a word-picture from Albrecht Dürer's engraving "Melancholia." The following lines by Thomson set forth his aims in the production of the poem:

" Yet here and there some weary wanderer
In that same city of tremendous night,
Will understand the speech, and feel a stir
Of fellowship in all disastrous fight.
I suffer, mute and lonely, yet another
Uplifts his voice to let me know a brother
Travels the same wild paths, though out of sight."

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT.

The city is of Night; perchance of Death,
But certainly of Night: for never there
Can come the lucid morning's fragrant breath
After the dewy dawning's cold gray air;
The moon or stars may shine with scorn or
pity;
The sun has never visited that city,
For it dissolveth in the daylight fair

JAMES THOMSON.—

Dissolveth like a dream of night away ;
Though present in distempered gloom of
thought
And deadly weariness of heart all day.
But when a dream night after night is
brought
Throughout a week—and such weeks, few or
many,
Recur each year for several years—can any
Discern that dream from real life in aught ?

For life is but a dream whose shapes return,
Some frequently, some seldom ; some by
night
And some by day, some night and day : we
learn,
The while all change and many vanish quite,
In their recurrence with recurrent changes
A certain seeming order ; where this ranges
We count things real : such is memory's
might. . . .

The city is not ruinous, although
Great ruins of an unremembered past,
With others of a few short years ago
More sad, are found within its precincts vast.
The street-lamps burn ; but scarce a casement
In house or palace front, from roof to basement,
Doth glow athwart the mirk air cast.

The street-lamps burn amidst the baleful glooms,
Amidst the sombre solitudes immense
Of ranged mansions dark and still as tombs.
The silence which benumbs or strains the
sense
Fulfill's with awe the soul's despair unweeping :
Myriads of habitants are ever sleeping,
Or dead, or fled from nameless pestilence.

Yet as in some necropolis you find
Perchance one mourner to a thousand dead,
So there : worn faces that look deaf and blind,
Like tragic masks of stone. With weary
tread,
Each wrapt in his own doom, they wander,
wander,

JAMES THOMSON.—

Or sit foredone, and desolately ponder
Through sleepless hours, with heavy, drooping
head.

Mature men chiefly—few in age or youth;
A woman rarely, now and then a child:
A child! If here the heart turns sick with
ruth

To see a little one from birth defiled,
Or lame or blind, as pre-ordained to languish
Through youthless life, think how it bleeds
with anguish.

To meet one erring in that homeless wild.

They often murmur to themselves; they speak
To one another seldom for their woe
Broods maddening inwardly, and scorns to wreak
Itself abroad; and if at whiles it grow
To frenzy which must rave, none heeds the
clamor,
Unless there waits some victim of like glamour,
To rave in turn, who lends attentive show.

The City is of Night, but not of Sleep;
There sweet sleep is not for the weary brain;
The pitiless hours like years and ages creep;
A night seems termless hell. This dreadful
strain
Of thought and consciousness which never
ceases,
Or which some moments' stupor but increases,
This, worse than woe, makes wretches there
insane.

They leave all hope behind who enter there;
One certitude while sane they cannot leave,
One anodyne for torture and despair:
The certitude of Death, which, no reprieve
Can put off long; and which, divinely tender
But waits the outstretched hand to promptly
render
The draught whose slumber nothing can
bereave.

JAMES THOMSON.—

THE STATUE OF HOPELESSNESS.

Anear the centre of that northern crest
Stands out a level upland, bleak and bare,
From which the city east and south and west
Sinks gently in long waves; and thronéd
there
An Image sits, stupendous, superhuman,
The bronze colossus of a winged Woman,
Upon a graded granite base four-square.
Low-seated she leans forward massively,
With cheek on clenched left hand, the fore
arm's might
Erect, its elbow on her rounded knee;
Across a clasped book in her lap the right
Upholds a pair of compasses. She gazes
With full set eyes; but, wandering in thick
mazes
Of sombre thought, beholds no outward sight.
Words cannot picture her : but all men know
That solemn sketch the pure, sad artist
wrought
Three centuries and threescore years ago,
With phantasies of his peculiar thought :
The instruments of art and science
Scattered about her feet in strange alliance,
With keen wolf-hound sleeping undistraught.
Scales, hour-glass, belt, and magic-square above
The grave and solid infant perched beside,
With open winglets that might bear a dove,
Intent upon its tablets, heavy-eyed;
Her folded wings, as of a mighty eagle,
But all too impotent to lift the regal
Robustness of her earth-born strength and
pride.
And with those wings and that light wreath
which seems
To mock her grand head and the knotted
frown
Of forehead charged with baleful thoughts and
dreams,
The household bunch of keys, the household
gown

JAMES THOMSON.—

Voluminous, indented, and yet rigid,
As if a shell of burnished metal frigid;
The feet, thick-shod, to tread all weakness
down.

The comet hanging o'er the waste dark seas;
The massy rainbow curved in front of it
Beyond the village with the masts and trees;
The snaky imp, dog-headed, from the Pit,
Bearing upon its bat-like leathern pinions
Her name unfolded in the sun's dominions—
The "MELANCOLIA," that transcends all wit.

Thus has the artist copied her, and thus
Surrounded to expound her form sublime;
Her fate heroic and calamitous,
Fronting the dreadful mysteries of Time;
Unvanquished in defeat and desolation,
Undaunted in the hopeless conflagration
Of the day setting on her baffled prime.

Baffled and beaten back, she works on still,
Weary and sick of soul she works the more;
Sustained by her indomitable will,
The hands shall fashion and the brain shall
pore;

And all her sorrow shall be turned to labor,
Till Death, the friend-foe, piercing with his
sabre

That mighty heart of hearts, ends bitter war.

But as if blacker night could dawn on night,
With tenfold gloom on moonless night un-
starred;

A sense more tragic than Defeat or Blight,
More desperate than Strife with Hope de-
barred,

More fatal than the adamant Never!
Encompassing her passionate endeavor,
Dawns glooming in her tenebrous regard:

The sense that every struggle brings defeat
Because Fate holds no prize to crown success;
That all the oracles are mute or cheat

Because they have no secret to express;
That none can pierce the vast black veil un-
certain

JAMES THOMSON.—

Because there is no light beyond the curtain ;
That all is Vanity and Nothingness.

Titania from her high throne in the north,
That City's sombre Patroness and Queen,
In bronze sublimity she gazes forth
Over her Capital of teen and threne,
Over the river with its isles and bridges,
The marsh and moorland, to the stern rock-
ridges,
Confronting them with a coeval mien.

The moving moon and stars from east to west
Circle before her in the sea of air ;
Shadows and gleams glide round her solemn
rest.

Her subjects often gaze up to her there—
The strong to drink new strength of iron en-
durance,
The weak new terrors ; all, renewed assurance
And confirmation of the old despair.

WILLIAM McCLURE THOMSON.—

THOMSON, WILLIAM McCLURE, an American missionary and author, born in Ohio, 1806; died 1894. He graduated at Miami University in 1826, and subsequently at Princeton Theological Seminary. He was ordained as a missionary to Syria, in 1833; remained there until 1876, when he took up his residence in New York. During this period, however, he made several extended visits to the United States. He contributed largely to periodical literature upon topics relating to the Holy Land as it was and as it is. His most important work, *The Land and the Book*, was published in 1859; a new edition, greatly enlarged and profusely illustrated, was completed in 1878.

THE LOCAL COLORING OF HEBREW POETRY.

The specific aim of this inquiry is not to establish the superiority of Hebrew poets or poetry, but to notice in what ways and to what extent our religious vocabulary has been enriched from this poetical source. For this purpose we may begin at the beginning—that is, with the very first Psalm—as well as anywhere else. A very simple process of analysis and comment will show that in this sacred lyric not only the illustrative comparisons, metaphors, and figures—the entire ornamental drapery and costume—are specifically Palestinian, but that the very thoughts themselves were suggested by things and conditions in this land.

Take the first verse, and analyze it with this purpose in view: To walk in the counsel of a person, to stand in the way, to sit in the seat, are forms of expression so familiar that one can scarcely realize that he is not using words and phrases in their original prosaic sense; and yet they are one and all employed in this verse figuratively—transferred, by easy and obvious analogy, from things natural to those which are moral and spiritual. Nor is this the whole truth

WILLIAM McCLURE THOMSON.—

in the case. There is a distinct Palestinian air about these and suchlike analogical transferences. It may be difficult to put this fact into verbal expression sufficiently definite and tangible to enable one not familiar with this country to appreciate it; yet it is none the less real. The author of this first Psalm—no matter who he was, or when he wrote—must have been an inhabitant of this country. The figures, phrases, and comparisons would not have occurred to one residing in climes essentially different from this—in a country, for example, cold and stormy, with ways wet and muddy, used merely to pass from one place to another. Along such uncomfortable paths men do not saunter in converse or counsel; neither do they there stand idly plotting mischief; nor are seats placed there for the accommodation of scorners, or anybody else. One may wander for hours, even in ornamental parks, in such lands, without finding so much as a stone upon which to sit and rest. Very different is the case and the custom in such mild and seductive climates as this of Palestine. Here people pass most of their time in the open air. They ramble at leisure along their pleasant and picturesque paths; stand in groups under cool shade-trees planted by the wayside; and there prepare they their seats, and pass away the time in mirth or mischief.

No poet of frigid Siberia, for example, or in the burning, desert of Sahara, could or would have written the first verse of the first Psalm; neither the thoughts nor the figures would have occurred to him. Nor, on the other hand, could one born and bred on the banks of the Mississippi have composed the third verse. "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in season: his leaf also shall not wither." In such regions the greatest trouble and toil of the inhabitants is to cut down, burn, and destroy the trees; and no one would think of comparing the man that was blessed, to one of these formidable giants of the forest. Again, this tree of the Psalm

WILLIAM McCLURE THOMSON.—

was "planted," and by the rivers, or, rather, by the canals made for irrigation: all very appropriate to this country, but not to lands overshadowed by primeval woods, or where the chief anxiety is to get rid of a superabundance of water. In such regions trees grow without being "planted," anywhere and everywhere, quite as well as "by the rivers of water."

Then this was a fruit-tree: an incident eminently natural here, where—as the Arab proverb tells us—"Many trees are planted, but only that is preserved which bears fruit." Few things in this country struck me more forcibly when I first came to it, than this high estimate of trees, founded simply on their fruit. The reason for this is obvious enough. A large part of the daily food of the people consists of the various kinds of fruit which these planted trees produce. In many parts of the East it is their chief dependence. No explanation is needed of the additional fact mentioned by the poet, that the leaf of a tree thus planted by the water-courses would not wither; or with the implied fact that, in this climate, the case would be very different with trees standing in the parched deserts of southern Palestine.

Finally, no one at all acquainted with Palestine can read the fourth verse of the Psalm without having instantly presented to his imagination the summer threshing-floor, in the open air, upon some exposed hill-top, with the vehement wind catching up in its wings the useless chaff, and whisking it away among the ragged rocks. This doom is in vivid contrast to the green tree by the water channels, with fadeless leaf, and branches bending beneath their burden of delicious fruit. . . .

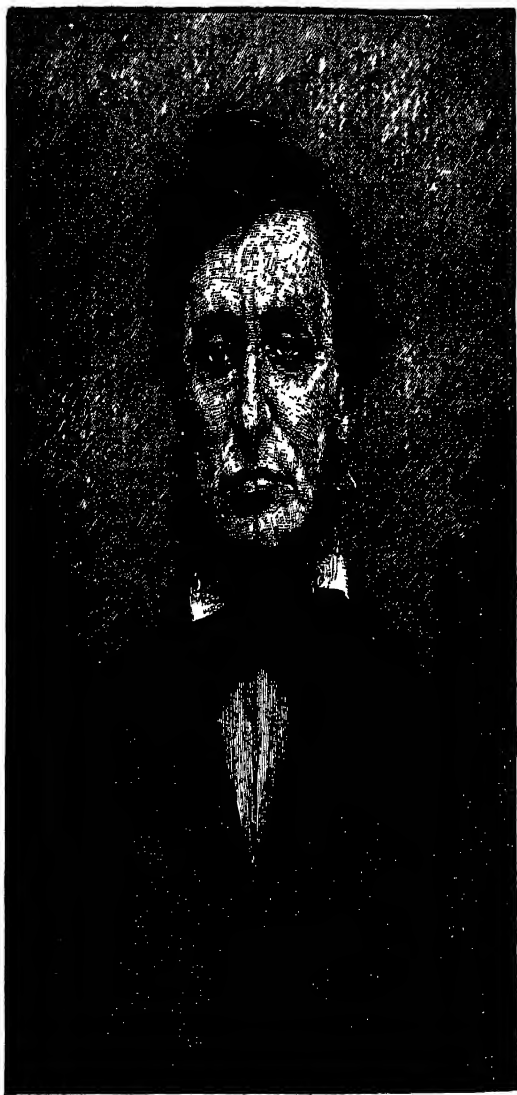
To point out and explain the numberless contributions to our spiritual language and religious nomenclature whose natural basis is found in Palestine, would require a volume, and this might well be written; for herein consists the chief interest of the Holy Land in our day, and its abiding importance to the Christian world.—*The Land and the Book.*

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.—

THOREAU, HENRY DAVID, an American author, born at Boston in 1817; died at Concord, Mass., in 1862. He graduated at Harvard in 1837, but having no inclination to settle down into any regular way of life, supported himself for some years by teaching school, surveying, and various kinds of mechanical labor, his home being at Concord, where his father was a maker of lead pencils. In 1845 he built for himself a hut near Walden Pond, in Concord, in which he lived for a little more than two years. He soon began to contribute to periodicals, and in 1849 put forth his first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*. This was followed by several others, most of which were published after his death; among them are: *Walden; or, Life in the Woods* (1854), *Excursions in Field and Forest*, with a *Biographical Sketch* by Ralph Waldo Emerson (1863), *Cape Cod* (1865), *A Yankee in Canada* (1865). Some of his poetry was published in periodicals, some is interspersed through his prose works.

THE WILDERNESS.

What is most striking in the Maine wilderness is the continuousness of the forest, with fewer open intervals of glades than you imagined. Except the few burnt lands, the narrow intervals of rivers, the bare tops of the high mountains, and the lakes and streams, the forest is uninterrupted. It is even more grim and wild than you had anticipated, a damp and intricate wilderness, in the spring everywhere wet and miry. The aspect of the country, indeed, is universally stern and savage, excepting the distant views of the forest from hills, and the lake prospects, which are mild and civilizing in a degree. The lakes are something which you are unprepared for; they lie up so high, exposed to the light, and the forest is dimin-



HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.—

ished to a fine fringe on their edges, with here and there a blue mountain, like amethyst jewels set around some jewel of the first water,—so anterior, so superior to all the changes that are to take place on their shores, even now civil and refined, and fair as they can ever be. These are not the artificial forests of an English king, a royal preserve merely. Here prevail no forest laws but those of nature. The aborigines have never been dispossessed, nor Nature disforested.

It is a country full of evergreen trees, of mossy silver birches and watery maples, the ground dotted with insipid small red berries, and strewn with damp and moss-grown rocks, a country diversified with innumerable lakes and rapid streams, peopled with trout, and various species of *lencisci*, with salmon, shad, and pickerel and other fishes; the forest resounding at rare intervals with the note of the chickadee, the bluejay, and the woodpecker, the scream of the fish-hawk and the eagle, the laugh of the loon, and the whistle of ducks along the solitary streams; at night, with the hooting of owls and howling of wolves; in summer, swarming with myriads of black flies and mosquitoes, more formidable than wolves to the white man. Such is the home of the moose, the bear, the caribou, the wolf, the beaver, and the Indian. Who shall describe the inexpressible tenderness and immortal life of the grim forest, where Nature, though it be mid-winter, is ever in her spring, where the moss-growing and decaying trees are not old, but seem to enjoy a perpetual youth; and blissful, innocent Nature, like a serene infant, is too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, lisping birds and trickling rills?

What a place to live, what a place to die and be buried in! There certainly men would live forever, and laugh at death and the grave. There they could have no such thoughts as are associated with the village graveyard,—that make a grave out of those moist evergreen hummocks!—*The Maine Woods.*

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.—

THE VOICE OF THE LOON.

In the middle of the night, as indeed each time that we lay on the shore of a lake, we heard the voice of the loon, loud and distinct, from far over the lake. It is a very wild sound, quite in keeping with the place and circumstances of the traveller, and very unlike the voice of a bird. I could lie awake for hours listening to it, it is so thrilling. When camping in such a wilderness as this, you are prepared to hear sounds from some of its inhabitants which will give voice to its wildness,—some idea of bears, wolves, or panthers runs in your head naturally; and when this note is first heard very far off at midnight, as you lie with your ear to the ground, the forest being perfectly still about you, you take it for granted that it is the voice of a wolf or some other wild beast, for only the last part is heard when at a distance,—you conclude that it is a pack of wolves baying the moon, or, perchance, cantering after a moose. Strange as it may seem, the mooing of a cow on a mountain side comes nearest to my idea of the voice of a bear; and this bird's note resembled that. It was the unfailing and characteristic sound of the lakes. We were not so lucky as to hear wolves howl, though that is an occasional serenade. Some friends of mine, who two years ago went up the Caucomgomoc River, were serenaded by wolves while moose-hunting by moon-light. It was a sudden burst as if a hundred demons had broke loose, a startling sound enough, which if any, would make your hair stand on end; and all was still again. It lasted but a moment and you'd have thought there were twenty of them, when probably there were only two or three. They heard it twice only, and they said that it gave expression to the wilderness which it lacked before. This of the loon—I do not mean its laugh, but its looning—is a long drawn call, as it were, something singularly human to my ear, boo-

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.—

booooooooo, like the halooing of a man, in a very high key, having thrown his voice into his head.—*The Maine Woods.*

AFTER A SNOWFALL.

Did you ever admire the steady silent, windless fall of the snow in some lead-colored sky, silent save the little ticking of the flakes as they touched the twigs? It is chased silver moulded over the pines and oak leaves. Soft shades hang like curtains along the closely draped wood-paths. Frozen apples become little cider-vats. The old crooked apple-trees frozen stiff in the pale shivering sunlight, that appears to be dying of consumption, gleam forth like the heroes of one of Dante's cold hells: we would mind any change in the mercury of the dream. The snow crunches under the feet; the chopper's axe rings funereally through the tragic air. At early morn the frost on button-bushes and willows was silvery, and every stem and minutest twig and filamentary weed came up a silver thing, while the cottage smoke rose salmon-colored into that oblique day. At the base of ditches were shooting crystals, like the flakes of an ivory-handled penknife, and rosettes and favors fretted of silver on the flat ice. The little cascades in the brook were ornamented with transparent shields and long candelabrams and spermaceti-colored fool's caps and plated jellies and white globes, with the black water whirling along transparently underneath. The sun comes out, and all at a glance, rubies sapphires, diamonds, and emeralds start into intense life on the angles of the snow crystals.

WALTER THORNBURY.—

THORNBURY, WALTER, an English litterateur, born at London in 1828; died in 1876. He was for many years art-critic for the London *Athenæum*, and a contributor in prose and verse to periodicals. He wrote several novels; made foreign tours, and wrote *Art and Nature at Home and Abroad*, *Life in Turkey*, *Life in Spain*, *Experiences in the United States*. Among his works in general literature are: *Monarchs of the Main*, *Shakespeare's England*, *Life of Turner*. His poetical works are: *Lays and Legends of the New World* (1851), *Songs of Cavaliers and Roundheads* (1857), *Legendary and Historic Ballads* (1875).

HOW SIR RICHARD DIED.

Slowly as bridegroom to a feast

Sir Richard trod the scaffold stair,
And, bowing to the crowd untied

The love-locks from his sable hair;
Took off his watch—"Give that to Ned;
I've done with Time," he proudly said.

'Twas bitter cold; it made him shake:

Said one—"Ah! see the villain's look!"
Sir Richard, with a scornful frown,
Cried, "Frost, not fear my body shook!"
Giving a gold-piece to the slave,
He laughed—"Now praise me, Master Knave!"

They pointed, with a sneering smile,
Unto a black box, long and grim;
But no white shroud or badge of death,
Had power to draw a tear from him.
"It needs no lock," he said in jest,
"This chamber where to-night I rest."

Then crying out—"God save the King!

In spite of hiss and shout and frown,
He stripped his doublet, dropped his cloak,
And gave the headsman's man a crown;
Then, "On for heaven!" he proudly cried,
And bowed his head—and so he died.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.—

THORPE, ROSE HARTWICK, an American poet, born at Mishawaka, Ind., in 1850. She was educated at Litchfield, Mich., whither her parents removed in 1860. In 1871 she was married to Edmund C. Thorpe. In 1881 she edited three Sunday papers in Chicago, but subsequently removed to Pacific Beach, Cal. Her literary reputation rests upon the ballad, *Curfew Must Not Ring To-night*, written in 1870; and first published in a Detroit paper. An illustrated edition of it was issued in 1882. Mrs. Thorpe's publications include: *Fred's Dark Days*, a story for children (1881), *The Yule Log*, a book of poems (1881) *The Fenton Family* (1884) *Nina Bruce* (1886), *The Chester Girls* (1887) *Temperance Poems* (1887), and *Ringin' Ballads* (1887).

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO NIGHT.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hill-
tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of
one sad day;
And its last rays kissed the forehead of a man
and maiden fair,—
He with steps so slow and weary; she with
sunny floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she,
with lips so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew
must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing
to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy, moss-grown
walls dark, damp, and cold,—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very
night to die
At the ringing of the curfew; and no earthly
help is nigh."

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.—

Cromwell will not come till sunset ;” and her
lips grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, “Curfew must
not ring to-night.”

“Bessie,” calmly spoke the sexton (every word
pierced her young heart
Like a gleaming, death-winged arrow, like a
deadly poisoned dart),
“Long, long years I’ve rung the curfew from
that gloomy, shadowed tower ;
Every evening just at sunset, it has tolled the
twilight hour.
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just
and right ;
Now I’m old, I will not miss it. Curfew bell
must ring to-night.”

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and
white her thoughtful brow ;
And within her heart’s deep centre Bessie made
a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without
a tear or sigh,—
“At the ringing of the curfew Basil Under-
wood *must die*.
And her breath came fast and faster, and her
eyes grew large and bright ;
One low murmur faintly spoken, “Curfew *must*
not ring to-night.”

She with quick step bounded forward, sprang
within the old church-door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he’d
trod so oft before.
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with
cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell
swung to and fro ;
As she climbed the slimy ladder, on which fell
no ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, “Curfew
shall not ring to-night.”

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.—

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her
hangs the great, dark bell ;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the path-
way down to hell.

See ! the ponderous tongue is swinging ; 'tis
the hour of curfew now,

And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped
her breath and paled her brow.

Shall she let it ring ? No, never ! Her eyes
flash with sudden light,

As she springs, and grasps it firmly : "Curfew
shall not ring to-night."

Out she swung,—far out. The city seemed a
speck of light below,—

There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as
the bell swung to and fro.

And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf,
heard not the bell,

Sadly thought that twilight curfew rang young
Basil's funeral knell.

Still the maiden, clinging firmly, quivering
lip and fair face white,

Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating :
"*Curfew shall not ring to-night.*"

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying ; and the
maiden stepped once more

Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for
hundred years before,

Human foot had not been planted. The brave
deed that she had done

Should be told long ages after ; as the rays of
setting sun

Light the sky with golden beauty, aged sires
with heads of white,

Tell the children why the curfew did not ring
that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills comes Cromwell, Bessie
sees him ; and her brow,

Lately white with sickening horror, has no
anxious traces now.

At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands,
all bruised and torn ;

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.—

And her sweet young face, still haggard, with
the anguish it had worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his
eyes with misty light

“Go! your lover lives,” cried Cromwell. “Cur-
few shall not ring to-night!”

Wide they flung the massive portals, led the
prisoner forth to die,

All his bright young life before him. 'Neath
the darkening English sky,

Bessie came, with flying footsteps, eyes aglow
with lovelight sweet;

Kneeling on the turf beside him, laid his par-
don at his feet.

In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed
the face upturned and white,

Whispered, “Darling, you have saved me, cur-
few will not ring to-night.”

HESTER LYNCH THRALE.—

THRALE, HESTER LYNCH (SALUSBURY), an English author, born in Wales in 1741; died at Clifton in 1821. In 1763 she married Mr. Thrale, a wealthy London brewer, and their home became a favorite resort of Dr. Johnson, of whom she was a great favorite. Mr. Thrale died in 1781, and three years afterwards his widow married Piozzi, an Italian music-master. Mrs. Thrale wrote several books, among which are: *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*, *Letters to and from Dr. Johnson*, *Journey through Italy, France, and Germany*. She is best known by a little poem, *The Three Warnings*, in which Johnson is supposed to have had a share. Her *Autobiography*, *Letters*, and *Literary Remains*, with a *Memoir* by Hayward, were published in 1861.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our later stages
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection to believe
Which all confess, but few receive—
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale:—

When sports went round and all were gay,
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave, "You must," he said,
"Quit your sweet bride and come with me!"
"With you!" the hapless husband cried;
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared;
My thoughts on other matters go—
This is my wedding-day, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard

His reason could not well be stronger.
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look—
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
“Neighbor,” he said, “farewell! No more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And further—to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you’re summoned to the grave.
Willing for once, I’ll quit my prey
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you’ll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave.”
To these conditions both assented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing Muse shall tell.
He chattered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near.
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life’s dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
“So soon returned!” old Dodson cries.—
“So soon d’ ye call it?” Death replies;

"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest !
 Since I was here before
 'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
 And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined ;
 "To spare the aged would be kind ;
 However, see your search be legal ;
 And your authority—is't regal ?
 Else you come on a fool's errand,
 With but a Secretary's warrant.
 Besides, you promised me three warnings,
 Which I have looked for nights and mornings ;
 But for that loss of time and ease
 I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
 I seldom am a welcome guest ;
 But don't be captious, friend, at least.
 I little thought you would be able
 To stump about your farm and stable.
 Your years have run to a great length ;
 I wish you joy, though, of your strength !"

"Hold !" says the farmer ; "not so fast !
 I have been lame these four years past."—
 "And no great wonder," Death replies ;
 "However, you still keep your eyes ;
 And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
 For legs and arms would makes amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might.
 But latterly I've lost my sight."—
 "This is a shocking tale, 'tis true ;
 But still there's comfort left for you :
 Each strives your sadness to amuse ;
 I warrant you hear all the news."—
 "There's none," cries he ; "and if there were,
 I'm grown so deaf I cannot hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
 "These are unjustifiable yearnings.
 If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
 You've had your three sufficient Warnings.
 So come along ; no more we'll part,"—
 He said, and touched him with his dart.
 And now old Dodson turning pale,
 Yields to his fate.—So ends my tale.

THUCYDIDES.—

THUCYDIDES, a Greek historian, born at Athens about 470 B. C.; died about 400 B. C. All accounts agree that he was assassinated; but some place the scene at Athens, others in Thrace. He was born to a good estate, and received the best education of his age and country; saw some military service during the war of which he is the historian; fell into disfavor, and was for twenty years a voluntary or involuntary exile from Athens, to which he returned three or four years before his death. The Peloponnesian War, between Athens and her allies on the one side, and Sparta and her allies on the other, lasted twenty-seven years, from 431 to 404 B. C.; but the last six years, are not treated by Thucydides. The last two of the eight Books into which the *History of the Peloponnesian War* is divided bear evident tokens of not having received his ultimate revision. Macaulay pronounces Thucydides to be "on the whole, the first of historians." Our extracts are mainly in the translation of Collins.

At the close of the campaign of the first year the Athenians celebrated the solemn public funeral of those who had fallen. This ceremonial is thus described by Thucydides:

PUBLIC FUNERAL OF THE SLAIN.

They lay out the bones of the slain three days previously in a tent erected for the purpose, and each family bring for their own dead any offering they please. When the time comes for carrying them forth to burial, sarcophagi made of cypress-wood are placed on cars—one for each tribe; in these are laid the bones of each man, according to the tribe to which he belonged; and one bier is carried

THUCYDIDES.—

empty, spread with funeral garments, for the missing, whose bones could not be collected to be brought home. Any one who will—citizen or stranger—joins in the procession; and the women of the family are present at the funeral, to make their lament for the dead. So they lay them in the public cemetery, which is in the fairest suburb of the city; and there do they always bury those who fall in battle, excepting those that died at Marathon; those heroes they buried where they fell, as judging their valor to have been exceptional. And when they lay them in the ground, some distinguished citizen, selected by the state as of approved ability and distinguished reputation, pronounces over them a fitting panegyric; after which they all withdraw. In such fashion do they bury them; and all through the war, whenever they had the opportunity, they observed this custom.

The orator on this occasion was Pericles. Thucydides is wont to put formal speeches into the mouths of his characters. In many cases these must have been his own composition. But Pericles was famous as an orator, and it is recorded that he was accustomed to write out his speeches. Thucydides was certainly present on this occasion; and it is not unlikely that we have here the very words as they fell from the lips of Pericles. After having discoursed at length upon the nature of the occasion, the discourse closes with a panegyric upon those Athenians who had, in former times, died for their country, and a tribute to those whose death was now commemorated.

THE FUNERAL ORATION BY PERICLES.

They gave their lives for their country, and gained for themselves a glory that can never fade, a tomb that shall stand as a mark for-

THUCYDIDES.—

ever. I do not mean that in which their bodies lie, but in which their renown lives after them, to be remembered forever on every occasion of speech or action which calls it to mind. For the whole earth is the grave and monument of heroes. It is not the mere graving upon marble in their native land which sets forth their deeds; but even in lands where they were strangers, there lives an unwritten record in every heart—felt, though never embodied. . . .

I call those fortunate whose death, like theirs, or whose sorrow, like yours, has the fullest portion of honor, and whose end comes at the moment they are happiest. Yet I feel how hard it is to persuade you of this, when in the triumphs of their comrades—triumphs in which you once used to rejoice—you will often be reminded of those you have lost; and sorrow is felt not for the blessings we have never tasted, but for those to which we have been accustomed, and of which we have been deprived. . . .

And for you, their children or their brothers, who are here present, I see an arduous struggle before you. For all are wont to praise those who are no more; and hardly—even though your own deserts be extraordinary—will you be held to have equalled or approached theirs. There is ever a jealousy of the living as rivals. It is only those who stand no longer in our path that we honor with an ungrudging affection.

Pericles died in the summer of 429—two and a half years after the breaking out of the Peloponnesian War. His character is thus summed up by Thucydides, who does not often indulge in such formal delineations:

THE CHARACTER OF PERICLES.

So long as he stood at the head of the State in time of peace, he governed it with moderation and maintained it in safety, and under him it rose to its highest power. And when

THUCYDIDES.—

the war broke out, he proved that he had well calculated the resources of the state. He lived through two years and a half of it; and when he died, his foresight as to its conduct became even more generally admitted. For he always said that if they kept quiet, and paid due attention to their navy, and did not grasp at extension of empire during the war, or expose their city to danger, they would be the victors. But they did the very contrary to all this; and in matters which seemed to have no reference to the war they followed an evil policy as to their own interests and those of their allies, and in accordance with their private jealousies and private advantage; measures which, when successful, brought honors and profits to individuals only, while if they failed, the disadvantage was felt by the state in its results on the war.

The reason lay in this: that Pericles, powerful by his influence and ability, and manifestly incorruptible by bribes, exercised a control over the masses, combined with excellent tact, and rather led them than allowed them to lead him. For since he did not gain his ascendancy by unbecoming means, he never used language to humor them, but was able, on the strength of his high character, even to oppose their passions. That is, when he saw them overweeningly confident without just grounds, he would speak so as to inspire them with a wholesome fear; or when they were unreasonably alarmed, he would raise their spirits again to confidence. It was a nominal democracy, but in fact the government of the one foremost man.

One of the most striking chapters in the history of Thucydides is that which tells of the siege of the little town of Plateæ, which was commenced during the third year of the war, and lasted more than two years. This is the earliest siege of any fortified place of which we have any detailed record which can be considered historical; and—

THUCYDIDES.—

with perhaps the exception of Gibbon's description of the siege of Constantinople by the Turks—the narrative by Thucydides has no equal. Fifty years before, Plataea, half a dozen miles from Thebes, was the scene of the great victory won by the Greeks over the Medes, and in recognition of the signal service rendered by its citizens, Plataea was solemnly recognized as an independent state. The Plataeans wished to remain neutral in the Peloponnesian war; but the Spartans would not agree to this. Forced to take one side or the other, the Plataeans cast in their lot with Athens. The Spartan king, Archidamas, with a considerable force, laid siege to Plataea; but after repeated failures to take the town by assault, the siege was turned to a close investment. A double wall of circumvallation was built around the town, the space between the two walls serving as a covered way, and a deep ditch was dug on the outer and inner side of this double wall. After eighteen months, provisions began to run short, and the Plataeans, seeing no hope of relief from without, resolved to break through the wall of circumvallation. Before the actual investment all the non-combatants had been sent away except about one hundred women who were retained to cook for the garrison, which now numbered 480 men, of whom 80 were Athenians. A night had been fixed for the sortie; but at the last moment the hearts of more than half the men failed them, and only 220 ventured the hazardous enterprise.

THE SORTIE FROM PLATAEA.

When all was ready, they waited for a stormy night with wind and rain, and when there was

THUCYDIDES.—

no moon, and so set out—the contrivers of the attempt leading the way. And first they crossed the ditch which girdled them on their own side, and got to the enemy's wall, without attracting the notice of the watch, since these could not see far through the darkness, and did not hear the sound of their approach, because the noise of the wind drowned it. They moved at careful distance from each other, that their arms might not clash together, and so make their movements heard. They were in very light marching order, with the left foot only shod, so as to give them safe footing in the mud. So they made for the parapets in the mid-space between two of the towers, satisfied that they should find these deserted. First came those who bore the ladders, and planted them; then twelve of the light company mounted, armed with dagger and breastplate only, led by Ammias, son of Coræbus, who was the first to mount; after him the rest followed and reached the top, making for each of the towers. Other light-armed soldiers followed, with nothing but short spears—their shields, in order that they might mount the quicker, being carried by others behind them, who were to pass them to the owners when they engaged the enemy.

When a good many had got up, the guard from within the towers heard them; for one of the Platæans, in laying hold of the parapet, displaced a tile from it, which rattled as it fell. At once the alarm was shouted, and the enemy rushed from their lines to the walls; for they did not know what the alarm meant in the dark night and in the storm. At the same moment the Platæans who had been left in the town sallied out, and attacked the enemy's line of circumvallation on the side opposite to that where their comrades were climbing over, to divert attention as much as possible from them. The enemy were bewildered, therefore, and remained at their several quarters; and no man ventured to leave his own station to support the others, but all were at a loss to make out

THUCYDIDES.—

what was going on. Even the three hundred who had been told off to give support at any point where it was required, went out of their works to the quarter whence the shouts proceeded. Fire-signals of alarm were made to Thebes; but the Platæans lighted on their walls several beacons, which had been prepared for the purpose, so that the signals might be unintelligible to the Thebans, and they might not march to the aid of their friends, but might fancy the state of affairs to be anything but what it really was, until the fugitives should have got clear away, and reached a place of safety.

Meanwhile, as to the Platæans who were scaling the wall, as soon as the foremost had got up, and made themselves masters of both the towers, and slain the guard, they posted themselves at the thoroughfares at each of the towers, so as to let no one pass through to the rescue. They then planted ladders from the wall against the towers, and so sent up a good many of their men. Those on the towers and under them kept off any that were coming to the rescue; while the main body, having planted additional ladders, and also pulled down some of the parapet, were climbing over the works in the space between the towers. Each man, as he got over, took his place on the edge of the ditch, and from that position they kept off with arrows and javelins any who might come along the side of the wall to hinder the crossing. When all had crossed over, then the men from the towers—the hindmost not without difficulty—descended and got on the ditch.

Meanwhile the guard of three hundred were coming up with torches. Now the Platæans, standing in the shadow on the edge of the ditch, got a good sight of them, and launched their arrows and javelins against them as they stood exposed; while, keeping in the dark, as they did themselves, they were all the less visible for the torch-light, so that even the last of the party succeeded in passing the ditch; not, however,

THUCYDIDES.—

without much toil and difficulty, for there was ice formed upon it—not strong enough to bear, but somewhat slushy, as is commonly the case with an easterly wind; and as there was snow falling that night with the wind, it produced a great deal of water in the ditch, which they had to cross up to their necks. Still, it was in great measure owing to the violence of the storm that they succeeded in escaping.

Of the 220 men who set out, seven or eight lost heart early in the adventure, and made their way back to the town. One was made prisoner at some period. Those who returned declared that all of their comrades were slain; and next morning the Platæans sent a message into the Spartan lines asking the customary permission to bury their dead; but they received for answer that there were no dead to bury. The 212 who persisted all seem to have made good their escape. The weakened garrison of Platæa were soon starved into surrender. The Spartans found a pretext for putting the whole number to death; the women were sold as slaves, and the town was razed to the ground.

This glorious little affair of Platæa was not a fair example of the whole course of the Peloponnesian War; for there were not a few enterprises by land and sea upon a large scale. The most notable of these was the great expedition under Nicias against the island of Sicily, in the eighteenth year of the war. All told, the Athenian force consisted of well-nigh 100,000 men, with which they finally undertook the siege of Syracuse, which was defended by the Spartan general Gylippus. It ended by the signal defeat

THUCYDIDES.—

of the Athenian naval force in the harbor. and the surrender in a few days of the entire land force. Upon these events Thucydides has put forth his full strength. Macaulay characterizes his account as the great masterpiece of historical narrative.

WATCHING THE NAVAL BATTLE FROM THE SHORE.

The troops on either side who looked on from the shore, while the sea-fight was thus equally balanced, shared largely, so far as their feelings were concerned, in the struggle and the conflict ; the native forces eager now for increase of glory, the invaders dreading lest they should meet with a worse disaster than they had already undergone. When any of them saw their own men victorious in any quarter, they were of good cheer, and fell to invoking heaven not to disappoint them of success ; while those who beheld their friends getting the worst of it mingled their shouts with lamentations, and, because they could see all that happened, were more depressed in spirit than those actually engaged. Others, who had a view of some more hardly contested scene of the fight, went through the greatest distress, owing to the prolonged suspense of the struggle, and in their extreme anxiety made contortions of their bodies corresponding to their feelings ; for they were always within a little, as it seemed, of escape or destruction. So, in that one and the same body of Athenians—so long as the fight at sea was equally balanced—might be heard all at once loud lamentations and shouts of triumph—“ They are winning ! ” “ They are beaten ! ” and all the varied utterances which would be forced from a great army under peril.

The port of Syracuse is only about five miles in circuit, and its mouth had been closed by a strong barrier. The object of the Athenians was to break through

THUCYDIDES.—

this barrier and make their escape by sea. There were engaged, on both sides, 194 war-galleys, with more than 40,000 men, who fought from the decks with darts and arrows. The Athenians had much the larger force, but this advantage was neutralized by the narrowness of the arena, which prevented them from bringing it into action, and even of availing themselves of their superior seamanship. The heavier Syracusan galleys gradually forced the Athenians upon the rocky shore. The Athenians had 118 galleys, of which they lost 58; the Syracusans had 76 galleys, of which they lost 26. The remaining Athenian fleet was, however, so badly crippled that it was deemed useless to renew the attempt to break out of the harbor. Nothing was left but to burn their ships, raise the siege, and endeavor to make their way into the interior of the island. Abandoning their numerous sick and wounded, they set out on the third morning. The fugitives numbered 40,000. In six days every man of them was either killed or captured, except a few hundreds who succeeded in reaching the friendly town of Catania. By far the greater portion were killed, the prisoners numbering only about 7,000, who were sold as slaves. Thucydides thus describes the scene at the beginning of this disastrous retreat.

THE RETREAT FROM SYRACUSE.

A terrible scene it was, not only from the one great fact that they were going off with the sacrifice of all their ships, and, instead of all their high hopes, in imminent peril for themselves and their country; but in the act of breaking up their quarters there occurred circumstances, grievous alike to their sight and

THUCYDIDES.—

their feelings individually. For they were leaving their dead unburied, and when any man saw one of his personal friends lying among them, he was seized at once with grief and with dread ; while those who were being left behind alive—wounded or sick—were a far sadder sight than even the dead for the living to look upon, and more to be pitied than those who had been slain. For these, breaking out into entreaties and lamentations, drove their friends almost to distraction by conjuring them to take them with them ; appealing to each one of them by name, if they caught sight of a friend or a relative, hanging on their mess-comrades as they were moving off, and following them as far as they could ; and when their strength or their limbs failed, not resigning themselves to be left behind without repeated adjurations and many groans. So that the whole force, reduced to weeping and in this sore distraction, had much work to get away at all, though they were quitting an enemy's country, after sufferings too great for tears, and in dread of suffering yet more in the unseen future.

Great, too, was the general dejection and lack of confidence in themselves ; for they resembled nothing so much as the population of a city that has been starved out, and has to be evacuated. It was the heaviest reverse that had ever happened to a Greek army. It had fallen to men who came to make slaves of others, to have to retreat for fear lest such lot should rather be their own. Instead of the prayers and hymns of triumph with which they had set sail, they had now to leave their quarters under omens the very reverse.

Nicias the Athenian commander, to whose lack of strictly military qualifications the disaster was greatly due, yet enjoyed the respect and confidence of his men ; for he had shared all their hardships, and was brought low by the fatal disease which was ravaging their camps. He passed along

THUCYDIDES.—

their retreating lines, and addressed them such words of encouragement as he could. This address of Nicias is the last of the elaborate speech which Thucydides puts into the mouths of his characters. Probably the form of the address belongs to Thucydides rather than to Nicias.

THE ADDRESS OF NICIAS.

For my own part, there is not one of you who is not at least as strong as I am (you can see to what a state I am reduced by disease); and though I have as much to make life valuable to me, publicly and privately, as any man, yet here I am, exposed to the same danger as the meanest soldier; yet I have done much to live a god-fearing life, and to act justly and be without reproach among men. And therefore have I yet confident hope for the future; and these misfortunes do not appal me so much as they well might. . . .

Look, too, what stout soldiers, and in what goodly numbers, march in your ranks, and be not too much disheartened. Remember that wherever you take up your quarters, you will virtually form a city of yourselves; and that there is no place in Sicily that can either withstand your attack, or drive you out if once you occupy it. Take only good heed yourselves, that your march be safe and orderly—each man reflecting that in the spot for which he may be forced to fight, he will find, if he is victorious, both a city and a fortress. . . .

In brief, fellow-soldiers, make up your minds that you must needs put forth all your valor since there is no refuge at hand to which you can escape if you turn cowards, while, if you now deliver yourselves from your enemies, all will regain the homes I know you long to see; and we Athenians shall build up again the mighty power of our native state—fallen though it may be now: for it is men that make a state and not stone walls or empty galleys.

THOMAS TICKELL.—

TICKELL, THOMAS, an English author, born in 1686; died in 1740. He studied at Queen's College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow in 1710. He became an intimate friend of Addison, and contributed in prose and verse to the *Spectator* and the *Guardian*. Upon Addison's appointment as Secretary of State in 1717, he procured for Tickell the position of Under Secretary. In 1724 he was made Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, a position which he retained until his death. He commenced a translation of the *Iliad*, but did not go beyond the first Book. He made a clever imitation of Horace's Prophecy of Nereus, adapting it to the ridicule of the Jacobite uprising of 1715. His best poem is the noble elegy upon Addison, addressed to the Earl of Warwick, Addison's stepson.

ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath
 stayed,
And left to Addison the debt unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge my bosom by your own!
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires;
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part forever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues—then unheeded
 things,
Through rows of warriors and through walks of
 kings!
What awe did the slow, solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,

THOMAS TICKELL.—

And the last words that dust to dust conveyed !
Oh, gone forever ! take this long adieu ;
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine ;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee !

 Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone
(Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown),
Along the walls where sparkling marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire
 held,

In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled ;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
And saints, who taught and led the way to
 heaven.

Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest ;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

 In what new region to the just assigned,
What new employments please the unbodied
 mind ?

A wingèd Virtue, through the ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly ?
Or curious trace the long, laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels
 gaze ?

Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled and the Dragon fell
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essayed below ?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind—
A task well suited to thy gentle mind ?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,

THOMAS TICKELL.—

To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend !
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms ;
When pain distresses or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart ;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us
more. . . .

Thou hill whose brow the antique structures
grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower ap-
pears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?
How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and
fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air !
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow and thy evening breeze !
His image thy forsaken bowers restore ;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more ;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade.

GEORGE TICKNOR.—

TICKNOR, GEORGE, an American scholar, born at Boston in 1791; died there in 1871. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1807; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1813; but instead of practicing the profession, he devoted himself to scholarship. In 1815 he went to Europe; studied for two years in the University of Göttingen, and spent three more years at various places, studying the languages and literature of modern Europe. He returned to America in 1820, having during his absence been elected to the newly founded Professorship of Modern Languages in Harvard College. He resigned this chair in 1835; spent three years in Europe, engaged especially in making his unsurpassed collection of works in Spanish. In 1840 he set himself strenuously at work upon the composition of his *History of Spanish Literature*, which was published in 1849. The work was at once recognized as the best upon the subject in any language, and was almost immediately translated into Spanish and German. In the numerous translations from Spanish poets, Mr Ticknor evinced poetical ability of a high order. Besides this great work he contributed some valuable papers to the *North American Review*. He also published a *Memoir of Nathaniel Appleton Hazen* (1837), *Life of William H. Prescott* (1864), *Remarks on the Character of Edward Everett* (1865), *Life, Letters and Journals of George Ticknor*, appeared (1871).

CERVANTES AND DON QUIXOTE.

Cervantes shows the impulses of an original power with most distinctness in his development of the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho—characters in whose contrast and opposition is hidden the full spirit of his peculiar humor, and

GEORGE TICKNOR.—

no small part of what is most characteristic of the entire fiction. They are his prominent personages; he delights therefore to have them as much as possible in the front of his scene. They grow visibly upon his favor as he advances; and the fondness of his liking for them makes him constantly produce them in lights and relations as little foreseen by himself as they are by his readers. The Knight, who seems originally intended for a parody of the *Amadis*, becomes gradually a detached, separate, and wholly independent personage, into whom is infused so much of a generous and elevated nature, such gentleness and delicacy, such a pure sense of honor, and such a warm love for whatever is noble and good, that we feel almost the same attachment to him that the barber and the curate did, and are almost as ready as his family was to mourn over his death.

The case of Sancho is again very similar, and perhaps in some respects stronger. At first he is introduced as the opposite of Don Quixote, and used merely to bring out his master's peculiarities in a more striking relief. It is not until we have gone through nearly half of the First Part that he utters one of those proverbs which form afterwards the staple of his conversation and humor. And it is not until the opening of the Second Part,—and indeed not until he comes forth, in all his mingled shrewdness and credulity, as governor of Barataria—that his character is quite developed and completed to the full measure of its grotesque yet congruous proportions.

Cervantes, in truth, came at last to love these creations of his marvellous power as if they were real, familiar personages, and to speak of them and treat them with an earnestness and interest that tend much to the illusion of his readers. Both Don Quixote and Sancho are thus brought before us like such living realities, that at this moment the figures of the crazed, gaunt, dignified knight, and of his round,

GEORGE TICKNOR.—

selfish, and most amusing esquire dwell bodied forth in the imagination of more, among all conditions of men throughout Christendom, than any other of the creations of human talent. The greatest of the great poets—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton—have no doubt risen to loftier heights, and placed themselves in more imposing relations with the noblest attributes of our nature; but Cervantes—always writing under the unchecked impulse of his own genius, and instinctively concentrating in his fiction whatever was peculiar to the character of his nation—has shown himself of kindred to all times and all lands, to the humblest degrees of cultivation as well as to the highest; and has thus, beyond all other writers, received in return a tribute of sympathy and admiration from the universal spirit of humanity for one of the most remarkable monuments of modern genius.

But though this may be enough to fill the measure of human fame and glory, it is not all to which Cervantes is entitled. For if we would do him the justice that would have been dearest to his own spirit, and even if we would ourselves fully comprehend and enjoy the whole of his *Don Quixote*, we should, as we read it, bear in mind that this delightful romance was not the result of a youthful exuberance of feeling and a happy external condition, nor composed in his best years, when the spirits of its author were light and his hopes high; but that—with all its unquenchable and irresistible humor, with its bright views of the world, and his cheerful trust in goodness and virtue—it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life nearly every step of which had been marked with disappointed expectation, disheartening struggles, and sore calamities; that he began it in prison, and that it was finished when he felt the hand of death pressing heavy and cold upon his heart.

LUDWIG TIECK.—

TIECK, LUDWIG, a German author born at Berlin in 1773; died there in 1853. He studied at Göttingen and Erlangen, and subsequently at Jena, where he was associated with the Schlegels and other Romanticists. "He was" says Scherer, "a man whose views and education were essentially those of the 'Storm-and-Stress' period. . . He had great talent, but was wanting in seriousness and thoroughness. His poems are full of obscurities and incorrectnesses, empty jingling rhymes and trivial thoughts; there is a lavish display of figurative language and poetic ideas, and all to illustrate passing moods; for from the depths of his heart he has little to tell us." Still, Tieck produced some poetical works not to be so curtly dismissed. Foremost of these are the versified tales embodied in his *Phantasus* (1812-17) in which popular myths, such as "True Eckart" and "Tannhäuser" are pleasingly set forth. He also wrote essays upon Art and Literature, not without value. Among the best of these is the following, written at twenty-seven:

THE SEDUCTIVE CHARACTER OF ART.

Surely it is a noble endeavor in man to create a work of Art, transcending all the low and common utilities of life—a work independent, complete in itself, subservient to no utilitarian purpose—a beautiful object shining in its own splendor. The instinct to produce such a work seems to point more directly to a higher world than any other impulse of our nature. And yet this beautiful Art is a seductive and forbidden fruit; and he who has once been intoxicated with its sweetness, may be regarded as a lost man in practical life. He becomes more and more absorbed in his own internal pleasures, and at length finds that he has no

LUDWIG TIECK.—

heart to feel, no hand to labor for his fellow-men. . . .

I am shocked when I reflect on my whole life devoted to the luxury of music. Here have I sat, a self-indulging hermit, drawing sensations of sweetness from harmonious tones. I cannot avoid knowing that thousands are suffering under as many varieties of affliction. I know that every vibration of the pendulum is like the stroke of a sword for some fellow-creature, and that the world is crying loudly for all possible help; and still here I sit, amusing myself with luxurious music, as carelessly as a child playing with bubbles; as if I knew nothing of the earnestness of the life around me, or the death that awaits me. There is evidently a seductive poison in the apparently innocent love of Art. In striving to be an Artist, I may become like a theatrical hero, who fancies his stage to be the real world, looks on the world round his theatre as a very dull place, and only regards the actions and the sorrows of mankind as crude materials out of which dramas may be manufactured.

The best of Tieck's novels, on the whole, is the *Insurrection in the Cévennes*, excited by the "dragonnades," set on foot by Louis XIV. of France. The story is told by a person who had made his way as a spy into a Camisard conventicle, and becomes mysteriously converted to that faith.

THE CAMISARD CONVENTICLE.

As we advanced farther among the hills, there passed us—going stealthily along the narrow foot-path—several dimly-seen figures. Following them, we arrived after a two miles' walk at a solitary barnlike shed. They knocked at the door and it was opened.

I cannot describe the sensation with which I entered, to play my part as one of this assembly of fanatical peasants. I felt a shudder of horror pass at once through soul and body.

LUDWIG TIECK.—

Some were kneeling ; others were standing. I took my place among the latter, and endeavored to imitate their demeanor so as to avoid detection. All for a time went on quietly. Every eye was fixed upon the ground, and only a few aged women interrupted the silence by their muttering of psalms ; but suddenly a boy of about eight years fell to the ground, and struggled as in convulsions. My feeling of aversion was at its height. . . .

The assembly broke up, and the worshippers went forth to find their ways to their several places of abode. I followed them ; and like one introduced into a new world, returned down the valley, and plunged into the densest part of the forest. "What is Nature?" I had often asked when, in a bit of imaginative inspiration, I had roamed far among the wooded hills and green valleys, decked in all the lights and shades of morning or fanned by the light wind, and breathing a charm to lull the heart in soothing dreams. Now I could understand the deep voice of lamentation in the forest, on the mountain, and in the murmuring stream. I could hear and understand it now as the voice of the Eternal himself uttering his sympathy with all his creatures. His voice seemed sounding from every wave of the river, and whispering from every leaf and twig of the forest. All things around me seemed to rebuke me for my past cold, unbelieving, and indolent existence. I thought at once of the past and the future. Every thought was a prayer, and my heart was melted down to one feeling of devotion.

What with his versatility, the facility with which he wrote on so many topics, and to no small degree to his power of improvisation, Tieck was by a sort of tacit consent held during much of the second quarter of this century to be the foremost German man of letters.

LUDWIG TIECK.—

SPRING.

Look all around thee! How the Spring advances!

New life is playing through the gay, green trees;

See how in yonder bower the light leaf dances
To the bird's tread and to the quivering breeze,

How every blossom in the sunlight glances;

The Winter frost to his dark cavern flees,
And earth, warm-wakened, feels through every vein

The kindling influence of the vernal rain.

Now silvery streamlets, from the mountain glades,

Dance joyously the verdant vales along;
Cold fear no more the songster's tongue is sealing;

Down the thick dark groves is heard his song,
And all their bright and lovely views revealing,

A thousand plants the fields and forests throng;

Light comes upon the earth in radiant showers,
And mingling rainbows play among the flowers.

Transl. of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

MARY TIGHE.—

TIGHE, MARY (BLACKFORD), an Irish poet, born in 1773; died in 1810. She was the daughter of a clergyman of the county of Wicklow, and was married to Mr. Henry Tighe, who represented that county in Parliament. She was early noted for her personal beauty and social charms; but was an invalid for the last six years of her life. A collection of her poems, edited by her husband, was published soon after her death. This includes her longest poem, *Psyche*, in six cantos, founded on the classic myth of the wedlock of Cupid and Psyche. Several of the smaller poems written during her long illness are replete with melancholy grace.

THE NUPTIALS OF PSYCHE AND CUPID.

The sun looks glorious, 'mid a sky serene,
And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide;
The clear blue ocean, at a distance seen,
Bounds the gay landscape on the western
side;
While closing round it with majestic pride
The lofty rocks 'mid citron groves arise.
"Sure some divinity must here reside,"
As tranced in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her
charmèd eyes.

When lo! a voice divinely sweet she hears;
From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly
sound:
"Psyche, approach, dismiss thy timid fears;
At length his bride thy longing spouse has
found,
And bids for thee immortal joys abound;
For thee the palace rose at his command;
For thee his love a bridal banquet crowned;
He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,
Prompt every wish to serve—a fond obedient
band."

MARY TIGHE.—

Increasing wonder filled her ravished soul,
For now the pompous portals opened wide;
There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
Through halls high-domed, enriched with
sculptured pride,
While gay saloons appeared on either side,
In splendid beauty opening to her sight;
And all with precious gems so beautified,
And furnished with such exquisite delight,
That scarce the beams of heaven emit such
lustre bright.

Now through the hall melodious music stole,
And self-prepared the splendid banquet
stands;
Self-poured the nectar sparkles in the bowl;
The lute and viol, touched by unseen hands,
Aid the soft voices of the choral bands;
O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
Than Persia's monarch at his feast com-
mands,
For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
To taste celestial food and pure ambrosial
streams.

But when meek eve hung out her dewy star
And gently veiled with gradual hand the sky,
Lo! the bright folding doors retiring far
Display to Psyche's captivated eye
All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply
'To soothe the spirit in serene repose:
Beneath the velvet's purple canopy,
Divinely formed, a downy couch arose,
While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.

Once more she hears the hymeneal strain,
For other voices now attune the lay;
The swelling sounds approach, a while remain,
And then retiring, faint dissolved away;
The expiring lamps emit a feebler ray,
And soon in fragrant death extinguished lie.
Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,
When through the obscuring gloom she nought
can spy;
But softly rustling clouds declare some being
nigh.

MARY TIGHE.—

Oh, you for whom I write! whose hearts can
melt

At the soft thrilling voice whose power you
prove,

You know what charm, unutterably felt,

Attends the unexpected voice of love ;

Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,

With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,

And bears it to Elysium's happy grove ;

You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels,

When Love's ambrosial lip the vow of Hymen
seals.

“ 'Tis he, 'tis my deliverer ! deep imprest

Upon my heart those sounds I well recall ! ”

The blushing maid exclaimed, and on his breast,

A tear of trembling ecstasy let fall.

But ere the breezes of the morning call

Aurora from her purple humid bed,

Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall ;

Her tender lover from her arms is fled,

While sleep his downy wings had o'er her
eyelids spread.

JOHN TILLOTSON.—

TILLOTSON, JOHN, an English divine born at Sowerby, near Halifax, in 1630 ; died in 1694. He was brought up in the faith of the Non-conformists, but while studying at Cambridge the perusal of Chillingworth's *Religion of the Protestants* wrought a considerable modification in his views, and when the Act of Uniformity was passed in 1662, he conformed and accepted a curacy in the Established Church. His sermons attracted general attention, and he was appointed Lecturer in St. Lawrence Church, London, where he became the most noted preacher of his day. In 1691 he was made Archbishop of Canterbury, but died three years after his elevation to the Primacy. His Works consist almost solely of several volumes of *Sermons* in which, according to Burnet, "he seems to have brought preaching to perfection."

SEEMING TO BE GOOD, AND BEING SO.

It is hard to personate and act a part long ; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfaction ; so that, upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom ; particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world ; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it, it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them ; whereas integrity gains

JOHN TILLOTSON.—

strength by use ; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him : which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life. Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out ; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware ; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. Sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it ; and because it is plain and open fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger ; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretenses are so transparent, that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out ; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he makes himself ridiculous. Nothing but truth and sincerity will last and hold out to the end ; all other arts will fail, but these will carry a man through and bear him out to the last.

THEODORE TILTON.—

TILTON, THEODORE, an American author, born at New York in 1835. He was educated at the public schools; became connected with the New York *Observer* while quite young, and subsequently with the New York *Independent*, of which he was one of the editors from 1863 to 1871, then of the Brooklyn *Union*, and subsequently of the *Golden Age*, a semi-religious journal in New York. In 1867 he put forth *The Sexton's Daughter, and other Poems*; *The King's Ring* (1866), *Tempest Tossed* (1875), *Thou and I*, poems (1880), *Suabian Stories*, ballads (1882).

GOD SAVE THE NATION.

Thou, who orderest, for the land's salvation,
Famine, and fire, and sword, and lamentation,
Now unto Thee we lift our supplication :
God save the Nation !

By the great sign foretold of thy appearing,
Coming in clouds while mortal man stands
fearing,
Show us, amid the smoke of battle clearing,
Thy chariot nearing !

By the brave blood that floweth like a river,
Hurl Thou a thunderbolt from out thy quiver !
Break Thou the strong gates ! every fetter
shiver !

[Smite, and deliver !

Stay Thou our foes, or turn them to derision,
Then, in the blood-red Valley of Decision,
Clothe Thou the fields, as in the prophet's
vision,

With peace Elysian !

SIR MARMADUKE'S MUSINGS.

I won a noble fame ;
But, with a sudden frown,
The people snatched my crown,
And in the mire trod down
My lofty name.

THEODORE TILTON.—

I bore a bounteous purse,
And beggars by the way
Then blessed me day by day ;
But I, grown poor as they,
Have now their curse.

I gained what men call friends ;
But now their love is hate,
And I have learned too late
How mated minds unmate,
And friendship ends.

I clasped a woman's breast,
As if her heart I knew,
Or fancied would be true ;
Who proved alas ! she, too,
False like the rest.

I now am all bereft—
As when some tower doth fall,
With battlements and wall
And gate and bridge and all—
And nothing left.

But I account it worth
All pangs of fair hopes crossed,
All loves and honors lost,
To gain the heavens at cost
Of losing earth.

So, lest I be inclined
To render ill for ill,
Henceforth in me instil,
O God, a sweet good-will,
To all mankind.

HENRY TIMROD.—

TIMROD, HENRY, an American poet, born at Charleston, S. C., in 1829 ; died at Columbia, S. C., in 1867. He entered the University of Georgia at sixteen ; but ill-health and straitened circumstances compelled him to leave before completing the course ; and for ten years he was engaged as a private tutor, writing many poems which were published in southern periodicals. When the civil war broke out, he earnestly espoused the cause of the Confederacy, and wrote many war songs. After a short service as war correspondent at Shiloh, he became editor of a newspaper at Columbia. The advance of Sherman's army through the Carolinas reduced him to penury, and for the brief remainder of his life he was able to earn only a bare subsistence by his pen and by acting as a clerk. Under the pressure of over-work and privation his health gave way entirely. His last words were, "I shall soon drink of the river of Eternal Life." In 1873 his *Poems* were collected and edited by Paul H. Hayne, who prefixed a *Biographical Sketch* of the author.

THE SOUTHERN LAND.

Yonder bird—
Which floats as if at rest,
In those blue tracts above the thunder, where
No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When from the City of the Blest
Rings down some golden chime—
Sees not from his high place
So vast a cirque of summer space
As widens round me in one mighty field
Which rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail the earliest day-light in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns ;

HENRY TIMROD.—

And broad as realms made up of many lands,
Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hills and purple lawns
Of sunset, among the plains that roll their
streams

Against the Evening Star !

And lo !

To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of snows,
The endless field is white ;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As polar lands would flash beneath a tropic
day.

Nor lack there pastures rich and fields all
green

With all the common gifts of God,
For temperate airs and torrid sheen
Weave Edens of the sod.

Through lands which look one billowy sea of
gold

Broad rivers wind their devious ways ;
A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays ;
And through yon purple haze
Vast mountains lift their plumed peaks cloud-
crowned ;

And save where up their sides the ploughman
creeps,

An unknown forest girds them grandly round,
In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps !

Ye Stars, which though unseen, yet with me
gaze

Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth !
Thou Sun, that kindest all thy gentlest rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth !
Ye Clouds, that in yon temples of the West
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers !
And you, ye winds that in the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers !
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,

HENRY TIMROD.—

No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man!

As men who labor in that mine
Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the bed
Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of brine
Above them, and a mighty muffled roar
Of winds and waters, and yet toil calmly on,
And split the rock, and pile the massive ore,
Or carve a niche or shape the archéd roof;
So I, as calmly, weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,
Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each dawn
Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
Of many gathering armies.—Still
In that we sometimes hear,
Upon the Northern winds the voice of woe,
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though I
know

The end must crown us, and a few brief years
Dry all our tears,
I may not sing too gladly. To Thy will
Resigned, O Lord! we cannot all forget
That there is much even victory must regret.

And therefore, not too long
From the great burden of our country's wrong
Delay our just release!
And, if it may be, save
These sacred fields of peace
From stain of patriot or of hostile blood!
Oh, help us Lord! to roll the crimson flood
Back on its course; and, while our banners
wing

Northward, strike with us! till the Goths shall
cling

To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave
Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate
The lenient future of his fate

There, where some rotting ships and trembling
quays

Shall one day mark the port which ruled the
Western seas.

MARY AGNÈS TINCKER.—

TINCKER, MARY AGNES, an American author, born at Ellsworth, Maine, in 1835. She is the author of *The House of Yorke* (1871), *A Winged Word* (1872), *Grapes and Thorns* (1873), *Six Sunny Months* (1874), *Signor Monaldini's Niece* (1878), *By the Tiber* (1880), *The Jewel in the Lotos* (1883), *Aurora* (1885), and *Two Coronets* (1889).

L'ESPRIT QUI VOYAIT L'AVENIR.

The hours wore on into the cool night. The sounds of human life ceased, one by one. A white mist gathered over the plain, grew deeper, and filled it like a sea, spreading a thin veil over the heights even. On one of the mountain-tops the mist grew luminous, and the moon came up quivering with brilliancy like a flame in the unsteady air.

Glenlyon had forgotten where he was. A quiet coldness had crept over him as he sat there thinking, and once something flashed through him like silent summer lightning through a cloud. It made him start with a momentary physical alarm which did not touch his mind. Then a heaviness succeeded, and his thoughts grew indistinct and were lost in a light sleep.

There is a silence of deep night through which, if you listen all alone, you may hear at times a sobbing, lamentable sigh, widely pervading, as if the earth were sentient and breathed out that long weary respiration through her patient suffering of some immemorial penitence. This tremulous wave of air arose, and swelled, and died away about Glenlyon as he slept; and, as it touched him, he dreamed that some one spoke, or sang mournfully,—

“A voice is heard in Ramah,
Lamentation, and bitter weeping,
Rachel weeping for her children,
And will not be comforted.”

MARY AGNES TINCKER.—

It was something far from his thoughts, though not discordant with it.

"What!" he said, still dreaming, "does she weep yet? The Prophet heard her when he foretold the captivity of Babylon, and the Apostle heard her when the Innocents were sacrificed. Does she still lament from Ramah, the mystical mother of Israel?"

As if in answer to him, still more clearly came the lament again, in tones that had no home, it seemed, in heaven or on earth. . . .

It seemed to Glenlyon that the complaint was meant for him to hear, and, moved with pity, he raised his arms, and gave the Prophet's answer to that cry:

"Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears; . . .
For there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord,
That thy children shall come again to their own border."

His own voice roused him, but he seemed to wake in another world than any he had known. The sky with all its stars looked him in the face with something awful and significant in their burning gaze. The supernatural seemed close at hand, piercing the material with its holy rays. He rose, and began to walk the terrace again, quietly, but with a sense of exaltation.

"Yes," he said aloud, "it is they who shall come to the rescue of Christianity. Who else could it be? What else is worthy of their past? What else can assure their future? When the time is full, they will believe. They will come and take their place as leaders, divinely called, not answering the Gentiles, and they will be the apostles of a renewed faith. There will be no more vain struggles of isolated men and women to purify the streams which flow from an impure source. Reform must come from the head."

Glenlyon, walking still, but with an uneven step, felt a second time that silent lightning flash him and circle for a dizzy instant round his head. And again a blank moment, and a

MARY AGNES TINCKER.—

heavy sense of sleepiness. But his mind held with a tenacious grasp his one surviving thought, and carried it into sleep which was half a trance, where it became again a dream, and a voice that spoke :

“We have suffered all that was foretold. Our glory flew away from us like a bird, Mount Ebal with its curses fell upon us, and we have been stoned in the valley of Achor. Mockery and outrage and blood and fire have pursued us. We were hungry and dreamed that we ate, and, when we waked, our souls were empty; we were thirsty and drank in our dreams, and, waking, we fainted. And everywhere we looked upon His image, and we thought He mocked us. Not so. He said, ‘While you suffer, I hang upon the cross. And I will not come down till Israel come and draw the nails from my hands and feet, and the thorns from my head.’”

A pause; then the voice spoke again :

“What would you more than me? Your prophets and leaders, are they Hebrews? So am I. Are they Israelites? I also. Are they children of Abraham? Even so am I. And I am more: I am the head of the Christian Church, and I have taken the golden candlestick out of the mud of Tiber, and it shall light the altar of the risen Lord in Sion!

“‘O house of Jacob, come ye,
And let us walk in the light of the Lord.’

“We have Moses and the prophets, and One is risen from the dead. The era of the Crucified is ended, and the era of the risen Lord begun.”

Glenlyon tried to speak, and the effort waked him.

A faint glimmer of dawn shone over the eastern mountains. A few large stars burned steadily. The moon hung dazzling in the south. He rose, went to the parapet, and knelt there, his face toward the coming day. The silence round him was like the silence which surrounds

a bell when it has just ceased ringing. What he had heard and thought was to him a vision and a solution. The mystic lotos flower that symbolizes time afloat upon eternity had stirred before him, and he had caught a glimpse of golden peace hidden within the folded centuries.

The day grew over Italy. There was an aurora of rose-color over the pale-blue west, an aurora of silver over the dark northern cliffs; a background of red gold behind the lapis-lazuli of the southwestern mountains, and soft opal hues touching the deep mists that filled the valley. Like angels floating in a ring about the throne of God, their wings and locks and garments intermingling, while one swift rapture whirling through them whirls their spirits into one, so all the circling glories of the rising day melted into each other round the skies—as Glenlyon's soul went out into eternity.—*The Jewel in the Lotos.*

ALEXIS C. H. DE TOCQUEVILLE.—

TOCQUEVILLE, ALEXIS CHARLES HENRI CLÉREL DE, a French statesman and author. He was born in Paris in 1805, and died at Cannes in 1859. After a course of study in law, he became a judge. In 1831, he was sent to the United States, to examine our penitentiary systems, and, with his fellow-commissioner, Gustave de Beaumont, made a report, entitled *Du système pénitentiaire aux États-Unis* (1832), translated by Dr. Lieber (1833). From this visit resulted the famous work by De Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, published in French in 1835; translated in 1838. Other works are: *The Ancient Régime and the Revolution* (1856), translated the same year, and his *Works and Correspondence* (1860), translated in 1861. In 1839, he was elected to the chamber of deputies; in 1848, to the constituent assembly; and became minister of foreign affairs in 1849. In 1851 he opposed the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. was imprisoned, and, on his release, retired from public life.

DESPOTISM IN DEMOCRACIES.

I had remarked during my stay in the United States, that a democratic state of society, similar to that of Americans, might offer singular facilities for the establishment of despotism; and I perceived, upon my return to Europe, how much use had already been made, by most of our rulers, of the notions, the sentiments, and the wants created by this same social condition, for the purpose of extending the circle of their power. This led me to think that the nations of Christendom would perhaps eventually undergo some oppression like that which hung over several of the nations of the ancient world.

A more accurate examination of the subject, and five years of further meditation, have not diminished my fears, but have changed the object of them.

No sovereign ever lived in former ages so absolute or so powerful as to undertake to administer by his own agency, and without the assistance of intermediate powers, all the parts of a great empire; none ever attempted to subject all his subjects indiscriminately to strict uniformity of regulation, and personally to tutor and direct every member of the community. The notion of such an undertaking never occurred to the human mind; and if any man had conceived it, the want of information, the imperfection of the administrative system, and above all, the natural obstacles caused by the inequality of conditions, would speedily have checked the execution of so vast a design. . . .

It would seem that, if despotism were to be established amongst democratic nations in our days, it might assume a different character; it would be more extensive and more mild; it would degrade men without tormenting them. I do not question, that, in an age of instruction and equality like our own, sovereigns might more easily succeed in collecting all political power into their own hands, and might interfere more habitually and decidedly with the circle of private interests, than any sovereign of antiquity could ever do. But this same principle of equality which facilitates despotism, tempers its rigor. We have seen how the manners of society become more humane and gentle, in proportion as men become more equal and alike. . . .

Our contemporaries are constantly excited by two conflicting passions; they want to be led, and they wish to remain free: as they cannot destroy either the one or the other of these contrary propensities, they strive to satisfy them both at once. They devise a sole, tutelary and all-powerful form of government, but elected by the people. They combine the prin-

ALEXIS C. H. DE TOCQUEVILLE.—

ciple of centralization and that of popular sovereignty; this gives them a respite; they console themselves for being in tutelage by the reflection that they have chosen their own guardians. Every man allows himself to be put in leading-strings, because he sees that it is not a person or a class of persons, but the people at large, who hold the end of his chain. . . I do not deny, however, that a constitution of this kind appears to me infinitely preferable to one which, after having concentrated all the powers of government, should rest them in the hands of an irresponsible person or body of persons. Of all the forms which democratic despotism could assume, the latter would surely be the worst. . . . To create a representation of the people in every centralized country is therefore, to diminish the evil which extreme centralization may produce, but not to get rid of it.

I admit that by this means, room is left for the intervention of individuals in the more important affairs; but it is not the less suppressed in the smaller and more private ones. It must not be forgotten that it is especially dangerous to enslave men in the minor details of life. For my own part, I should be inclined to think freedom less necessary in great things than in little ones, if it were possible to secure the one without possessing the other. . . . The question is not how to reconstruct aristocratic society, but how to make liberty proceed out of that democratic state of society in which God has placed us.—*Democracy in America.*

POWER OF THE PRESS.

In periods of aristocracy, every man is always bound so closely to many of his fellow-citizens that he cannot be assailed without their coming to his assistance. In ages of equality, every man naturally stands alone; he has no hereditary friends whose co-operation he may demand; no class upon whose sympathy he may rely;

ALEXIS C. H. DE TOCQUEVILLE.—

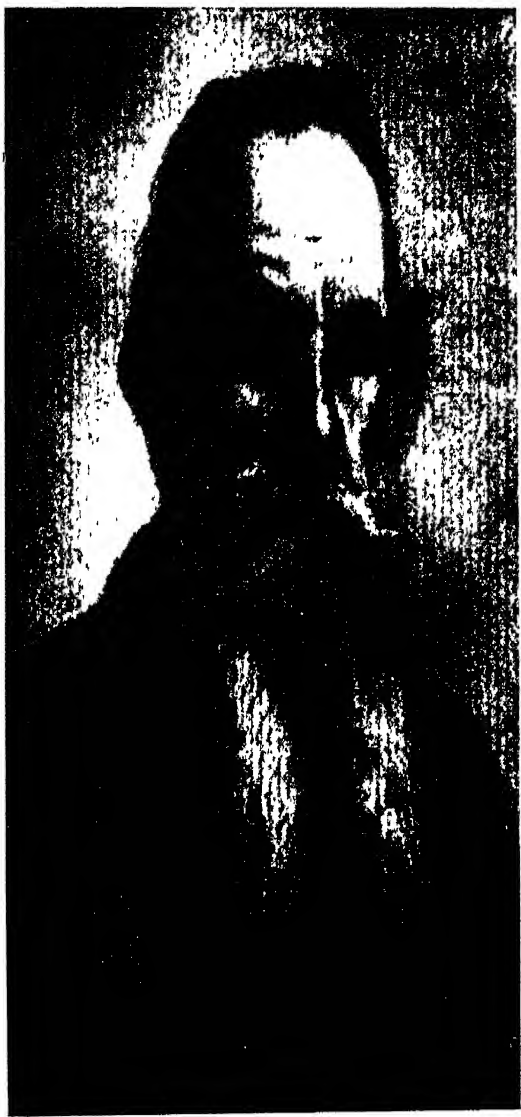
he is easily got rid of, and he is trampled on with impunity. At the present time, an oppressed member of the community has therefore only one method of defence,—he may appeal to the whole nation; and if the whole nation is deaf to his complaint, he may appeal to mankind: the only means he has of making this appeal is by the press. Thus, the liberty of the press is infinitely more valuable amongst democratic nations than amongst all others; it is the only cure for the evils which equality may produce. Equality sets men apart and weakens them; but the press places a powerful weapon within every man's reach, which the weakest and loneliest of them all may use. Equality deprives a man of the support of his connections; but the press enables him to summon all his fellow-countrymen and all his fellow-men to his assistance. Printing has accelerated the progress of equality, and it is also one of its best correctives.—*Democracy in America.*

TOLSTOÏ.—

TOLSTOÏ, Count LYEFF NIKOLAÏEVITCH, a Russian novelist and philosopher; born near Tula, a provincial capital, in 1828. He is a descendant of a distinguished nobleman, a military officer and friend of Peter the Great. The Counts Dimitri Tolstoï, minister of public instruction, and Alexis Tolstoï, a writer of tragedies, are among his relatives. Count Lyeff resides on his estate, Jasnaja Polyana, where he received his early education, afterwards advanced by two years at the University of Kazan. He served in the army of the Caucasus and at Sevastopol. He is accounted the first of living realist novelists, but many of his later works are didactic, and extremely radical in respect to religion and government. Among his works are: *The Cossacks* and *Childhood and Youth* (1851-3), *War and Peace* (1860), *Anna Karénina* (1866-7). *My Religion* and *Christ's Christianity* (1855), *A Russian Proprietor*, *The Long Exile*, *Sevastopol*, *Katia*, *The Invaders*, *Ivan Ilyitch*, *In Pursuit of Happiness*, *What People Live By*, *Family Happiness*, *My Confession*, *The Physiology of War*, *What to Do*, *Thoughts Evoked by the Census of Moscow*, *Life*, *Kreutzer Sonata*, *The Kingdom of God Within Us*, and *Patriotism and Christianity*.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BATTLE OF BORODINO.

For what reason and in what manner was the battle of Borodino fought? It had no meaning either for the Russians or the French. The immediate result of the battle was for the Russians what they most dreaded, a retreat to Moscow; and for the French what they feared more than anything else, the destruction of their army. Now, although this result was the only one possible, and might have been clearly foreseen, Napoleon offered battle, and Koutouzof accepted the challenge.



TOLSTOL

TOLSTOI.—

If he had been a commander governed by reasonable motives, Napoleon would have seen clearly that at twelve hundred miles from his own country, he could not engage in a battle involving the possible loss of a fourth of his army without marching to certain destruction. In like manner Koutouzof might have seen clearly that a battle which exposed him to a loss of a fourth of his army would result at the same time in the loss of Moscow. . . . Up to the time of the battle of Borodino the Russian forces were to the French forces as five to six; after the battle the proportion was only one to two. . . . Napoleon, man of genius as he is called, fought this battle, which destroyed a fourth of his army and obliged him to continue his advance.

The objection may perhaps be made that Napoleon expected to end the campaign by the occupation of Moscow, as he had ended another campaign by the occupation of Vienna; but we have sufficient evidence for thinking that such was not his idea. The historians most favorable to Napoleon assert that he wished to end his advance at Smolensk, because of the danger of extending his lines, and because he knew very well that the capture of Moscow would not end the campaign. He had seen at Smolensk how the Russians got their towns ready for him, and when he offered parley he met with no response.

Napoleon, in offering battle at Borodino, and Koutouzof, in accepting battle, acted each entirely contrary to the dictates of common sense. But now come the historians, and, to justify accomplished facts, they have brought together an ingenious tissue of foresight and genius on the part of the commanders, whereas, in truth, these commanders were the most passive and involuntary instruments of all the involuntary instruments that ever served in the execution of great historic events. . . .

The progress of the battle was not directed by Napoleon, for no part of his plan was

TOLSTOI.—

carried out; and during the engagement he did not know what was going on before his eyes.

Hence the manner in which these men undertook to kill one another was independent of Napoleon and not influenced by the action of his will, because it was determined by the thousands of men who took part in the combat. But it seemed to Napoleon as if his will was the mainspring of action. . . . The plan, which we have already given, is not at all inferior—it is even superior—to plans that in his preceding campaigns led him to victory. The fictitious combinations prepared for this battle were not in the least inferior to those of previous battles; they were, in fact, of absolutely equivalent value. But the dispositions and the combinations seem less fortunate, because the battle of Borodino was the first battle that Napoleon did not win. The best plan and the most sagacious combinations in the world seem very poor when they do not end in victory, and the veriest tyro in military matters does not hesitate to criticise them. On the other hand the feeblest plans and combinations appear to be excellent when they are crowned with success.—*The Physiology of War*.

LIFE AND HAPPINESS.

To live is, for every man, the same thing as to desire and to attain bliss; to desire and to attain bliss is synonymous with living. Man is conscious of life only in himself, only in his own personality, and hence at first, man imagines that the bliss which he desires for himself personally is happiness, and nothing more. . . . And behold, in striving for the attainment of this, his own individual welfare, man perceives that his welfare depends on other beings. And, upon watching and observing these other beings, man sees that all of them, both men and even animals, possess precisely the same conception of life as he himself. . . .

But, nevertheless, if the man is placed in such favorable conditions that he can successful-

TOLSTOI.—

ly contend with other personalities, fearing nothing for his own, both experience and reason speedily show him, that even those semblances of happiness which he wrests from life, in the form of enjoyment for his own personality, do not constitute happiness, and are but specimens of happiness as it were, vouchsafed him in order that he may be the more vividly conscious of the suffering which is always bound up with enjoyment.

The longer man lives, the more plainly does he see that weariness, satiety, toils, and sufferings become ever greater and greater, and enjoyments ever less and less.—*Life*.

CREEDS.

On no point does that false direction of science followed by contemporary society express itself with such warmth as on the place which is held in this society by the doctrines of those great teachers of life by which mankind has lived and developed, and by which it still lives and develops itself; it is affirmed in the calendars, in the department of statistical information, that the creeds now professed by the inhabitants of the globe number one thousand. Among the list of these creeds are reckoned Buddhism, Brahmanism, Confucianism, Taoism, and Christianity. There are a thousand creeds, and the people of our day believe this implicitly. There are a thousand creeds, they are all nonsense—why study them? And the men of our time consider it a disgrace if they do not know the latest apothegms of wisdom of Spencer, Helmholtz, and others; but of Brahma, Buddha, Confucius, Mentzuis, Lao-dzi, Epictetus, and Isaiah they sometimes know the names, and sometimes they do not even know that much. It never enters their heads that the creeds professed in our day number not one thousand, but three, in all: the Chinese, the Indian, and the European-Christian (with its offshoot, Mahometanism), and that the books pertaining to these faiths can be purchased for five rubles,

TOLSTOI.—

and read through in two weeks, and that in these books, by which mankind has lived and now lives, with the exception of seven per cent, almost unknown to us, is contained all human wisdom, all that has made mankind what it is. But, not only is the populace ignorant of these teachings; the learned men are not acquainted with them, unless it is their profession; philosophers by profession do not consider it necessary to glance into these books.

And why indeed study those men who have solved the inconsistency of his life admitted by the sensible man, and have defined true happiness and the life of men?

The wise men, not understanding this contradiction or inconsistency which constitutes the beginning of intelligent life, boldly assert that there is no contradiction, because they do not perceive it, and that the life of man is merely his animal existence.—*Life*.

WHAT IS LIFE.

Life is that process which goes on in the body of man, as well as in that of the animal in the interval of time between birth and death. What can be clearer?

Thus have the very rudest people, who have hardly emerged from animal existence, always looked upon life, and thus they look upon it now. And lo! in our day, the teaching of the Scribes, entitling itself science, professes the same coarse, primitive presentation of life, as the only true one. Making use of all those instruments of inward knowledge which mankind has acquired, this false teaching is systematically desirous of leading man back into that gloom of ignorance from which he has been striving to escape for so many thousand years.

“We cannot define life in our consciousness,” says this doctrine. “We go astray when we observe it in ourselves. That conception of happiness, the aspiration towards which in our consciousness constitutes our life, is a deceitful illusion, and life cannot be understood in that

TOLSTOI.—

consciousness. In order to understand life, it is only necessary to observe its manifestations as movements of matter. Only from these observations, and the laws deduced from them, can we discover the law of life itself, and the law of the life of man." . . .

The science of biology deals with the forms of life, putting to itself no questions as to what life is, and not seeking to define its nature. And force and matter and life are accepted as real sciences, not as subjects for study, but adopted as axioms from other realms of learning, as bases of operation upon which is constructed the edifice of separate science. Thus does real science regard the subject, and this science cannot have any injurious influence upon the masses, inclining them to ignorance. But not thus does the false, philosophizing science look upon the subject. "We will study matter, and force, and life; and, if we study them, we can know them," say they, not reflecting that they are not studying matter, force, and life, but merely their relations and their forms. . . .

"Looking upon man, as an object of observation," say the wise men, "we see that he is nourished, grows, reproduces his species, becomes old and dies, exactly like any other animal; but some phenomena (psychical, as they are designated) prevent accuracy of observation, present too great complications, and hence, in order the better to understand man, we will first examine his life in the simpler phenomena, similar to those which we see in animals and plants, which lack this psychical activity.

"With this aim, we will investigate the life of animals and plants in general. But, on investigating animals and plants, we see that in all of them there reveal themselves still more simple laws of matter, which are common to them all. And, as the laws of the animal are simpler than the laws of the life of man, and the laws of the plant simpler still, investigation must be based upon the simplest, upon the laws

of matter. We see that what takes place in the plant and the animal is precisely what takes place in the man," say they, "and hence we conclude that everything which takes place in man we can explain to ourselves from what takes place in the very simplest dead matter which is visible to us, and open to our investigations, the more so as all the peculiarities of the activity of man are found in constant dependence upon powers which act in matter. Every change of the matter constituting the body of man alters and infringes upon his whole activity." And hence, they conclude, the laws of matter are the cause of man's activity. But the idea that there is in man something which we do not see in animals and plants, or in dead matter, and that this something is the only subject of knowledge without which every other is useless, does not disturb them.

It does not enter their heads that, if the change of matter in the body infringes upon his activity,—this merely proves that the change of matter is one of the causes which affect the activity of man, but not in the least that the movement of matter is the cause of his activity. . . . The knowledge of the laws that are accomplished is instructive for us, but only when we acknowledge that law of reason to which our animal personality must be subservient, but not when that law is not recognized at all. . . . Man, however well he may know the law which guides his animal personality, and the laws which control matter,—these laws will not afford him the slightest guidance as to how he is to proceed with the bit of bread which is in his hands: whether he is to give it to his wife, to a stranger, to a dog, or to eat it himself, to defend this bit of bread or give it to the person who shall ask him for it. But a man's life consists solely of the decision of these and similar questions. . . . On the assumption that the life of man is merely his animal existence, and that the happiness indicated by rational consciousness is impossible, and that

TOLSTOI.—

the law of reason is but a vision,—such study [of natural laws] becomes not only vain but deadly, since it conceals from man the sole object of knowledge. . . .

In the case of an animal, activity which does not have for its object its individual welfare, is renunciation of life; but in the case of man, it is precisely the reverse. The activity, directed solely to the attainment of individual happiness, is a complete renunciation of the life of man. . . . For man, personality is merely that step in existence with which the true happiness of his life, which is not synonymous with the happiness of his personality, is revealed to him. . . . His animal personality is, for man, that instrument with which he works. Animal existence is, for man, the spade given to a rational being in order that he may dig with it, and, as he digs, dull and sharpen it, and wear it out, but not to be polished up and laid away. This talent is given him to increase, and not to hoard. "And whoso saveth his life shall lose it. And he that loseth his life, for my sake, shall find it."

"But this is not life," replies the troubled and erring consciousness of man. "That renunciation of life is suicide." "I know nothing about that," replies rational consciousness,— "I know that such is the life of man and that there can be no other. I know more than that, I know that such a life is life and happiness both for a man and for all the world. I know that, according to my former view of the world, my life and the life of every living being was an evil and without sense; but according to this view, it appears as the realization of that law of reason which is placed in man. I know that the greatest happiness of the life of every being, which is capable of being infinitely enhanced, can be attained only through this law of service of each to all, and, hence, of all to each."—*Life*.

JOHN HORNE TOOKE.—

TOOKE, JOHN HORNE, an English politician and author, born at London in 1736; died in 1812. The name of Tooke was assumed by him in honor of a Mr. Tooke, of Purley, from whom he received a considerable fortune; whence also the title of his principal work *The Diversions of Purley*, ostensibly a work on philology, one main purpose being to show that all words, even to “ands” and “ifs” and “buts” may, in the ultimate analysis, be resolved into nouns and verbs; but politics and metaphysics are in this work quite as prominent as etymology and syntax. John Horne, as he was styled until middle life, was educated for the church at Eton and Cambridge, and took Orders; but he soon abandoned theology, and entered upon other pursuits, among others those of travelling tutor, student of law, and political agitator. One of the most characteristic incidents of his life occurred in 1770. King George III. had in a “speech from the throne” censured an address from the city authorities, these—headed by the Lord Mayor, Mr. Beckford, father of the author of *Vathek*—waited upon the sovereign with a “humble request,” and remonstrance in which they asked for the dissolution of Parliament and the dismissal of the obnoxious Ministers. They were coldly received, and the Lord Mayor, who was to have made an elaborate speech, was so flustered that nobody could hear what he said, and he himself could not recall it to mind. “Your speech,” said Horne-Tooke, “must go into the papers; I will write it for you.” This was done, and the printed speech which was never delivered, was accepted as genuine, and was eventually engraved on the pedestal of a public monument erected to Beckford.

JOHN HORNE TOOKE.—

FABRICATED SPEECH FOR THE LORD MAYOR.

Most Gracious Sovereign :—Will your Majesty be pleased so far to condescend as to permit the Mayor of your loyal City of London to declare in your royal presence, on behalf of his fellow-citizens, how much the bare apprehension of your Majesty's displeasure would at all times affect their minds? The declaration of that displeasure has already filled them with inexpressible anxiety, and with the deepest afflictions. Permit me, Sire, to assure your Majesty, that your Majesty has not in all your dominions any subjects more faithful, more dutiful, or more affectionate to your Majesty's person or family, or more ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in the maintenance of the true honor and dignity of your crown.

We do, therefore, with the greatest humility and submission, most earnestly supplicate your Majesty that you will not dismiss us from your presence without expressing a more favorable opinion of your faithful citizens, and without some comfort—without some prospect at least of redress. Permit us, Sire, further to observe that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavor, to alienate your Majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the City of London in particular, and to withdraw your confidence in, and regard for, your people, is an enemy to your Majesty's person and family, a violation of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution, as it was established at the glorious and necessary revolution.

Horne-Tooke, busied himself in politics and literature. He espoused the cause of John Wilkes, and afterwards quarrelled with him; broke a lance, not unsuccessfully, with "Junius;" vehemently opposed some obnoxious measures which were proposed in Parliament, and put forth, in 1778, a pamphlet on the rudiments of gram-

JOHN HORNE TOOKE.—

mar, which was in time expanded into *The Diversions of Purley*, the first part of which appeared in 1786, followed by a second part in 1805. In 1794 he was arraigned for high-treason, being charged, in company with Thelwall and others, with having carried on a correspondence with the French Revolutionists for the subversion of the English Government. He was zealously defended by Erskine, and the trial resulted in his acquittal. Some time afterwards he represented in Parliament the almost uninhabited "borough" of Old Sarum, but made no mark in the House of Commons. His later years were spent in lettered ease at Wimbledon.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.—

TOPLADY, AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE, an English divine and poet, born at Farnham in 1740; died in 1778. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and became Vicar of Broad Henbury, Devonshire. He was a zealous opponent of Arminianism, as held by Wesley, and his theological works form six volumes; but he is best known by several favorite hymns.

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone!

Nothing in my hands I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar through parts unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

ALBION WINEGAR TOURGEE.—

TOURGEE, ALBION WINEGAR, an American jurist and author, born at Mansfield, Ohio, in 1838. He was in Rochester University (1859–61), and in the army the four years following; after the war, a lawyer, editor, and farmer in Greensboro, N. C., a prominent member of the North Carolina constitutional convention, a commissioner for the revision of the state laws, and (1868–74) judge of the superior court. From 1882 to 1885, he edited *Our Continent*, at Philadelphia. Besides law books, he has published *Toinette* (1874), (since republished as *The Royal Gentleman*, together with 'Zouri's Christmas), *Figs and Thistles* and *A Fool's Errand* (1879), *Bricks without Straw* (1880), *Hot Ploughshares* (1883), *An Appeal to Cæsar* (1884), *Black Ice* and *Button's Inn* (1887), *With Gauge and Swallow* (1888), *Pactolus Prime* (1889), *Murvale Eastman* (1890), *A Son of Old Harry* (1891), *The Queen of Hearts* (1894).

COMPY 'SIDERS ON'T.

Aunt Compy had promised little 'Zouri "to 'sider on't," which she proceeded to do by talking to herself with no little vigor of tone and language, as soon as the child had left the hut.

"'Clar ef dat chile didn't mos' make me break down an' cry right out! On'y jes think on't now. Compy, yer's ben a mitey mean, bad auntie ter dat ar chile. What yer s'pose yer sister 'Zouri, her ez de dear chile's named atter—jes ez ef hit ed ben done a purpose ter 'mind yer on her ebbry time yer speaks her name—what d'yer s'pose she think on yer now? P'raps she's lookin' down outen der sky an' a watchin' yer doins toward dat ar gal o' hern; wouldn't be one bit s'prised ef she was; an' what d'yer s'pose now dat ar delicate creetur tinks ob her big strappin' sister what she lef her little gal tu, ter take keer on?

ALBION WINEGAR TOURGEE.—

“Yer *hev* tuk keer on her? Now, yer mean lyin’ huzzy, don’ yer tell me dat when yer know ef de deah ghos’ ob yer dead sister should come fou dat ar doah yer couldn’t find a word ter say ter it ’bout its little gal. No, yer hairn’t done jes’ der same by hit ez by yer own chillen. First place yer’s jes’ made it a nuss gal an’ a nigger fer yer own chillin eber since yer’s hed it. Den, yer’s shirked an’ shifted on ter dat ar mite uv a gal nigh ’bout half yer oughter done yer own black lazy self! Jes’ tink how yer’s let her bring water from dat dar spring, ’long dat slippery side-hill path whar de sun shines de hottest an de win’ blows de coldest uv any place in der whole country, while yer’s sot here in de shade er by der fire doin’ nuffin’ on airth only smokin’ er snuffin’, p’raps. Ain’t yer ’shamed, yer mean, lazy, good-fer-nothin’ black huzzy! . . . Hev a Christmas! Pore chile, dat she shel, an’ a good un too, jes’ ez shuah ez my name’s Comp. I’ll speak ter Peter ’bout it, dis berry day. . . .”

Compy was not one to let her good resolution rust or rot from disuse. She was dull and easy, and it was but natural for her to forget that the little child whom her sister had left to her care had been unusually faithful over the few things which constituted the duties of her young life, and that she had left both her love and her gratitude to be regarded as a matter of course by the little orphan. When, however, her attention was directed to the fact, and her somewhat sluggish nature once aroused, there was no such thing as rest for her until she had made amends for what she deemed her neglect. She at once determined to give the child a Christmas which should be ever memorable. . .

“What yer gwine ter do Christmas time, Peter?” she asked, as they strolled along the road to the ford.

“Wal, I der know,” said Peter, “specs I go down ter de co’t-house, Christmas Day, an’ den p’raps hev a hunt er two, an’ kinder slosh roun’ loose like.”

ALBION WINEGAR TOURGEE.—

"An' spen' a month's wages in 'blockade,' I spec, afore de week's out," said Compy, laughing.

"Wal, honey, I did 'low to hev a little egg-nogg of a Christmas Eve. Br'er Sam's comin' over wid his wife an' some o' de nayburs up de ribber dat we ain't seen a smart while. Br'er Sam's gwine ter furnish de eggs, an' Jim Black 'lowed he'd bring over a poun' er two ob sugar. So 'twon't be all our treat, honey," said Peter soothingly, as if he had anticipated dissent on her part to the proposed entertainment. Compy made no reply, and walked along a moment in silence. Then Peter asked somewhat uneasily:

"What's der matter wid yer, Compy? What yer lookin' so sober 'bout?"

They had reached the ford, and Compy sat down at the end of the foot-log.

"I'se been t'inkin', Peter," she said, "an I'se been ober ter see Miss Sophy, an' been a talkin' wid her, an' its all sot me to t'inkin' a heap mo'. D'yer know how long we'se been free?"

"Ebber sence de surrender, hain't we?" said Peter, wonderingly.

"Yes, to be sure," answered Compy, "but how long's dat? How many year?"

"Wal, dar yer got me now, honey," said the man, with a blank smile. "I nebber could make head or tail at rememberin' figgers. It mout be tree year, an' den agin it mout be five, for aught I knows to de contrary."

"Psha!" said the woman, impatiently, "don't be so stupid, Peter. It's gwine on *ten* year!"

"Yer don' say now!" said Peter in surprise. . . .

"I was jes' a thinkin'," said Compy, "dat in all dis time we hadn't done but monstr'us little ter show we's glad ob de freedom we've hed, er ter make it good ter de chillen!"

"Why, Compy, hain't we allers got long well 'nuff? hed enuff ter eat an' drink an' war—sech as 'tis?" asked Peter.

ALBION WINEGAR TOURGEE.—

"Sartin, sartin," said Compy, "an we's had strong han's ter git wid ebberry day! Bress der good Lor' der haint none on us been sick—'cept little Jim ez died"—there was a break in her voice for an instant, and then she said—"but we haint got nuffin ahead—dat is, nuffin uv any account—an' de chillen ain't any better off dan we wuz at dar age. Dey haint got no larnin' an' aint no nearer bein' like white folk dan dey wuz de day ob de s'render, ez I ken see!"

"Dat's a fac'," said Peter, solemnly.

"Yes, 'tis a fac'," said the woman; "an' I say, hit oughtn't ter be so nuther, dat it oughtn't."

"Of co'se," assented the man dully.

"An', I say, Peter," continued Compy, "dar's 'Zouri; we'd order do jes' ez well by her an' be jes as kerful uv her ez ef she wuz our own gal."

"Ob co'se," assented Peter with somewhat of animation; "I've allus thought dat."

"But we hain't done it, Peter!" . . .

"Dat's so," said her husband seriously.

"An it's time we wuz a thinkin' uv our own chillen too."

"Dat's so, again," said Peter, looking admiringly at his wife.

"I've been axin Miss Sophy 'bout it," she continued, "an' axin her ter tell me how we's gwine ter mend, kase I knowed yer'd be willin' ter take her advice, Peter."

"Dat I would, honey," said he; "she jes is de mos' masterful woman dat ebber drew bref, ef she is puny-like."

"Wal, Pete," Compy never called her husband Pete, except when she wished to coax him to her way of thinking, "Miss Sophy says ez how we jes' kinder fritters away what we make, an' 'stead of makin' ebbry t'ing go jes' as fur ez 'twill we don't take no sort o' keer fer things dat's little, an' first we know dey mount up ter all we've got, er a little mo'; an' I bleeve it's so."

"More'n likely 't mout be so," said Peter, dubiously.

ALBION WINEGAR TOURGEE.—

"She axed me," continued Compy, "what our las' Chris'mas cost us, an' when I tole her I reckoned a matter of two or three dollars, she kinder laughed like, an' went an' got Mars Ben's count-book, an' what wid de figgers she got from dat an' what I could make out ter remember, she figgered out dat we ate, an' drunk, an' frowed away in dat Chris'mas week more'n we'd bofe made in the month afore it."

"Yer don't say!" ejaculated Peter.

"It's so shuah," responded Compy.

"Wal, what yer gwine to do 'bout it, honey? Jes not hab any Chris'mas?" asked he dubiously.

"No," answered Compy, "she showed me how we could hev a heap better one an' not cost nigh so much."

"Dar now, didn't I say she was a powerful peart woman, dat Miss Sophy? Hit's a mighty good thing fer Mars Ben he's got jes' sech a wife," said Peter, philosophically.

"An' dis is de way she says fer to do it," said Compy; "she says ez how ye're a great hunter an' fisher, ez everybody knows ter be true, Pete, only yer allers gives away all yer cotches. Yer see yer could cotch atwixt now an' Chris'mas Day right smart o' nice fish, an' den yer mout cotch two or three possums o'nights, an' p'raps yer mout bait up a turkey er two and shoot 'em. An' dis, she sez, wid de bacon an' de meal, an' jes a dust of flour an' a little buttah an' sugah 'll jes be all we needs fer a better Chris'mas, a heap sight, dan lots of white folks hab."

"An' not a bit ob 'blockade,' honey? Is dat what yer mean?" asked Peter.

"Wal," said Compy meditatively, "we mout hev a Chris'mas dinner, an' ax Br'er Sam's folks an' de odders you spoke 'bout, an' we *mout* hev jes' *one* glass ur egg-nogg—jes' kinder for dessert like. An' den you know, honey, we could take de rest ob de money an' gib de chillen a power of presents dat dey needs."

There was a moment of silence. Then the husband said;

ALBION WINEGAR TOURGEE.—

“Compy, I’ll be dod-derned if we don’t try dat ar newfangled plan ob Miss Sophy’s. I couldn’t git fru de Chris’mas widout jes’ a drap o’ spirits, but I’ll ’low a good dinner wid a good egg-nogg arter it’ll do nigh ’bout ez well ez more sperits an’ less grub. I’ll try it anyway. I reckon it’s all right, an’ whether ’tis or no I’m boun’ ter do dat much jes’ to pleasure you, honey.”

It was said with a sly wink and grin, and Compy, springing up, threw her arm about his neck and gave him a kiss.

“Oh, you good old boy!”

Then they crossed the foot-log together, and, as they went up the hill, she told him of ’Zouri’s desire for a stocking for Chris’mas, and showed him the one she had begun.

“So yer gwine ter have a reg’lar white folks Chris’mas?” he added.

“Dat’s it, honey,” she replied, “why shouldn’t we? We’s free now, an’ drinkin’, an’ carousin’, an’ shootin’ off guns ain’t der way we ought to be a doin’ no mo’.”

“Dat’s so, honey,” responded he.—*’Zouri’s Christmas.*

EDWARD OWINGS TOWNE.—

TOWNE, EDWARD OWINGS, lawyer, author, and dramatist, was born in Iowa, February 19, 1860. His father was the founder of the Iowa Central University, from which the son graduated. In 1880 he went to Chicago and began the study of law, and entered upon its practice as soon as he was old enough to be admitted to the bar. As a lawyer his success was assured from the first, and he has been engaged in a number of famous cases. His first book, published in 1886, was entitled, *Aphorisms of the Three Threes* and has passed through five editions. His next book, *The Completion of the Spire and Other Poems* was published in 1889. *Literary Dust* (1896) is a work somewhat similar to his book of *Aphorisms*.

His greatest literary success has been as a playwright. *By Wits Outwitted* was produced in 1892 in the city of Cleveland and has never received an adverse criticism from the press. *In Old Madrid* (1894) is a musical comedy. *Other People's Money*, a comedy, was brought out by Mr. Charles Dickson at Hoyt's Madison Square Theatre, New York City, August 19, 1895. *The Little Dunkardess*, a comedy, was first produced November 28, 1896. His one act play, *For Sweet Charity's Sake*, won a one thousand dollar prize with over a hundred competitors for it.

Mr. Towne has never written a play that has not been successful. He takes an active interest in political matters, and has made many speeches, a number of which have been printed.

EDWARD OWINGS TOWNE.—

APHORISMS.

Arm wit with sneers and you have sarcasm.

Patience is the noblest form of courage.

The things that cost most are the things that are given to us.

Envy is a thing that no one desires and yet of which no one would be thought unworthy.

The past were easily forgiven were it not for what the past promises for the future.

More faults have been cured by ridicule than by reason.

Our hopes end in—*hopes*.

To be kind is to be wise.

From childhood the world constantly becomes narrower until it reaches a point in death.

One should in youth practice the virtues of old age, if he would in old age enjoy the delights of youth.

A mistake can never be wholly rectified.

An unhappy childhood embitters a whole life.

They that govern by fear are themselves governed by passion.—*Aphorisms of the Three Threes.*

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.—

TOWNSEND, EDWARD W., an American journalist and story-writer, was born in Cleveland, Ohio. He removed in early life to San Francisco, where he became noted as a writer of stories for the *Argonaut*. In 1892 he joined the staff of the *New York Sun*, in which appeared his series of tenement-house studies. His best known work is *Chimmie Fadden*, in two series (1895), a series of character sketches of Bowery life. *A Daughter of the Tenements* appeared in 1895.

CHIMMIE FADDEN.

"Say, I'm a dead easy winner to-day. See? It's a fiver, sure 'nough. Say, I could give Jay Gould weight fer age an' lose 'im in a walk as a winner. See? How'd I collar it? Square. See? Dead square, an' easy. Want it fer a story? Why, sure.

"Say, you know me. When I useter sell poipers, wasn't I a scrapper? Dat's right, ain't it? Was dere a kid on Park Row I didn't do? Sure. Well, say, dis mornin' I seed a loidy I know crossin' de Bow'ry. See? Say, she's torrowbred, an' dat goes. Say, do you know wot I've seed her done? I've seed her feedin' dem kids wot gets free turk on Christmas by dose East side missionaries. She's one of dem loidies wot comes down here an' fixes up old women and kids.

"Well, say, I was kinder lookin' at 'er when I sees a mug wid a dyed mustache kinder jolt ag'in 'er, an' he raises his dicer an' grins. See? Say, dat sets me crazy. Lemme tell ye. Remember when der truck run over me toes? Well, I could't sell no poipers nor nutting den. See? Say, she was de loidy wot comes ter me room wid grub an' reads to me. Dat's what she done.

"Well, I runs up to her dis mornin', an' I

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.—

says: "'Scuse me, loidy, but shall I tump der mug?"

"She was kinder white in de gills, but dere was fight in her eye. Say, when yer scrap yer watches de odder felly's eye, don't ye? Yer kin always see fight in de eye. Dat's right. Well, say, dere was fight in her eye. When I speaks to her she kinder smiles, an' says: 'Oh, dat's you, is it, Chimmie?'

"Say, she remembered me name. Well, she says: 'If you'll tump de mug'—no, dat wasn't wot she says: 'If you'll trash de cur I'll give yer somethin',' an' she pulled out her wad an' flashed up a fiver. Den she says somethin' about it not being Christian, but de example would be good. I don't know what she meant, but dat's straight. See? Wot she says goes, wedder I'm on or not.

"'Can you trash 'im, Chimmie?' she says.

"Den I went for 'im. Say, I jolted 'im in de vest so sudden he was paralyzed. See? Den I give 'im de heel, an' tover he went in de mud, an' me on top of 'im. Say, you should have seed us! Well, I'd had his odder ear off if de cop hadn't snatched me.

"Say, he ran me in, but it wasn't ten minutes before she come dere and squared me.' See? When she got me outside she was kinder laffin' an' cryin', but she gave me de fiver an' says: 'I hope de Lord'll forgive me, Chimmie, for leadin' yer into temptation, but yer done 'im brown.'

"Dat's right; dem's 'er very words. No, not 'done 'im brown'; dat's what dey meant—say, 'trashed 'im well.' Dat's right. 'Trashed 'im well' was her very words. See?"

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.—

TOWNSEND, GEORGE ALFRED, an American author, born at Georgetown, Del., in 1841. He is the son of a Methodist clergyman, was educated in Philadelphia, and devoted himself to journalism. In 1862 he was war-correspondent for the New York *Herald* and also went to Europe, where he lectured on the civil war, and wrote for American and English periodicals. In 1864 he became war-correspondent for the New York *World*. His pen-name "Gath" was first used in 1868 as a signature to his letters for the Chicago *Tribune*. In 1885 he built a house on the battle-field of Crampton's Gap, South Mountain, Md., where a small village has grown, to which he has given the name Gapland. His works are: *The Bohemians*, a play (1862), *Campaigns of a Non-Combatant* (1865), *Life of Garibaldi* (1867), *Real Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1867), *The New World Compared with the Old* (1868), *Poems* (1870), *Washington Outside and Inside* (1871), *Mormon Trials at Salt Lake* (1872), *Washington Rebuilt* (1873), *Tales of the Chesapeake* (1880), *Bohemian Days* (1881), *Poetical Addresses* (1883), *The Entailed Hat* (1884), *Lost Abroad* (1884), *President Cromwell*, a drama (1885), *Kitty of Catoctin*, a novel (1886), *Life of Levi P. Morton* (1888), and *Mrs. Reynolds and Hamilton* (1890).

OLD "BEAU" AND "CRUTCH" THE PAGE.

They gave him many a present; they put a silver watch in his pocket, and dressed him in a jacket with gilt buttons. He had a bouquet of flowers to take home every day to that marvellous sister of whom he spoke so often: and there were times when the whole committee, seeing him drop off to sleep, as he often did through frail and weary nature, sat silently watching lest he might be awakened before his

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.—

rest was over. But no persuasion could take him off the floor of Congress. In that solemn old Hall of Representatives, under the semicircle of gray columns, he darted with agility from noon to dusk, keeping speed upon his crutches with the healthiest of the pages, and racing into the document-room, and through the dark and narrow corridors of the old Capitol loft, where the House library was lost in twilight. Visitors looked with interest and sympathy at the narrow back and body of this invalid child, whose eyes were full of bright, beaming spirit. He sometimes nodded on the steps by the Speaker's chair; and these spells of dreaminess and fatigue increased as his disease advanced upon his wasting system. Once he did not awaken until adjournment. The great Congress and audience passed out, and the little fellow still slept, with his head against the Clerk's desk, while all the other pages were grouped around him, and they finally bore him off to the committee-room in their arms, where, amongst the sympathetic watchers, was old Beau. When Uriel opened his eyes the old mendicant was looking into them.

"Ah! little Major," he said, "poor Beau has been waiting for you to take those bad words back. Old Beau thought it was all bob with his little cove."

"Beau," said the boy, "I've had such a dream! I thought my dear father, who is working so hard to bring me home to him, had carried me out on the river in a boat. We sailed through the greenest marshes, among white lilies, where the wild ducks were tame as they can be. All the ducks were diving and diving, and they brought up long stalks of celery from the water and gave them to us. Father ate all his. But mine turned into lilies and grew up so high that I felt myself going with them, and the higher I went the more beautiful grew the birds. Oh! let me sleep and see if it will be so again."

The outcast raised his gold-headed cane and

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.—

hobbled up and down the room with a laced handkerchief at his eyes.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "another generation is going out, and here I stay without a stake, playing a lone hand forever and forever."

"Beau," said Reybold, "there's hope while one can feel. Don't go away until you have a good word from our little passenger." . . .

The little boy unclosed his eyes and looked around on all those kindly, watching faces.

"Did anybody fire a gun?" he said, "Oh! no. I was only dreaming that I was hunting with father, and he shot at the beautiful pheasants that were making such a whirring of wings for me. It was music. When can I hunt with father, dear gentlemen?"

They all felt the tread of the mighty hunter before the Lord very near at hand; the hunter whose name is Death. "There are little tiny birds along the beach," muttered the boy. "They twitter and run into the surf and back again, and am I one of them? I must be; for I feel the water cold, and yet I see you all, so kind to me." . . .

The beach-birds played again along the strand; the boy ran into the foam with his companions and felt the spray once more. The Mighty Hunter shot his bird—a little cripple that twittered the sweetest of them all. Nothing moved in the solemn chamber of the committee but the voice of an old forsaken man, sobbing bitterly.—*Tales of the Chesapeake.*

CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND.—

TOWNSHEND, CHAUNCEY HARE, an English author, born in 1798; died in 1868. He studied at Cambridge with the design of entering the Church, but eventually adopted some views not in accordance with the Anglican standards. He wrote *Facts in Mesmerism* (1839), and *Sermons in Sonnets, and other Poems* (1851).

HUMAN AND DIVINE JUDGMENT.

Behold men's judgments; common and unclean

We call whatever with our pride doth jar,
Though from one God and Father all things are.

Behold men's judgments! The deep truth unseen,

Rash we decide what mere externals mean.

Know'st thou, while thy proud eye is closed afar,

In what mean worm God may illume a star?
Know'st thou where his great Spirit dwells serene?

Thou dost not. What thy pride may worthless deem,

Ay, tainted with pollution, may become,
Raised from the dust, the fairest, loveliest home,

Where radiant Deity can shrine its beam;
May be redeemed from Nature's common blot,
Ah, though perhaps thy very self be not.

THE MANY MANSIONS.

Ye orbs that tremble through infinity,

Are ye, then, linked only with our eyes,
Dissevered from our thoughts, our smiles,
our sighs,

Our hopes and dreams of being yet to be?

Oh, if all Nature be a harmony

(As sure it is), why in these solemn skies
Should ye our vision mock, like glittering lies

To men all unrelated? Must I see

CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND.—

Your glories only as a tinselled waste ?
If so, I half despise your spectacle !
But if I deem that ye form eras vast,
And do, by mighty revolutions tell
Time to intelligent existences,
Awe-struck, I do assist at your solemnities—

THE DIVINE LOVE.

He who loves best knows most. Then why
should I
Let my tired thoughts so far, so restless, run
In quest of knowledge underneath the sun,
Or round about the earth-encircling sky ?
Nor earth nor heaven is read by scrutiny !
But touch me with a Saviour's love divine
I pierce at once to wisdom's inner shrine
And my soul seeth all things like an eye.
Then I have treasures which to fence and
heed
Makes weakness bold, and folly wisdom-strung
As doves are valorous to guard their young,
And larks are wary from their nests to lead.
Is there a riddle, and resolved you need it ?
Love—only love—and you are sure to read it.

THE PERFECT HARMONY.

Man—the external world—the changeful year—
Together make a perfect harmony.
To all the soul's great wards a mighty key
The Seasons are, and apt in their career
To stir and modulate our hope and fear,
And ever lift our dim humanity
Nearer to Heaven ! At seed-time anxiously
Dull lips are moved in prayer, and harvest
cheer
Breeds even in churls thanksgiving. Winter
bare,
That shuts the earth, doth open wide the
hand
And heart of man ! The tempests of the air
Have spiritual missions, over sea and land
Moulding events ! Beneath the meanest clod
Stirs Will and Wisdom:—everywhere is God !

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.—

TRENCH, RICHARD CHENEVIX, a British poet, essayist and theologian born at Dublin in 1807; died in 1886. He studied at the University of Cambridge and took orders in the Anglican Church. He became Rector of Itchinstoke in 1845; Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge in 1846; Professor and Examiner at King's College, London, in 1847; Dean of Westminster in 1856. In 1864 he succeeded Dr. Whately as Archbishop of Dublin. His principal poems are: *Justin Martyr, and Other Poems* (1835), *Sabbation* (1838), *Elegiac Poems* (1850), *Poems from Eastern Sources* (1851). Among his numerous prose works are: *Notes on the Parables* (1841), *Notes on the Miracles* (1846), *Lectures on the Study of Words* (1851), *The Lessons in Proverbs* (1853), *English, Past and Present* (1854), *Lectures on Mediæval Church History* (1878), *Westminster and Other Sermons*, posthumously (1888).

USES OF THE STUDY OF WORDS.

There are few who would not readily acknowledge that mainly in worthy books are hoarded the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which the world has accumulated; and that chiefly by aid of these they are handed down from one generation to another. I shall urge on you in these lectures something different from this: namely, that not in books only which all acknowledge—nor yet in connected oral discourse, but often also in words contemplated singly, there are boundless stores of moral and historic truth, and no less of passion and imagination laid up; that from these lessons of infinite worth may be derived, if only our attention is roused to their existence. I shall urge on you how well it will repay you to study the words which you are in the habit of using or of meeting, be they such as relate to the high-

est spiritual things, our common words of the shop or the market, and of all the familiar intercourse of life. It will indeed repay you far better than you can easily believe. I am sure, at least, that for many a young man his first discovery of the fact that words are living powers, are the vesture—yea, even the body—which thoughts weave for themselves, has been like the dropping of scales from his eyes, like the acquisition of another sense, or the introduction into a new world; he is never able to cease wondering at the marvels that surround him on every side, and ever reveal themselves more and more to his astonished gaze. . . .

A great writer has borne witness at once to the pleasantness and profitableness of this study. "In a language like ours," he says, "where so many words are derived from other languages, there are few modes of instruction more useful or more amusing than that of accustoming young people to seek for the etymology or primary meaning of the words they use. There are cases in which more knowledge of more value may be conveyed by the history of a word than by the history of a campaign." Impressing the same truth, Emerson has somewhere characterized language as "fossil poetry." He evidently means that, just as in some fossil curious and beautiful shapes of vegetable or animal life—the graceful fern or the finely vertebrated lizard, such as now, it may be, have been extinct for thousands of years—are permanently bound up with the stone, and rescued from that perishing which would otherwise have been theirs, so in words are beautiful thoughts and images, the imagination and the feeling of past ages, of men long since in their graves, of men whose very names have perished—these, which would so easily have perished too, are preserved and made safe forever. The phrase is a striking one; the only fault with it is that it is too narrow.—*The Study of Words.*

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.—

BE PATIENT.

Be patient, oh, be patient! put your ear
against the earth :

Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the
seed has birth ;

How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its
little way,

Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and
the blade stands up in the day.

Be patient, oh, be patient ! the germs of mighty
thought

Must have their silent undergrowth, must
under ground be wrought ;

But as sure as there is a Power that makes the
grass appear,

Our land shall be green with Liberty, the
blade-time shall be here.

Be patient, oh, be patient ! go and watch the
wheat-ears grow,

So imperceptibly that eye can mark nor
change nor throe ;

Day after day, day after day, till the ear is
fully grown ;

And then again, day after day, till the ripened
field is brown.

Be patient, oh, be patient ! though yet our
hopes are green,

The harvest-fields of Freedom shall be crowned
with the sunny sheen ;

Be ripening ! be ripening ! mature your silent
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire
on Freedom's harvest-day.

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Per-
sian throne was done,

And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning
victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to
defy,

Captive, everborne by numbers, they were
bringing forth to die.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.—

Then exclaimed that noble captive : “ Lo, I
perish in my thirst ;
Give me but a drink of water, and then let
arrive the worst ! ”

In his hand he took the goblet ; but a while
the draft forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman
to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest, for
around him angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did the lonely
man enclose.

“ But what fearest thou ? ” cried the Caliph,
“ is it, friend, a secret blow ?
Fear it not ! our gallant Moslems no such
treacherous dealing know.

“ Thou may’st quench thy thirst securely, for
thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water ; this re-
prieve is thine—no more ! ”

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to
earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sank for ever, lost amid the
burning sand.

“ Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the
water of that cup
I have drained ; then bid thy servants that
spilled water gather up ! ”

For a moment stood the Caliph as by doubtful
passions stirred ;
Then exclaimed, “ Forever sacred must remain
a monarch’s word.

“ Bring another cup, and straightway to the
noble Persian give,
Drink, I said before, and perish ; now I bid
thee, drink and live !

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN.—

TREVELYAN, GEORGE OTTO, an English statesman and author, born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, in 1838. His mother, Hannah More Macaulay was the sister of Thomas Babington Macaulay, whom she accompanied to India in 1834, where a few months after her arrival, she was married to Charles Edward Trevelyan, of the India service. George Otto Trevelyan was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1865 he was returned to Parliament, as a Liberal, for Tynemouth. In 1868 he was appointed Civil Lord of the Admiralty. In 1880 he became Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, and in 1882 was made Chief Secretary to the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Besides contributions to periodicals he has written, *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* (1876), *The Early History of Charles James Fox* (1880).

MACAULAY'S LAST DAY.

On the morning of Wednesday the 28th of December 1859, he mustered strength to dictate a letter to a poor curate, enclosing twenty-five pounds; after signing which letter he never wrote his name again. Late in the afternoon of the same day I called at Holly Lodge, intending to propose myself to dinner; an intention which was abandoned as soon as I entered the library. My uncle was sitting with his head bent forward on his chest, in a languid and drowsy reverie. The first number of the *Cornhill Magazine* lay unheeded before him, open at the first page of Thackeray's story of "Lovel the Widower." He did not utter a word, except in answer, and the only one of my observations that at this distance of time I can recall, suggested to him painful and pathetic reflections which altogether destroyed his self-command.

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN.—

On hearing my report of his state, my mother resolved to spend the night at Holly Lodge. She had just left the drawing-room to make her preparations for the visit (it being, I suppose, a little before seven o'clock in the evening), when a servant arrived with an urgent summons. As we drove up to the porch of my uncle's house, the maids ran, crying, out into the darkness to meet us ; and we knew that all was over. We found him in his library, seated in his easy-chair, and dressed as usual ; with his book on the table beside him, still open at the same page. He had told his butler that he should go to bed early, as he was very tired. The man proposed his lying on the sofa ; he rose as if to move, sat down again, and ceased to breathe. He died, as he had always wished to die—without pain—without any formal farewell ; preceding to the grave all whom he had loved ; and leaving behind him a great and honorable name, and the memory of a life every action of which was as clear and transparent as one of his own sentences.—*Life and Letters of Macaulay.*



ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—

TROLLOPE, ANTHONY, an English novelist, born at Harrow in 1815; died in 1882. His education was desultory, though he studied for a while at Winchester and Harrow schools. By the time he was approaching manhood, his mother had attained a good reputation as an author, and had influence enough to procure for him a fair situation in the General Post Office, without his being subjected to a rigid examination. At about thirty he was stationed in Ireland in a somewhat responsible position, where he soon manifested unusual capacity for the service, and was promoted from one position to another, and was several times sent abroad upon postal business. He wrote several books, describing the countries to which he had gone. Among these are: *The West Indies and the Spanish Main* (1859), *North America* (1862), *Australia and New Zealand* (1873), besides a volume of *Hunting Sketches* (1865), *Travelling Sketches* (1866), *British Sports and Pastimes* (1868).

He is, however, most distinctively known as a novelist. His earliest work of fiction, *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* appeared in 1847, and this was followed by several others of no very marked character. He came into general notice by *The Warden* (1855), the first of a long series of novels, not fewer than forty in all, among which are: *Barchester Towers* (1857), *Doctor Thorne* (1858), *The Bertrams* (1859), *Castle Richmond* (1860), *Orley Farm*, (1861), *Framley Parsonage* (1862), *Rachel Ray* (1863), *The Small House at Allington* (1864), *Miss Mackenzie* (1865), *The Belton Estate* (1866), *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (1867), *The Claverings* (1868), *Phineas Finn* (1869), *The Vicar of Bull-*

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—

hampton (1870), *Ralph the Heir* (1871), *The Eustace Diamonds* (1872), *The Golden Lion of Grandpere* (1873), *Phineas Redux* (1874), *The Way We Live Now* (1875), *The Prime Minister* (1876), *Ayala's Angel* (1878), *An Old Man's Love*, *Can You Forgive Her*, and an *Autobiography* about 1878. In quantity of production he far exceeded any of his contemporaries, while as to quality perhaps a dozen of his best novels are exceeded by only three or four of the best works of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. Anthony Trollope was emphatically the painter of actual men and manners of his own day. His characters belong almost exclusively to gentlefolks, using the term in its widest sense. In the social scale they rarely rise to the rank of a duke, or fall as low as that of a shop-keeper. They are marked by few eccentricities or oddities in character or aspect; there are no execrable villains, and no persons of superhuman excellence. But we have strongly individualized photographs of statesmen and clubmen, of bishops, and ladies, and above all, of busy clergymen and their wives and daughters. He was himself a keen sportsman, and delights in portraying hunting scenes. His sphere as a novelist was not the highest, nor was it a very wide one; but within that sphere he has no superior in English fiction.

THE RECTORY AND THE OLD PARISH CHURCH.

No room could have been more becoming for a dignitary of the Church. Each wall was loaded with theology; over each separate book-case was printed in small gold letters the names of those great divines whose works were ranged beneath. Beginning from the early Fathers, in due chronological order, there were to be found the precious labors of the chosen servants of

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—

the Church down to the last pamphlet written in opposition to the consecration of Dr. Hampden ; and raised high above this were to be seen the busts of the greatest among the great—Chrysostom, St. Augustine, Thomas à Becket, Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop Laud, and Dr. Philpotts. Every application that could make study pleasant, and give ease to the over-toiled brain was there : chairs made to relieve each limb and muscle ; reading-desks and writing-desks to suit every attitude ; lamps and candles mechanically contrived to throw their light on any favored spot, as the student might desire ; a shoal of newspapers to amuse the few leisure moments which might be stolen from the labors of the day ; and then from the window a view right through a bosky vista, along which ran a broad green path from the rectory to the church, at the end of which the tawny-tinted fine old tower was seen with all its variegated pinnacles and parapets.

Few parish churches in England are in better repair, or better worth keeping so, than that of Plumstead Episcopi ; and yet it is built in a faulty style. The body of the church is low—so low that the nearly flat leaden roof would be visible from the churchyard were it not for the carved parapet with which it is surrounded. It is cruciform, though the transepts are irregular, one being larger than the other ; and the tower is much too high in proportion to the church. But the color of the building is perfect ; it is that rich yellow-gray which one finds nowhere but in the south and west of England, and which is so strong a characteristic of most of our old houses of Tudor architecture. The stone-work is also beautiful ; the mullions of the windows and the rich tracery of the Gothic workmanship are as rich as fancy can desire ; and though in gazing on such a structure, one knows by rule that the old priests who built it, built it all wrong, one cannot bring one's self to wish that they should have made it any other than it is.—*Doctor Thorne.*

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—

THE REVEREND MR. SLOPE.

Mr. Slope soon comforted himself with the reflection that, as he had been selected as chaplain to the Bishop, it would probably be in his power to get the good things in the Bishop's gift without troubling himself about the Bishop's daughter; and he found himself able to endure the pangs of rejected love. As he sat himself down in the railway carriage, confronting the Bishop and Mrs. Proudie, as they started on their first journey to Barchester, he began to form in his own mind a plan of his future life. He knew well his patron's strong points, but he knew the weak ones as well. He understood correctly enough to what attempts the new Bishop's high spirit would soar, and he rightly guessed that public life would better suit the great man's taste than the small details of diocesan duty.

He, therefore—he, Mr. Slope—would in effect be Bishop of Barchester. Such was his resolve; and, to give Mr. Slope his due, he had both courage and spirit to bear him out in his resolution. He knew that he should have a hard battle to fight, for the power and patronage of the see would be equally coveted by another great mind; Mrs. Proudie would also choose to be Bishop of Barchester. Slope, however, flattered himself that he could out-manœuvre the lady. She must live much in London, while he would be always on the spot. She would necessarily remain ignorant of much, while he would know everything belonging to the diocese. At first, doubtless, he must flatter and cajole, perhaps yield in some things; but he did not doubt of ultimate triumph. If all other means failed, he could join the Bishop against his wife, inspire courage into the unhappy man, lay an axe to the root of the woman's power, and emancipate the husband.

Such were his thoughts as he sat looking at the sleeping pair in the railway carriage, and Mr. Slope is not the man to trouble himself with such thoughts for nothing. He is pos-

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—

sessed of more than average abilities, and is of good courage. Though he can stoop to fawn—and stoop low indeed if need be—he has still within him the power to assume the tyrant; and with the power he has certainly the wish. His acquirements are not of the highest order; but such as they are, they are completely under control, and he knows the use of them. He is gifted with a certain kind of pulpit eloquence, not likely indeed to be persuasive with men, but powerful with the softer sex. In his sermons he deals greatly in denunciations, excites the minds of his weaker hearers with a not unpleasant terror, and leaves the impression on their minds that all mankind are in a perilous state—and all womankind, too, except those who attend regularly to the evening lectures in Baker Street. . . .

In doctrine, he, like his patron, is tolerant of Dissent—if so strict a mind can be called tolerant of anything. With Wesleyan Methodists he has something in common, but his soul trembles in agony at the iniquities of the Puseyites. His aversion is carried to things outward as well as inward. His gall rises at a new church with a high-pitched roof; a full-breasted black silk waistcoat is with him a symbol of Satan; and a profane jest-book would not, in his view, more foully desecrate the church-seat of a Christian than a book of prayer printed with red letters, and ornamented with a cross on the back. . . .

Mr. Slope is tall, and not ill-made. His feet and hands are large, as has ever been the case with all his family; but he has a broad chest and wide shoulders to carry off these excrescences; and on the whole his figure is good. His countenance, however, is not specially prepossessing. His hair is lank, and of a dull, pale reddish hue. It is always formed into three straight lumpy masses, each brushed with admirable precision, and cemented with much grease; two of them adhere closely to the sides of his face, and the other lies at right-angles

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—

above them. He wears no whiskers, and is always scrupulously shaven. His face is nearly of the same color as his hair, though perhaps a little redder. It is not unlike beef; beef, however, one would say of a bad quality. His forehead is capacious and high, but square and heavy, and unpleasantly shining. His mouth is large though pale and bloodless; and his big prominent eyes inspire anything but confidence. His nose, however is his redeeming feature; it is pronounced, straight, and well-formed; though I myself should have liked it better did it not possess a somewhat spongy, porous appearance, as though it had been cleverly formed out of a red-colored cork.

I never could endure to shake hands with Mr. Slope. A cold, clammy perspiration exudes from him; the small drops are ever to be seen standing on his brow, and his friendly grasp is unpleasant. —Such is Mr. Slope. Such is the man who has suddenly fallen into the midst of Barchester Close, and is destined there to assume the station which has heretofore been filled by the son of the Bishop.—*Barchester Towers.*

WRITING ANGRY LETTERS.

This at least should be a rule through the letter-writing world—that no angry letter be posted till four-and-twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written. We all know how absurd is that other rule, of saying the alphabet when you are angry. Trash! Sit down and write your letter; write it with all the venom in your power; spit out your spleen at the fullest; 'twill do you good. You think you have been injured; say all that you can say with all your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading it while your temper is still hot. Then put it in your desk; and, as a matter of course, burn it before breakfast the following morning. Believe me that you will then have a double gratification.

FRANCES TROLLOPE.—

TROLLOPE, FRANCES (MILTON), an English novelist, the mother of Anthony and T. Adolphus Trollope, born at Stapleton, where her father was rector, in 1780 ; died at Florence, Italy, in 1863. In 1809 she married Thomas Anthony Trollope, a barrister who failed of success in his profession. In 1827, she took three of her children to the United States, landing at New Orleans, and soon afterward took up her residence at Cincinnati, where she set up some kind of business, expecting to be joined by her husband. Being unsuccessful she returned to England, and in 1832 put forth, under the title *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, a clever but by no means flattering account of the people and institutions of the United States. Thus commencing her literary career at fifty, she was a voluminous writer for a quarter of a century. She wrote a score of novels, the scene of several of which was laid in America ; she made repeated tours on the European continent, publishing accounts of all of them. Among her novels are : *The Refugee in America*, *The Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw*, *The Vicar of Wrexhill*, *Jessie Phillips*, *The Leamingtons*, *The Widow Barnaby*, *The Barnabys in America*, *Petticoat Government and Fashionable Life*—the last being written at nearly fourscore. At the close of her *Domestic Manners of The Americans* she thus sums up her conclusions respecting the people of the United States, their government and institutions and the future which she hopes for them :—

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

I suspect that what I have written will make it evident that I do not like America

Now as it happens that I met with individuals there whom I love and admire beyond the love and admiration of ordinary acquaintance, and as I declare the country to be fair to the eye, and most richly teeming with the gifts of plenty, I am led to ask myself why it is that I do not like it. I would willingly know myself and confess to others, why it is that neither its beauty nor its abundance can suffice to neutralize or greatly soften the distaste which the aggregate of my recollections has left upon my mind.

I remember hearing it said, many years ago, when the advantages and disadvantages of a particular residence were being discussed, that it was the *Who*, and not the *Where* that made the difference between the pleasant or unpleasant residence. The truth of the observation struck me forcibly when I heard it; and it has been recalled to my mind since, by the constantly recurring evidence of its justice. In applying this to America, I speak not of my friends, nor of my friends' friends. The small patrician band is a race apart; they live with each other, and for each other; mix wonderfully little with the high matters of state, which they leave rather supinely to their tailors and tinkers, and are no more to be taken as a sample of the American people than a head of Lord Byron as a sample of the heads of the British peerage. I speak not of these, but of the population generally, as seen in town and country, among the rich and the poor, in the Slave States and in the Free States. I do not like them, I do not like their principles; I do not like their manners; I do not like their opinions.

THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.—

TROLLOPE, THOMAS ADOLPHUS (1810–1892), elder brother of Anthony Trollope, an English author. He “ate his terms” at one of the Inns of Court, but took to literature as a profession. His earliest book, *A Summer in Brittany* (1840), was “edited” by his mother, and was followed by several other books of travel in various parts of Europe. He finally took up his residence in Italy and most of his writings relate to Italian subjects. They include several novels, and sketches of character. Among his historical works are: *The Girlhood of Catherine de’ Medici* (1856), *A Decade of Italian Women* (1859), *History of the Commonwealth of Florence* (1865), *The Story of the Life of Pius IX.* (1877). Among his novels are: *Giulio Malatesta* (1863), *Lindisfarn Chase* (1864), *The Dream Numbers* (1868), and *Durnton Abbey* (1871). His autobiography, entitled *What I Remember*, was published in two parts (1887–1890).

His *Peep behind the Scenes at Rome* (1877) opens with a sketch of Pope Gregory XVI.

POPE GREGORY XVI.

Let the calendar say what it will, the days of George the Third are not so far off in England as the days when Gregory the Sixteenth was Pope are in Italy, and especially at Rome. It is but three-and-thirty years since I—then seeing a Pope in the flesh for the first time—talked with the old Camaldolese monk whom Fortune’s frolic had placed on the seat of St. Peter. There was no difficulty whatever in those days in getting access to the Holy Father by reason of the heretical pravity of the visitors. *Tros, Tyriusve*, old Gregory admitted and smiled on all, and chatted with many. Whatever else he may have been, he was an

THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.—

essentially good-natured man, but utterly undignified in appearance and manner. He was extremely dirty in person. The Papal white was an unfortunate wear for him, having an apparently irrepressible tendency to become snuff-colored, in shades deepening as they neared the Papal chin and jowl. His bearing had not the remotest resemblance to that of a gentleman of any country, but was strongly marked by *bonhomie* and good-humor. . . .

On the occasion to which mainly my memory is travelling back, there was an English lady present who had written and published many works of fiction. The Pope had evidently been told that she was an authoress; and intending, no doubt, to give her gratification, he addressed her thus: "You have written many books, I hear." A bowed assent. "On religion?"—"No, Father; I have not presumed to touch so sacred a subject." "On—history?"—"Not so, your Holiness; they were but stories, intended to amuse."—"Ah, so, so; a very good purpose too. In what language were they written?"—"In English, Holy Father."—"And where were they printed?"—"At London, Holy Father."—"Ah, indeed; yes," he added, with a meditative air; "I have heard that there have been many books printed in London." Of course he was answered only by a low courtesy.

No kneeling, except in case of the faithful of his own flock, was expected in those days; much less any kissing of slipper or even hand. Evening costume was the regulation attire of the worser sex; a black lace veil, in lieu of either hat or bonnet, and no gloves, for the better sex. And in these matters indeed there has been no change.

It is said by those who had the means of knowing the truth on such a point, that Gregory XVI. was really a learned man in canon law. And it is possible enough that such may have been the case; for such learning, cloister-gained, is very compatible with the most perfect ignorance on all other subjects.

THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.—

The present writer can testify to his having left pleasant memories in his old convent among the Apennines at Camaldola, where an aged and reverend-bearded monk told him, while he was feasting on lenten fare, that a parcel of these same haricot beans then on the table was sent every year to Rome as a present to the Holy Father, who always declared that there were none equal to them to be found elsewhere. Perhaps it was the memory of long-ago Fridays, when the appetite was sharpened by the bleak air from the crests of the Apennines, that gave the testimony, rather than the practice of the Vatican dinners.

A KINDLY ESTIMATE.

There were very few formal meetings among the notabilities of the little Cincinnati world of that time, but there was an amount of homely friendliness that impressed me very favorably; and there was plenty of that generous and abounding hospitality which subsequent experience has taught me to consider an especially American characteristic. I have since that time shared the splendid hospitality of splendid American hosts, and I have been under American roofs when there was little save a heartfelt welcome to offer. But the heart-warming effect produced by the latter was the same in both cases. How often have we all sat at magnificent boards where the host's too evident delight consisted in giving you what you could not give him, and in the exulting manifestation of his magnificence. This is very rarely the feeling of an American host. He is thinking not of himself, but of you; and the object he is striving at when giving you of his best is that you should enjoy yourself while under his roof, that you should have, as he would phrase it, "a good time." And, upon my word, he almost invariably succeeds.

Nor were the Cincinnati girls in 1829 like the New York belles of 1887. But there was much of the same charm about them, which arises

THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.—

from unaffected and self-regarding desire to please. American girls are accused of being desperate flirts. But many an Englishman has been deceived by imagining that the smiles and cheerfulness and laughing chatter of some charming girl new to Europe were intended for *his* special benefit when they were, in truth, only the perfectly natural and unaffected outcome of a desire to do her duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call her ! Only beams falling, like those of the sun, upon the just and the unjust alike !

There is another point on which Americans, both men and women, are very generally called over the coals by English people, as I think somewhat unreasonably. They are, it is said, everlastingly talking about the greatness and grandeur of their country, and never easy without extorting admissions of this. All this is to a great extent true ; at least to this extent, that an American is always pleased to hear the greatness of his country recognized. But when I remember the thoroughness with which that cardinal article of an Englishman's faith (sixty years ago !) that every Englishman could thrash three Frenchmen, was enforced with entire success on my youthful mind, I can hardly find it in my conscience to blame an American's pride in his country. Why, good heavens ! what an insensible block he would be if he was not proud of his country, to whose greatness, be it observed, each individual American now extant has contributed in a greater degree than can be said to be the case as regards England and every extant Englishman, inasmuch as our position has been won by the work of, say a thousand years, and his by that of less than a century. Surely the creation of the United States as they now exist within that time is such a feat of human intelligence and energy as the world has never before seen, and is scarcely likely to see again. I confess that the expression of American patriotism is never offensive to me.— *What I Remember.*



JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.—

TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND, an American author, born at Ogden, N. Y., in 1827. His boyhood was passed on a farm, with no educational advantages beyond those of the district school. He however learned to read French without an instructor, and before he was sixteen had begun to contribute verse and prose to country newspapers. At nineteen he came to New York, where he supported himself for two or three years partly by mechanical labor and partly by contributions to periodicals. In 1850 he went to Boston, where he began a successful literary career, becoming, about 1870, the editor of *Our Young Folks*, in which many of his writings originally appeared. His principal books are : *Father Brighthopes*, (1853), which was followed by four or five other tales, designated collectively as the "Brighthope Series;" *Neighbor Jackwood* (1856), *The Drummer Boy* (1863), *Cudjo's Cave* (1864), *The Three Scouts* (1865), *The Vagabonds, and Other Poems* (1869), *Coupon Bonds, and Other Tales* (1872), *Doing His Best* (1873), *The Emigrant's Story, and Other Poems* (1875), *The Book of Gold, and Other Poems* (1877), *Guy Brown* (1878), *His One Fault* (1886), *The Little Master* (1886), *A Start in Life, Biding His Time*, and *The Lost Earl*, a book of tales in rhyme (1888). Besides these are several volumes designed for the young, made up mainly from contributions to periodicals.

MR. BLAZAY'S MISADVENTURE.

Having dressed, dined, and finished my cigar, I sallied forth from the hotel to call upon my future bride. I found the cottage; a neat cream-colored house on the bank of the river; doors and windows festooned with prairie-roses;

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.—

an orchard behind, and maple trees in front, and an atmosphere of rural beauty and quietude over all. I opened the little wooden gate. It clicked cheerily behind me, and the sound summoned from the orchard a laboring man in rolled-up shirt-sleeves, who approached as I was lifting the brass knocker under the festoons of roses.

"How de do, Sir? Want anything o' Mr. Thornton's folks?"

"I should like to see Mr. Thornton." I said.

"Oh, wal! walk right in. We're all in the orchard now, getting a hive of bees."

"Be so kind then, my good fellow," said I, producing Jones's letter, "as to hand this to Mr. Thornton."

He received the letter in his great brown horny hands, stared at the superscription, stared at me, "Oh, Jones!" and opened it. "I am Mr. Thornton," he informed me before beginning to read. When the letter was read, he looked up again smilingly—

"This is Mr. Blazay!" then he said.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Thornton," I said.

"Wal," said he as he was conducting me towards the orchard, "so you're come up here, thinking mabby you'd like to marry our Susie?"

I stopped aghast. "I—I wasn't aware, Sir, that Jones had written anything to that effect."

"A private letter I got from him yis'd'y," said Mr. Thornton. "He seemed to think's best to kinder explain things 'fore you got along. I think about so myself. He gives you a tolerable fair character, and fur's I'm concerned, if you and Susie can make a bargain, I shan't raise no objections."

"Have you," I asked, "mentioned it to Susie?"

"Oh, sartin!" said Mr. Thornton. "Mother and I thought best to talk the matter over with

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.—

her, so's to have everything open and above board, and save misunderstandings in the futur."

"And, may I ask, how did Susie regard a—such a—very singular arrangement?"

"Singular! How so? Mother and I looked upon it as very sensible. You come and git acquainted, and marry her, if agreeable; or if not, no. That's what I call straightfor'a'd."

"Straightforward? Oh, yes, to be sure!" I said, and essayed to laugh, with very indifferent if not very ghastly success. It was well enough, of course, for a couple of hardened wretches like Jones and myself to talk over a matrimonial project in business fashion; and for me to come up and look at the article of a bride he recommended, to see if she suited; but to know that the affair had been coolly discussed by the other party to the proposed bargain made it as awkward and unromantic as possible.

"That there's my darter; and them's the bees," said Mr. Thornton.

"What! that thing in the tree?" said I, using my eye-glass. "It looks like a shocking bad hat."

"That's the swarm stuck onto the limb," said Mr. Thornton. "We'll have to thank Susie if we save 'em. She heard 'em flying over, and run out with the dinner-bell and called 'em."

"Called them to dinner?" I said absent-mindedly.

"Ringin' the bell called 'em down, till bime-by they lit on that tree. A swarm'll gen'ly come to such noises. And Susie's a master-hand to look arter bees."

"What is she doing up on the ladder there?"

"She's cutting off the limb. It's cu'r's," said Mr. Thornton, with fatherly pride, "bees never tech her, though she goes right in among 'em. Sting me, though; so I keep a little back. Susie's mother, Mr. Blazay."

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.—

At that, a freckled, good-natured woman, who stood a little distance from the tree, with her arms rolled up in a calico apron, took them out to shake hands with me, and rolled them up again.

"What are these little negro boys doing?" I asked.

"Nigger boys! Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the paternal Thornton.

"Them's *our* little boys, Sir," said the maternal Thornton. "What you see is veils tied over their faces to keep the bees from stinging on 'em. That's George Washington holding the ladder for Susie, and that's Andrew Jackson tending the clo'es-line!"

"This is the second swarm Susie has stopped this season," said Mr. Thornton. "Both wild swarms from the woods, prob'ly. We consider it quite a prize."

"Hive of bees in May, wuth a ton of hay; hive of bees in June, wuth a silver spoon; hive of bees in July, not wuth a fly; that's the old adage," smiled Mrs. Thornton.

"But Susie has good luck with her bees, let 'em swarm when they will," said Mr. Thornton.

"Look out, down there!" cried a clear, shrill, feminine voice from the tree.

The fibres of the bough began to crack, and somewhat to my alarm I saw the great, black, hat-like mass swing down as if about to fall to the ground. But I soon perceived that it was secured by the rope, which was passed over a limb above, then led down to Andrew Jackson's hand, who stood looking up through his veil, waiting for orders. Susie severed the bark and splinters that still held the branch, then dropped her little hand-saw on the grass.

"Now, Jackson!" Slowly the boy played out the line, and slowly the bough descended with its burden. "Hold on, Georgie!" Georgie held on, and down the ladder came Susie. Animated, agile, red as a rose, she ran to her bees, I regarding her meanwhile with anxious interest. Taking hold of the bough

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.—

where it hung, she ordered Andrew Jackson to "let it come," lowered it almost to the ground, and shook it. The bees fell off in great bunches and clusters, which burst into buzzing, crumbling, crawling multitudes on the grass—wave on wave dark surging. George Washington stood ready with a bee-hive, which he clapped over the living heap; and the job was done.

"There, father!" cried Susie merrily, "what are you going to give me for that? Hive of bees in June——"

She stopped, seeing me.

"You shall have your silver spoons," said Mr. Thornton. "This is Mr. Blazay, Susie."

Determined to perform my part with becoming gallantry, I advanced. Unluckily, I am tall. My bow was lofty; the bough of the tree was low. Before I could take off my hat, my hat was taken off for me. Attempting to catch it, I knocked it like a ball straight at Susie's head. She dodged it, and it fell by the bee-hive. At that the Father of his Country rushed to the rescue, and brought it back to me with the air of a youngster who expects a penny for his services. I was finishing my bow to Susie, when I observed a number of swift, zig-zag, darting insects circling about us.

"Stand still and they won't hurt ye," said George Washington, handing me my hat. "Make 'em think you're a tree!"

I assumed the *rôle* accordingly; rooted myself to the spot—held my tall trunk erect—kept my limbs rigid—and, I am confident, appeared verdant enough to deceive even a bee. In that interesting attitude I looked as unconcerned as possible, grimaced at Susie, said what a delightful orchard it was; and felt a whizzing, winnowing sensation in my foliage—otherwise called hair.

"There's a bee!" screamed Andrew Jackson.

The General was right; there *was* a bee. I began to brush.

"Don't ye stir!" shouted Washington; "that'll only make him mad! Keep jest as still!"

At that, a freckled, good-natured woman, who stood a little distance from the tree, with her arms rolled up in a calico apron, took them out to shake hands with me, and rolled them up again.

"What are these little negro boys doing?" I asked.

"Nigger boys! Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the paternal Thornton.

"Them's *our* little boys, Sir," said the maternal Thornton. "What you see is veils tied over their faces to keep the bees from stinging on 'em. That's George Washington holding the ladder for Susie, and that's Andrew Jackson tending the clo'es-line!"

"This is the second swarm Susie has stopped this season," said Mr. Thornton. "Both wild swarms from the woods, prob'ly. We consider it quite a prize."

"Hive of bees in May, wuth a ton of hay; hive of bees in June, wuth a silver spoon; hive of bees in July, not wuth a fly; that's the old adage," smiled Mrs. Thornton.

"But Susie has good luck with her bees, let 'em swarm when they will," said Mr. Thornton.

"Look out, down there!" cried a clear, shrill, feminine voice from the tree.

The fibres of the bough began to crack, and somewhat to my alarm I saw the great, black, hat-like mass swing down as if about to fall to the ground. But I soon perceived that it was secured by the rope, which was passed over a limb above, then led down to Andrew Jackson's hand, who stood looking up through his veil, waiting for orders. Susie severed the bark and splinters that still held the branch, then dropped her little hand-saw on the grass.

"Now, Jackson!" Slowly the boy played out the line, and slowly the bough descended with its burden. "Hold on, Georgie!" Georgie held on, and down the ladder came Susie. Animated, agile, red as a rose, she ran to her bees, I regarding her meanwhile with anxious interest. Taking hold of the bough

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.—

where it hung, she ordered Andrew Jackson to "let it come," lowered it almost to the ground, and shook it. The bees fell off in great bunches and clusters, which burst into buzzing, crumbling, crawling multitudes on the grass—wave on wave dark surging. George Washington stood ready with a bee-hive, which he clapped over the living heap; and the job was done.

"There, father!" cried Susie merrily, "what are you going to give me for that? Hive of bees in June——"

She stopped, seeing me.

"You shall have your silver spoons," said Mr. Thornton. "This is Mr. Blazay, Susie."

Determined to perform my part with becoming gallantry, I advanced. Unluckily, I am tall. My bow was lofty; the bough of the tree was low. Before I could take off my hat, my hat was taken off for me. Attempting to catch it, I knocked it like a ball straight at Susie's head. She dodged it, and it fell by the bee-hive. At that the Father of his Country rushed to the rescue, and brought it back to me with the air of a youngster who expects a penny for his services. I was finishing my bow to Susie, when I observed a number of swift, zig-zag, darting insects circling about us.

"Stand still and they won't hurt ye," said George Washington, handing me my hat. "Make 'em think you're a tree!"

I assumed the *rôle* accordingly; rooted myself to the spot—held my tall trunk erect—kept my limbs rigid—and, I am confident, appeared verdant enough to deceive even a bee. In that interesting attitude I looked as unconcerned as possible, grimaced at Susie, said what a delightful orchard it was; and felt a whizzing, winnowing sensation in my foliage—otherwise called hair.

"There's a bee!" screamed Andrew Jackson.

The General was right; there *was* a bee. I began to brush.

"Don't ye stir!" shouted Washington; "that'll only make him mad! Keep jest as still!"

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.—

It was easy for the first President to stand there, with his face veiled, and promulgate that theory ; but I was not up to it. I found myself stirring my stumps involuntarily. I *dropped* my hat, and stepped in it. The bee whizzed and winnowed ; I flirted and brushed. There came a poignant thrill ; the assassin had his poignant dagger in me.

The sublime Washington continued to shout, "Keep still ! Keep jest as still !" But already my movements had quite dispelled the illusion that I was a tree, and the darting and dinning about my ears became terrific. I endeavored to smile calmly at Susie, and talk as became a man of my politeness and dignity. But it was of no use. Panic seized me. I stamped, I swung my crushed hat ; I took to my heels ; I ran like a Mohawk ; and I should never, probably, have stopped until I reached a railroad train had not the same destiny that brought me to Shoemak conspired to keep me there by casting a dead branch in my way. In giving my head a brush, I neglected the brush at my feet. They became entangled in it, and I sprawled my six feet of manly dignity ingloriously on the turf.

The first thing I heard, on recovering my faculties and sitting up, was laughter. George Washington and Andrew Jackson were reeling and keeling over with laughter ; Mrs. Thornton was eating her calico apron ; Mr. Thornton was suffering from an excruciating attack of colic ; while Susie indulged without restraint her very ill-timed merriment. As I got upon my feet the whole family came forward to see if I was hurt.

"Children ! Susie !" I could hear Mr. Thornton saying ; "hush ! don't ye know better'n to laugh ? Did you, Sir, git stung ? "

"I—I thought the bees were coming rather near," I remarked cheerfully, pressing my hat into shape, "so I concluded to stand back a little."

"Sartin, sartin !" said Mr. Thornton.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.—

"Susie!" giggled George Washington, "he thought he'd stan' back a little! he, he, he!"

"Didn't his arms and legs fly for about a minute, though!" snickered Andrew Jackson.

"Shall we go and examine the operations of the bees? I feel a lively interest in bees." And I put on my hat, pulling it gayly over the aching eyebrow.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Thornton, "the bees have been so kind o' shook up 'twon't be very safe to go near 'em right away."

"Ah! you think so? A sting is nothing—nothing dangerous—is it?"

"Oh, no; but it's sometimes plaguy uncomfortable," said Mr. Thornton; "that's all."

"That all?" said I, glad to hear it, "I'm sure that is nothing so very dreadful. However, if you think we'd better wait until the bees get a little quiet, I can restrain my curiosity."

Susie had found an excuse to go back to the hive. I should have been glad of any excuse to return at the same instant to the hotel. I had seen enough of her, and certainly had heard enough. My interest in the Thorntons was satiated. I had made up my mind that I didn't want to marry. The country was not so charming as I had anticipated. I very much preferred the town.—*Coupon Bonds.*

THE VAGABONDS.*

We are two travellers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog. Come hither, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!

Over the table—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;

Five years we've tramped through wind and
weather,

And slept out-doors when nights were cold,

And ate and drank and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you—

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,

A fire to thaw our thumbs, (poor fellow!

The paw he holds up there's been frozen,)
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.—

(This out-door business is bad for the strings.)
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the
griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings.

No, thank ye, Sir—I never drink ;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral.
Aren't we, Roger ? See him wink !
Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty too—see him nod his head :
What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk !
He understands every word that is said,
And he knows good milk from water-and-
chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
I've been so badly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, Sir !) even of my dog.
But he sticks by me through thick and thin ;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.
There isn't another creature living [disaster,
Would do it, and prove, through every
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving
To such a miserable, thankless master !
No, Sir—see him wag his tail and grin !
By George ! it makes my old eyes water !
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter.

We'll have some music if you're willing,
And Roger (hem ! what a plague a cough is,
Sir !)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain !
Stand straight ! 'Bout face ! Salute your
officer !
Put up that paw ! Dress ! Take your rifle !
(Some dogs have arms, you see !) Now hold
Your cap, while the gentleman gives a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.
March ! Halt ! Now show how the rebel
shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.—

Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps—that's five ; he's mighty knowing.
The night's before us, fill the glasses !
Quick, Sir ! I'm ill—my brain is going !
Some brandy !—thank you ! — there — it
passes !

“ Why not reform ? ”—That's easily said ;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform ;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?
At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love— But I took to drink—
The same old story ; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features—
You needn't laugh, Sir ; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures ;
I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast,
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't
have guessed

That ever I, Sir, should be straying
From door to door with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since—a parson's wife ;
'Twas better for her that we should part—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
“ I have seen her ? ”—Once. I was weak and
spent ;
On the dusty road a carriage stopped ;
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.—

You've set me to talking, Sir : I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change !

What do you care for a beggar's story ?

Is it amusing ? You find it strange ?

I had a mother so proud of me !

'Twas well she died before— Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see

The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden

This pain, then Roger and I will start.

I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,

Aching thing in place of a heart ?

He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he
could,

No doubt, remembering things that were—

A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,

And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now ; that glass was warming—

You rascal, limber your lazy feet !

We must be fiddling and performing

For supper and bed, or starve in the street.

Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?

But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor
drink :—

The sooner the better for Roger and me !

JOHN TRUMBULL.—

TRUMBULL, JOHN, an American lawyer and poet, born at Watertown, Conn., in 1750; died at Detroit, Mich., in 1831. His father was a Congregational clergyman, who taught his precocious son with such success that at the age of seven he was pronounced, after due examination, fitted for admission to Yale College. He did not, however, enter until four years later, graduating at seventeen, standing first in his class; he remained at the college three years as a resident graduate, and in 1772 he and Timothy Dwight were elected tutors. In the meantime he studied law; was admitted to the bar in 1773, but was subsequently for a time a student in the office of John Adams at Boston. During this time he published *An Elegy on the Times*, a poem of sixty-eight stanzas, which glorifies the non-consumption of foreign commodities. He had previously put forth *The Progress of Dullness*, a satirical poem which contains some clever passages.

After the close of the war Trumbull took up his residence at Hartford, and engaged successfully in the practice of his profession, also being one of the writers of *The Anarchiad*, a series of newspaper articles aimed at the irregularities of the times. He held, at various times, posts of honor; and in 1801 was made one of the judges of the Superior Court of the State, retaining the position until 1825, when he removed to Detroit, where his daughter resided.

Trumbull's chief poem is *McFingal*, the first three cantos of which were composed about 1775, the fourth and concluding canto being added six years later. The hero of the poem is the Tory 'Squire Mc-

JOHN TRUMBULL.—

Fingal, who becomes obnoxious to the patriots, and receives a coat of tar-and-feathers, which has the effect of greatly changing his views of the future prospects of the colonies. Much of the poem is occupied with the heated debates in the Town-Meeting, held to deliberate upon the affairs of the time.

THE TOWN-MEETING.

And now the town was summoned greeting,
To grand parading of Town-Meeting ;
A show that strangers might appal
As Rome's grave Senate did the Gaul.
High o'er the rout, on pulpit stairs,
Like den of thieves in house of prayers
(That house which, loth a rule to break,
Served heaven but one day in the week,
Open the rest for all supplies
Of news and politics and lies),
Stood forth the Constable, and bore
His staff, like Mercury's wand of yore,
Waved potent round, the peace to keep,
As that laid dead men's souls to sleep
Above, and near the Hermetic staff,
The Moderator's upper half
In grandeur o'er the cushion bowed,
Like Sol half-seen behind a cloud.
Beneath stood voters of all colors,
Whigs, Tories, orators, and bawlers,
With every tongue in either faction
Prepared, like minute-men, for action ;
Where truth and falsehood, wrong and right,
Draw all their legions out to fight.
With equal uproar scarcely rave
Opposing winds in Æolus's cave ;
Such dialogues, with earnest face,
Held never Balaam with his ass.

The Town-Meeting breaks up at night-fall, without having come to any definite decision. But before long the Whigs proceed to erect a lofty Liberty-pole, around which a great crowd assembles. 'Squire

JOHN TRUMBULL.—

McFingal backed by the Constable and a swarm of Tories attempts to disperse the Whigs. A scrimmage ensues in which the Tories get the worst of it, and take to their heels; but the 'Squire and the Constable are caught.

DEALING WITH THE CONSTABLE.

When now the Mob in lucky hour
Had got their enemies in their power,
They first proceed, by wise command,
To take the Constable in hand.
Then from the pole's sublimest top
They speeded to let down the rope;
At once its other end in haste bind,
And make it fast upon his waistband,
Till like the earth, as stretched on tenter,
He hung self-balanced on his center,
Then upwards all hands hoisting sail,
They swung him like a keg of ale,
Till to the pinnacle so fair
He rose like meteor in the air,
As Socrates of old at first did
To aid Philosophy get hoisted,
And found his thoughts flow strangely clear
Swung on a basket in mid air.
Our culprit thus in purer sky,
With like advantage raised his eye;
And looking forth in prospect wide
His Tory errors clearly spied.

THE TAR-AND-FEATHERING OF MCFINGAL.

Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck
With haltered noose McFingal's neck;
While he, in peril of his soul,
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole;
Then lifting high the ponderous jar,
Poured o'er his head the smoking tar.
With less profusion erst was spread
The jewish oil on royal head,
That down his beard and vestments ran,
And covered all his outward man.
His flowing wig, as next the brim,

JOHN TRUMBULL.—

First met and drank the sable stream ;
Adown his visage stern and grave.
Rolled and adhered the viscid wave,
With arms depending as he stood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood ;
From nose and chin's remotest end
The tarry icicles depend ;
Till all o'erspread, with colors gay
He glittered to the western ray,
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
Or Lapland idol carved in ice.

Then high the feather-bag displayed
Is waved in triumph o'er his head,
And spreads him o'er with feathers missive,
And down upon the tar adhesive :
Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
Such plumes around his visage wears ;
Nor Milton's six-winged angel gathers
Such superfluity of feathers.
Till all complete appears our Squire
Like Gorgon or Chimæra dire ;
Nor more could boast, on Plato's plan,
To rank amid the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature
As a two-legged unfeathered creature.

McFingal, Canto III.

THE RIDE THROUGH THE TOWN.

Then on the two-wheeled car of state
They raised our grand Duumvirate,
And as at Rome a like committee,
That found an owl within the city,
With solemn rites and sad processions,
At every shrine performed lustrations ;
And lest infection should abound
From prodigy with face so round,
All Rome attends him through the street,
In triumph to his country seat ;
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our feathered Squire.
In front the martial music comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound of carriage bells,
And treble creak of rusted wheels ;

JOHN TRUMBULL.—

Behind, the crowd in lengthened row,
With grave procession closed the show ;
And at fit periods every throat
Combined in universal shout,
And hailed great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawled, "Confusion to the Tories !"
Thus having borne them round the town,
Last at the pole they set set them down,
And toward the tavern take their way,
To end in mirth the festal day.

With Canto III. the poem originally closed. The Revolution had not yet broken out into actual hostilities. Canto IV. was written after the war was brought to a virtual close by the surrender of Cornwallis. The poet goes back to the meeting of the Tories summoned by McFingal just after the tar-and-feathering, who in vision beholds all the great events which were to transpire. He ends his narrative with an unwilling prognostication of the future glory of America—like Balaam blessing, where he was intent upon cursing.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.—

TUCKERMAN, HENRY THEODORE, an American author, born at Boston in 1813; died at New York in 1871. His health in youth was delicate, and he never entered upon any regular profession, but devoted himself to general culture in art and literature, spending several years in Italy. He contributed much in prose and verse to periodicals, many of his works having first appeared in that form. Among his works are: *The Italian Sketch Book* (1835), *Isabel; or Sicily, a Pilgrimage* (1839), *Thoughts on the Poets* (1846), *Characteristics of Literature* (1849), *The Optimist* (1850), *The Spirit of Poetry* (1851), *Leaves from the Diary of a Dreamer* (1853), *Essays, Biographical and Critical* (1857), *America and her Commentators* (1864), *The Criterion* (1866) *Book of the Artists* (1868), *Life of John Pendleton Kennedy* (1871).

COMRADESHIP WITH AUTHORS.

Some of the fondest illusions of our student-life and companionship were based on literary fame. The only individuals of the male gender who then seemed to us worthy of admiration and sympathy were authors. . . .

We used continually to see, in fancy, Petrarch beside a fountain, under a laurel, with the sweet *penseroso* look visible in his portraits;—Dante in the corridor of a monastery, his palm laid on a friar's breast; and his stern features softened as he craved the only blessing life retained for him—*peace*;—rustic Burns, with his dark eye proudly meeting the curious stare of an Edinburgh coterie;—Camoens breasting the waves with the *Lusiad* between his teeth;—Johnson appalling Boswell, with his emphatic "Sir!"—Milton—his head like that of a Saint encircled with rays—seated at the organ;—Shakespeare, walking serenely and with a benign and majestic countenance, beside the Avon;—Steele jocosely presiding at table,

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.—

with livened bailiffs to pass the dishes ;—the bright face of Pope looming up from his deformed body in the cool twilight of a grotto ;—Voltaire's sneer withering an author through a cloud of snuff ;—Molière reading his new comedy to the old woman ;—Landon standing in the ilex-path of a Tuscan villa ; Savage asleep on a bulk at midnight in one of the London parks ;—Dryden seated in oracular dignity in his coffee-house arm-chair ;—Metastasio comparing notes with a handsome *prima donna* at Vienna ;—Alfieri with a magnificent steed in the midst of the Alps ;—Swift stealing an interview with Miss Johnson, or chuckling over a chapter of *Gulliver* ;—the funeral pyre of Shelley lighting up a solitary crag on the shores of the Mediterranean ;—Byron, with marble brow and rolling eye, guiding the helm of a storm-tossed boat on the Lake of Geneva. Such were only a few of the *tableaux* that haunted our imagination.

In our passion for native authors we revered the memory of Brockden Brown, and detected in his romantic studies the germs of the supernatural school of fiction. We nearly suffocated ourselves in the crowded gallery of the old church at Cambridge, listening to Sprague's Phi Beta Kappa poem ; and often watched the spiritual figure of the "Idle Man ;" and gazed on the white locks of our venerable painter, with his *Monaldi* and *Paint King* vividly remembered. We wearied an old friend of Brainard's by making him repeat anecdotes of the poet ; and have spent hours in the French coffee-house which Halleck once frequented, eliciting from him criticisms, anecdotes, or recitations of Campbell. New Haven people that came in our way were obliged to tell us all they could remember of the vagaries of Percival, and the elegant hospitalities of Hillhouse. We have followed Judge Hopkinson through the rectangular streets of his native metropolis, with the tune of *Hail Columbia* humming in our ears ; and kept a curious eye on Howard

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.—

Payne through a whole evening party, fondly cognizant of *Sweet Home*.

Beaumont and Fletcher were our Damon and Pythias. The memorable occurrence of our childhood was the advent of a new *Waverley Novel*, and of our youth a fresh *Edinburgh Review*. We loved plum-color because poor Goldy was vain of his coat of that hue; and champagne partly because Schiller used to drink it when writing. We saved orange-peel because the author of the *Rambler* liked it; and put ourselves on a course of tar-water, in imitation of Berkeley. Roast-pig had a double relish for us after we had read Elia's dissertation thereon. We associated gold-fish and china-jars with Gray; skulls with Dr. Young; the leap of a sturgeon in the Hudson with Drake's *Culprit Fay*; pine-trees with Ossian; stained-glass windows with Keats, who set one in immortal verse; fortifications with Uncle Toby; literary breakfasts with Rogers; Water-fowl with Bryant; foundlings with Rousseau; letter-writing with Madame de Sévigné; bread-and-butter with the author of *Werther*; daisies with Burns, and primroses with Wordsworth.

Mrs. Thrale's acceptance of Piozzi was a serious trouble to our minds; and whether "little Burney" would be happy with her noble *émigré* was a problem that made us really anxious until the second part of her *Diary* was procurable, and relieved our solicitude. An unpatriotic antipathy to the Pilgrim Fathers was quelled by the melodious pæan of Mrs. Hemans; and we kept vigils before a portrait of Mrs. Norton, at an artist's studio, with a chivalric desire to avenge her wrongs.—*The Criterion*.

MARY.

What though the name is old and oft repeated;
What though a thousand beings bear it now;
And true hearts oft the gentle word have
greeted;
What though 'tis hallowed by a poet's vow?

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.—

We ever love the rose, and yet its blooming
Is a familiar rapture to the eye ;
And yon bright star we hail, although its
coming
Age after age hath lit the northern sky.

As starry beams o'er troubled billows stealing,
As garden odors to the desert blown,
In bosoms faint a gladsome hope revealing,
Like patriot music or affection's tone ;—
Thus, thus for aye, the name of Mary spoken
By lips or text, with magic-like control,
The course of present thought has quickly
broken,
And stirred the fountains of my inmost
soul.

The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow,
The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,
To my fond fancy, Mary, seem to borrow
Celestial halos from thy gentle name.
The Grecian artist gleaned from many faces,
And in a perfect whole the parts combined,
So have I counted o'er dear woman's graces
To form the Mary of my ardent mind.

And marvel not I thus call my ideal :
We only paint as we would have things be ;
The fanciful springs ever from the real,
As Aphrodité rose from out the sea.
Who smiled upon me kindly day by day,
In a far land where I was sad and lone ?
Whose presence now is my delight alway ?
Both angels must the same blest title own.

What spirits round my weary way are flying,
What fortunes on my future life await,
Like the mysterious hymns the winds are
sighing,
Are all unknown :—in trust I bide my fate.
But if one blessing I might crave from Heaven,
'Twould be that Mary should my being
cheer,
Hang o'er me when the chord of life is riven,
Be my dear household word, and my last
accent here.

JOHN TULLOCH.—

TULLOCH, JOHN, a Scottish theologian, born in 1823, died in 1886. He studied at St. Andrews; was licensed as a preacher in the Church of Scotland; and in 1854 became Principal of St. Mary's College, University of St. Andrews. Among his works are an essay on *Theism*, which gained the second Burnett prize of £500 (1855), *Leaders of the Reformation* (1859), *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy* (1872), *Facts of Religious Life* (1877), *Pascal* (1878), *Modern Themes in Philosophy and Religion* (1884), and *Movements of Religious Thought in Britain During the Nineteenth Century* (1885).

VARIATIONS IN CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

As some men are said to be born Platonists and some Aristotelians, so some are born Augustinians, and some Pelagians or Arminians. These names have been strangely identified with "true" or "false" views of Christianity. What they really denote is diverse modes of Christian thinking—diverse tendencies of the Christian intellect—which repeat themselves by a law of nature. It is no more possible to make men think alike in theology than in anything else where the facts are complicated, and the conclusions necessarily fallible. The history of theology is a history of "Variations:" not indeed, as some have maintained, without an inner principle of movement, but with a constant repetition of oppositions underlying its necessary development. The same contrasts continually appear throughout its course, and seem never to wear themselves out. From the beginning there has always been the broader and the narrower type of thought—a St. Paul and St. John as well as a St. Peter and St. James; the doctrine which leans to the works and the doctrine which leans to grace; the milder and the severer interpretation of human nature and of the divine dealings with it; a Clement of Alexandria, an Origen and a Chrysostom, as well as a Tertullian, an Augustine, and a Cyril of Alexandria, an Erasmus no

JOHN TULLOCH.—

less than a Luther, a Castalio as well as a Calvin, a Frederick Robertson as well as a John Newton.

Look at these men, and many others equally significant, on the spiritual side as they look to God or as they work for men, how much do they resemble one another. The same divine life stirs them all. Who will undertake to settle which is the truer Christian? But look at them on the intellectual side, and they are hopelessly disunited. They lead rival forces in the march of Christian thought :—forces which may yet find a point of conciliation, and which may not be so widely diverse as they seem, but whose present attitude is one of obvious hostility. Men may meet in common worship and in common work; and find themselves at one. The same faith may breathe in their prayers, and the same love fire their hearts. But men who think can never be at one in their thoughts on the great subject of Christian revelation. They may own the same Lord, and recognize and reverence the same types of Christian character; but they will differ so soon as they begin to define their notions of the Divine, and draw conclusions from the researches either of ancient or of modern theology. Of all the false dreams that have ever haunted humanity, none is more false than the dream of Catholic unity in this sense. It vanishes in the very effort to grasp it, and the old fissures appear within the most carefully compacted structures of dogma.—*Religion and Theology.*

.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.—

TUPPER, MARTIN FARQUHAR, an English author, born at London in 1810; died in 1889. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his Master's degree and that of Doctor of Civil Law; was entered as a student of law at Lincoln's Inn, and was formally called to the bar in 1835; but, inheriting a competence, he never entered upon practice, devoting himself to literature. He published anonymously a small volume of poems in 1832. In 1839 appeared his *Geraldine*, an attempt to continue Coleridge's unfinished *Christabel*. His subsequent works were very numerous, comprising poems, tales, dramas, and essays; but none of them were more than moderately successful except the *Proverbial Philosophy*, of which three series were put forth in 1838, 1844, and 1867. The first two series had an unprecedented temporary popularity on both sides of the Atlantic. *My Life as an Author* appeared in 1886.

THE WORDS OF WISDOM.

Few and precious are the words which the lips
of Wisdom utter:

To what shall their rarity be likened? what
price shall count their worth?

Perfect and much to be desired, and giving joy
with riches; [beauty.

No lovely thing on earth can purchase all their

They be chance pearls, flung among the rocks
by the sullen waters of Oblivion,

Which diligence loves to gather, and hang
round the neck of Memory;

They be white-winged seeds of happiness, wafted
from the Islands of the Blessed,

Which Thought carefully tendeth in the kindly
garden of the heart;

They be sproutings of an harvest for Eternity,
bursting through the tilth of Time;

Green promise of the golden wheat, that yieldeth
angel's food;

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.—

They be drops of crystal dew, which the wings
of Seraphs scatter,
When on some brighter Sabbath their plumes
quiver most with delight :—
Such, and so precious are the words which the
lips of Wisdom utter.

OF PRAYER.

A wicked man scorneth prayer ; in the shallow
sophistry of Reason.
He derideth the silly hope that God can be
moved by supplication :—
“ Can the unchangeable be changed, or waver
in his purpose ?
Can the weakness of pity affect him ? Should
he turn at the bidding of Man ?
Methought he ruled all things, and ye called
his decrees immutable ;
But if thus he listeneth to words, where is the
firmness of his will ? ”—
So I heard the words of the wicked ; and lo, it
was smother than oil ;
But I knew that his reasonings were false, for
the promise of the Scripture is true.
Yet in my soul was darkness ; for his voice was
too hard for me,
Till I turned to my God in prayer—for I know
that He heareth always.
Then I looked abroad on the earth ; and behold
the Lord was in all things ;
Yet saw I not his hand in aught, but perceived
that He worketh by means ;
Yea, and the power of the man proveth the
wisdom that ordained it ;
Yea, and no act is useless, to the hurling of a
stone through the air.
So I turned my thoughts to supplication, and
beheld the mercies of Jehovah ;
And I saw sound Argument was still the faith-
ful friend of Goodness ;
For as the rock of the Affections is the solid
approval of Reason,
Even so the temple of Religion is founded on
the basis of Philosophy.

IVAN S. TURGENIEFF.—

TURGENIEFF, IVAN S., a Russian novelist, born at Orel, 1818; died in 1883. He was educated at Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Berlin. For a time he filled a clerkship in the Ministry of the Interior. Banished to the provinces on account of his progressive opinions, he was permitted to return, but after that resided for the most part in Paris. By him the term "nihilist" was first used in its political sense. In 1843-4, he put forth several books of poetry. Among his other volumes are: *Memoirs of a Sportsman* (2 vols., 1852), *Fathers and Sons* (1862), *Smoke* (1867), *Liza*, *On the Eve*, *Dimitri Rudin*, *Journal of a Useless Man*, *A Lear of the Steppe*, *Spring Floods*, *The Unfortunate One*, *Virgin Soil*, *First Love*, and *Assya*. The name is variously spelled—Turgenieff, Turgeneff, etc.

RETURN TO FIRST LOVE.

I once entered the hut of a peasant woman who had just lost her only son; to my great surprise, I found her calm, almost cheerful. "Do not wonder," said her husband, who doubtless noticed the impression made upon me, "she now is ossified." Litvinof was thus "ossified"—a perfect calm had taken possession of him during the first few hours of his journey. Entirely worn out, almost unconscious, he was yet alive, after all the pain and torture of the last week, after all the blows that had fallen, one after another, upon him. He was not one who could, with impunity, receive such blows.

He had now no plan before him; he tried to drive all thought from his mind; he was going to Russia because he must go somewhere; but he had no object in going thither. He had lost all sense of his own individuality; he took no notice of his own acts. It seemed to him sometimes as though he were carrying about

IVAN S. TURGENIEFF.—

with him his dead body; it was only a painful sense of hopeless grief that convinced him he was still alive. Sometimes it seemed impossible to him that a woman, that passion, could have so influenced him. . . .

"What shameful weakness!" he murmured, and throwing back his cloak, he settled himself more comfortably in his seat. He must now begin a new life, he thought. A moment more, and he was smiling bitterly, astonished at himself. He looked out of the window. It was an unpleasant day; it did not rain, but the fog was dense and low clouds covered the sky. The train was moving against the wind; clouds of smoke, now light, now dark, rolled by the window. Litvinof watched these clouds. Ceaselessly they rose and fell, clinging to the grass and bushes, stretching themselves out, melting in the damp air, or whirling about the eddies, ever changing yet ever the same. Sometimes the wind changed, or the road made a turn, then all this mass of vapor would suddenly disappear, only to be seen again immediately, on the other side, and, in an interminable cloud, hide from view the valley of the Rhine.

Litvinof continued to gaze in silence; an odd fancy had taken possession of him. He was alone in the carriage; there was no one to listen to him. "Smoke! smoke!" he kept repeating to himself, and suddenly all the past seemed like smoke to him: his whole life, his life in Russia; all that was human, but chiefly all that was Russian in his experience. "All was but smoke and vapor," he thought; "everything is constantly changing, one shape resolves itself into another, one event succeeds another, but in reality everything remains the same. There is much stir and confusion, but all these clouds vanish at last without leaving any trace, without having accomplished anything. The wind changes its direction, they pass to the other side and then continue their feverish and fruitless motion." He remembered what had

taken place during the last few years, and how great had been the tumult and excitement. . . "Smoke," he muttered, "smoke." He remembered the noisy and disorderly discussions in Goubaref's room, and the disputes which he had heard between other persons, of high and low degree, radical and conservative, old and young. . . .

"Smoke!" he repeated, "smoke and vapor!" He thought finally of the famous picnic, of the speeches and arguments of the statesmen there, and also of Potoughine's long disquisitions.

"Smoke! smoke!" he cried, "and nothing more." Then his own efforts, his desires, his trials and his dreams all came before his mind. The memory of these served only to provoke a gesture of discouragement.

Meanwhile the train was rushing on. Rastadt, Carlsruhe, and Bruchsal were already far behind him; on the right the mountains retreated in the distance, then approached again, but they were now less lofty and not covered with trees as before. The train made a short turn; they were at Heidelberg. The carriages glided into the station; the news-dealers began to cry all kinds of papers, even those of Russian origin. Many of the travellers stepped out upon the platform and walked about, but Litvinof did not leave his place; he was sitting there with his head bowed down. . . .

During the night he passed through Cassel. As the twilight deepened into darkness, an intolerable agony preyed like a vulture at his heart. He began to weep, with his head buried in one corner of the carriage. His tears flowed for a long time, without, however, affording him any relief.

During this time, in a hotel at Cassel, Tania was lying on a bed, burning with fever; Capitoline Markovna was standing near her.

"Tania," she said to her, "do let me send a telegram to Gregory Mikhailovitch; do let me, Tania."

IVAN S. TURGENIEFF.—

"No, aunt," she answered, "you must not. Do not be frightened. Give me some water; I shall soon be better."

In fact, a week afterwards, she had quite recovered, and the aunt and niece proceeded on their journey.

Without stopping either at St. Petersburg or Moscow, Litvinof returned to his humble home. He was startled when he first saw his father, he appeared so old and broken down. The old man, on seeing his son again, was as much delighted as one so near the close of life could be. He hastened to give him charge of his affairs, which were in great disorder, and, after a few weeks of sickness and pain, passed quietly away. Litvinof now was left alone in the old family home; he began to improve his lands with an aching heart, without any liking for his work, without hope, without money. The management of an estate in Russia is no pleasant task, as too many of us know. We will not therefore enter too minutely into the difficulties which Litvinof encountered. It was impossible for him to introduce improvements and reforms; the application of that knowledge which he had acquired in foreign countries had to be indefinitely postponed; necessity compelled him to live as he could from day to day, and to make all manner of concessions, both material and moral. The new order of things worked badly, the old forms had lost their strength; inexperience had to struggle with dishonesty and fraud. The old institutions had no sustaining power, they were breaking asunder like our vast, mossy marshes: only that noble word, "liberty," pronounced by the Czar, floated over them, as the spirit of God once moved upon the face of the waters. It was necessary, above all else, to have patience, not passive, but diligent, persistent, and indomitable patience. This was doubly painful to Litvinof, in the state of mind in which he found himself. Life had few attractions for him . . . could labor then present him any?

IVAN S. TURGENIEFF.—

A year passed by, a second followed it, the third had already begun its course. The grand thought of emancipation was commencing to produce its fruits, to influence the customs of the people. The seed that had been sown had sprouted and appeared above the ground, and could now no more be trampled on by either an open or a secret enemy. Although Litvinof finally rented to the peasants the greater portion of his land on shares, and although this land was all cultivated in the primitive manner, yet he met with some success. He started his manufactory, worked a small farm with five freelaborers whom he had finally selected after trying forty, and paid off his heaviest debts. His natural powers returned to him; he began to look like himself again.

During all this time a feeling of deep sadness remained with him: he was leading a life which ill accorded with his years; he had shut himself up within a narrow circle, but he no longer exhibited his former indifference to everything about him; he walked among men like a living man. The last traces of the charm, under whose influence he had fallen, had also disappeared; and all that had taken place at Baden now seemed to him like a dream. And Irene. . . her image, too, had paled away and vanished; only something vaguely dangerous was dimly outlined through the mist which concealed it. He rarely had news of Tatiana; he only knew that she was with her aunt at her home, which was some distance from her own family estates; that she lived there quietly, going out but little and receiving few visitors; also that she was enjoying excellent health.

One fine May morning, he was seated in his study, carelessly glancing over the last number of a paper from St. Petersburg, when his servant announced the arrival of his uncle. This uncle, a cousin of Capitoline Markovna, had just been making her a visit. He had bought an estate in Litvinof's neighborhood and was

IVAN S. TURGENIEFF.—

about taking possession of it. He remained several days with his nephew, and talked much with him concerning Tatiana.

On the day after his departure, Litvinof wrote to his cousin, for the first time since their separation. He asked permission to open a correspondence with her, and also stated that he hoped some time to meet her again. He waited her answer with great anxiety. . . . It came at last. Tatiana replied in a friendly manner. "If you are thinking of making us a visit," she said in closing, "we shall be very happy to see you at any time." Capitoline Markovna also sent him her regards. Litvinof evinced an almost childish joy; it was a long, long time since his heart had before beaten so gayly. Everything seemed bright and cheerful to him. When the sun rises and drives away the darkness of the night, a light breeze passes over the earth's bosom, reviving all nature with its cooling breath. Litvinof felt thus strengthened and rejoiced, by some mysterious influence. He was all smiles that day, even when overseeing his laborers and giving them their orders. He immediately began to prepare for the journey, and two weeks later was on his way to visit Tatiana. . . .

While the postilion was thus talking, Litvinof could not take his eyes from the little house. A lady dressed in white appeared on the piazza, looked out as though watching for some one, then disappeared again.

"Was it not Tatiana?"

His heart was beating violently.

"Faster! faster!" he cried to the postilion.

The postilion whipped up his horses. A few minutes more. . . and the carriage passed through an open gate. On the piazza he saw Capitoline Markovna running to meet him. Out of breath, her face red with excitement, she cried out, "I knew you, I knew you first! It was you! it was you! I knew you!"

Litvinof leaped to the ground lightly, without giving the little Cossack time to open the

door for him, and hurriedly kissing Capitoline Markovna, rushed into the house, ran through the hall and dining-room . . . and found himself face to face with Tatiana. She was looking on him with a kind and gentle glance (she had grown a little thinner, which did not at all detract from her appearance), and holding out to him her hand. He did not take it, but fell upon his knees before her. She had not expected this and knew not what to say or do. Tears came to her eyes; she was frightened, but at the same time, there was an expression of joy upon her face.

"What is this, Gregory Mikhailovitch?" she said at last.

He was kissing the hem of her dress, recalling with a happy, contrite heart, how before at Baden he had thus fallen at her feet. But then and now!

"Tania," he cried, "Tania, can you forgive me?"

"Aunt, aunt, what does this mean?" she cried, turning toward Capitoline Markovna, who had just entered the room.

"Leave him alone, Tatiana," answered the good old lady; "do you not see he has repented?"

MOSES COIT TYLER.—

TYLER, MOSES COIT, an American author, born at Griswold, Conn., in 1835. He graduated at Yale in 1857; studied Theology at Andover, and became pastor of a Congregational Church at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. In 1867 he was made Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University of Michigan, and in 1881 Professor of American History in Cornell University. In 1881 he took Orders in the Episcopal Church. His principal works are the *Braunville Papers* (1868), *History of American Literature* (Vols. I., II., 1878), *Manual of English Literature* (1879), *Life of Patrick Henry* (1888).

THE EARLIEST AMERICAN BOOK.

Captain John Smith became a somewhat prolific author; but while nearly all of his books have a leading reference to America, only three of them were written during the period of his residence as a colonist in America. Only these three, therefore, can be claimed by us as belonging to the literature of our country. The first of these books, *A True Relation of Virginia*, is of deep interest to us, not only on account of its graphic style, and the strong light it throws upon the very beginning of our national history, but as being unquestionably the earliest book in American literature. It was written during the first thirteen months of the first American colony, and gives a simple and picturesque account of the stirring events which took place there during that time, under his own eye. It was probably carried to London by Captain Nelson of the good ship *Phoenix*, which sailed from Jamestown on June 2, 1608; and it was published in London and sold "at the Grayhound in Paul's Church-Yard," in the latter part of the same year. . .

MOSES COIT TYLER.—

Barely hinting at the length and tediousness of the sea-voyage, the author plunges with epic promptitude into the midst of the action, by describing their arrival in Virginia, their first ungentle passages with the Indians, their selection of a place of settlement, their first civil organization, their first expedition for discovery toward the upper waters of the James River, the first formidable Indian attack upon their village, and the first return for England, two months after their arrival, of the ships that had brought them to Virginia.

Upon the departure of these ships, bitter quarrels broke out among the colonists. "Things were neither carried on with that discretion nor any business effected in such good sort as wisdom would ; . . . through which disorder, God being angry with us, plagued us with such famine and sickness that the living were scarce able to bury the dead . . . As yet we had no houses to cover us ; our tents were rotten, and our cabins worse than nought. . . . The president and Captain Marten's sickness compelled me to be cape-merchant, and yet to spare no pains in making houses for the company who, notwithstanding our misery, little ceased their malice, grudging and muttering. . . . being in such despair as they would rather starve and rot with idleness than be persuaded to do anything for their own relief without constraint."

But the energetic Captain had an eager passion for making tours of exploration along the coast and up the rivers ; and after telling how he procured corn from the Indians, and thus supplied the instant necessities of the starving colonists, he proceeds to relate the history of a tour of discovery made by him up the Chickahominy, on which tour happened the famous incident of his falling into captivity among the Indians. The reader will not fail to notice that in this earliest book of his, written before Powhatan's daughter, the princess Pocahontas, had become celebrated in England, and before

MOSES COIT TYLER.—

Captain Smith had that enticing motive for representing himself as specially favored by her, he speaks of Powhatan as full of friendliness to him; he expressly states that his own life was in no danger at the hands of that Indian potentate; and of course he has no situation on which to hang the romantic incident of his rescue by Pocahontas from impending death. This pretty story has now lost historical credit, and is generally given up by critical students of our early history.

Having ascended the Chickahominy about sixty miles, he took with him a single Indian guide, and pushed into the woods. Within a quarter of an hour he "heard a loud cry and a hallooing of Indians," and almost immediately he was assaulted by two hundred of them, led by Opechancanough, an under-king to the Emperor Powhatan. The valiant Captain, in a contest so unequal certainly was entitled to a shield; and this he rather ungenerously extemporized by seizing his Indian guide, and with his garters binding the Indian's arm to his own hand; thus, as he coolly expresses it, "making my hind my barricado."

As the Indians still pressed toward him, Captain Smith discharged his pistol, which wounded some of his assailants, and taught them all a wholesome respect by the terror of its sound; then, after much parley he surrendered to them, and was carried off prisoner to a place about six miles distant. There he expected to be at once put to death, but was agreeably surprised by being treated with the utmost kindness. . . .

After many days spent in travelling hither and yon with his captors, he was at last, by his own request, delivered up to Powhatan, the over-lord of that region. He gives a picturesque description of the barbaric state in which he was received by that potent chieftain, whom he found "proudly lying upon a bedstead a foot high, upon ten or twelve mats," the emperor himself being "richly hung with many chains

MOSES COIT TYLER.—

of great pearls about his neck, and covered with a great covering of raccoon-skins. At his head sat a woman, at his feet another; on each side, sitting upon a mat upon the ground, were ranged his chief men on each side of the fire, ten in a rank; and behind them as many young women, each with a great chain of white beads over their shoulders, their heads painted in red; and with such a grave and majestic countenance as drove me into admiration to see such state in a naked savage. He kindly welcomed me with good words, and great platters of sundry victuals, assuring me his friendship and my liberty within four days."

Thus day by day passed in pleasant discourse with his imperial host, who asked him about "the manner of our ships and sailing the seas, the earth and skies, and of our God," and who feasted him not only with continual "platters of sundry victuals," but with glowing descriptions of his own vast dominions stretching away beyond the rivers and the mountains to the land of the setting sun. . . .

"Thus having with all the kindness he could devise sought to content me, he sent me home with four men, one that usually carried my gown and knapsack after me, two other loaded with bread, and one to accompany me."

The author then gives a description of his journey back to Jamestown, where "each man with truest signs of joy" welcomed him; of his second visit to Powhatan; of various encounters with hostile and thievish Indians; and of the arrival from England of Captain Nelson in the *Phoenix*, April 20, 1608—an event which "did ravish them with exceeding joy." Late in the narrative he makes his first reference to Pocahontas, whom he speaks of as "a child of ten years old, which not only for feature, countenance, and proportion much exceedeth any of the rest of his people, but for wit and spirit the only nonpareil of his country."

After mentioning some further dealings with

MOSES COIT TYLER.—

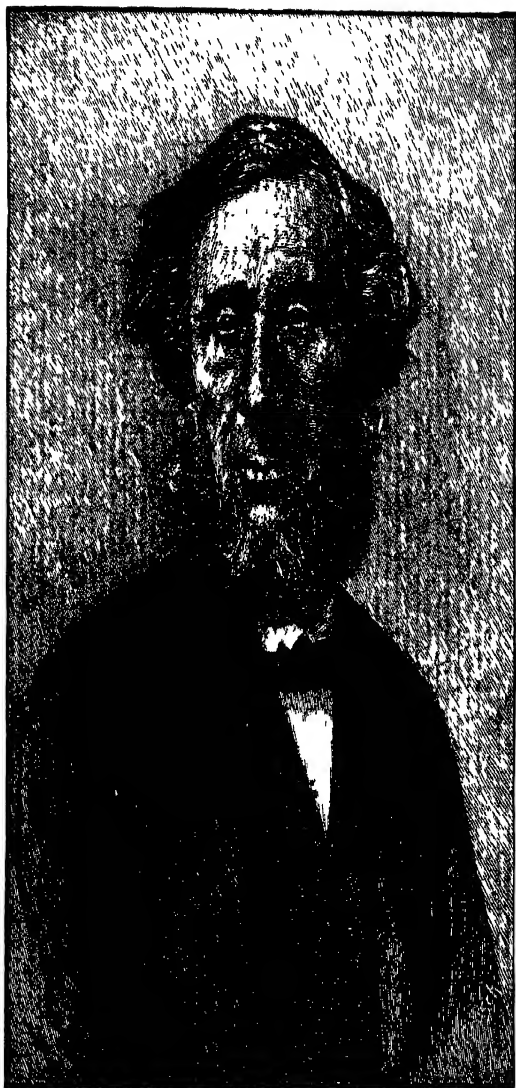
the Indians, he concludes the book with an account of the preparations for the return to England of Captain Nelson and his ship; and describes those remaining as "being in good health, all our men well contented, free from mutinies, in love one with another, and as we hope in a continual peace with the Indians, where we doubt not but by God's gracious assistance and the Adventurers' willing minds and speedy furtherance to so honorable an action, in after times to see our nation to enjoy a country not only exceeding pleasant for habitation, but also very profitable for commerce in general, no doubt pleasing to Almighty God, honorable to our gracious sovereign, and commodious generally to the whole kingdom."

Thus, with words of happy omen, ends the first book of American literature. It was not composed as a literary effort. It was meant to be merely a budget of information for the public at home, and especially for the London stockholders of the Virginia Company. Hastily, apparently without revision, it was wrought vehemently by the rough hand of a soldier and an explorer, in the pauses of a toil that was both fatiguing and dangerous, and while the incidents which he records were fresh and clinging in his memory. Probably he thought little of any rules of literary art as he wrote this book; probably he did not think of writing a book at all. Out of the abundance of his materials, glowing with pride over what he had done in the great enterprise, eager to inspire the home-keeping patrons of the colony with his own resolute cheer, and accustomed for years to portray in pithy English the adventures of which his life was fated to be full, the bluff Captain just stabbed his paper with inken words; he composed not a book but a big letter; he folded it up, and tossed it upon the deck of Captain Nelson's departing ship.

But though he may have had no expectation of doing such a thing, he wrote a book that is not unworthy to be the beginning of English

MOSES COIT TYLER.—

literature in America. It has faults enough, without doubt. Had it not these, it would have been too good for the place it occupies. The composition was extemporaneous; there appears in it some chronic misunderstanding between the nominatives and their verbs; now and then the words and clauses of a sentence are jumbled together in blinding heaps; but in spite of all its crudities, here is racy English, pure English, the sinewy, picturesque, and throbbing diction of the navigators and soldiers of the Elizabethan time. And although the materials of this book are not moulded in nice proportion, the story is well told. The man has an eye and a hand for that thing. He sees the essential facts of a situation, and throws the rest away; and the business moves straight forward.—*History of American Literature.*



JOHN TYNDALL.

JOHN TYNDALL.—

TYNDALL, JOHN, a British physicist and author, born in 1820, at Leighlin-bridge, near Carlow, Ireland; died 1893. At the age of nineteen he was assistant in the ordnance survey, afterwards a railway engineer. In 1847 he became a teacher in Queenwood College, Hampshire, and began original investigations with Dr. Frankland. In 1848 he studied in Germany under Bunsen and Magnus, and, from 1853 until his death, was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution. He lectured in the United States in 1872, and gave the proceeds to aid students pursuing scientific research in this country. His published books are: *The Glaciers of the Alps* (1860), *Mountaineering* (1861), *A Vacation Tour* (1862), *Heat a Mode of Motion* (1863), *On Radiation* (1865), *Faraday as a Discoverer* (1868), *Diamagnetism and Magne-Crystalline Action*, and *Lectures on Electrical Phenomena* (1870), *Notes on Light*, and *Hours of Exercise in the Alps* (1871), *The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers*, and *Fragments of Science* (1871; enlarged ed. 1876), *Contributions to Molecular Physics in the Domain of Radiant Heat* (1872), *On Sound* (3d ed.), and *Six Lectures on Light* (2d ed., 1875), *Lessons on Electricity*, delivered in 1875-6 (Amer. ed. 1889), *Essays on the Floating Matter of the Air, in Relation to Putrefaction and Infection* (1881), *New Fragments* (1892).

LIMIT OF MATERIALISM.

In affirming that the growth of the body is mechanical, and that thought, as exercised by us, has its correlative in the physics of the brain, I think the position of the "materialist" is stated, as far as that position is a tenable one. I

JOHN TYNDALL.—

think the materialist will be able finally to maintain this position against all attacks ; but I do not think, in the present condition of the human mind, that he can pass beyond this position. I do not think he is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and his molecular motions *explain* everything. In reality they explain nothing. The utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the prescientific ages. Phosphorus is known to enter into the composition of the human brain, and a trenchant German writer has exclaimed, "Ohne Phosphor, kein Gedanke." That may or may not be the case ; but even if we knew it to be the case, the knowledge would not lighten our darkness. On both sides of the zone here assigned to the materialist he is equally hopeless. If you ask him whence is this "Matter" of which we have been discoursing, who or what divided it into molecules, who or what impressed upon them this necessity of running into organic forms, he has no answer. Science is mute in reply to these questions. But if the materialist is confounded and science rendered dumb, who else is prepared with a solution ? To whom has this arm of the Lord been revealed ? Let us lower our heads and acknowledge our ignorance, priest and philosopher, one and all.—*Fragments of Science.*

SCIENTIFIC IMAGINATION.

How then are those hidden things to be revealed ? How, for example, are we to lay hold of the physical basis of light, since, like that of life itself, it lies entirely without the domain of the senses ? Philosophers may be right in affirming that we cannot transcend experience ; but we can, at all events, carry it a long way from its origin. We can also magnify, diminish, qualify, and combine experiences, so as to

JOHN TYNDALL.—

render them fit for purposes entirely new. We are gifted with the power of imagination—combining what the Germans call Anschauungsgabe and Einbildungskraft—and by this power we can lighten the darkness which surrounds the world of the senses. There are Tories even in science who regard imagination as a faculty to be feared and avoided rather than employed. They had observed its action in weak vessels, and were unduly impressed by its disasters. But they might with equal justice point to exploded boilers as an argument against the use of steam. Bounded and conditioned by coöperant Reason, imagination becomes the mightiest instrument of the physical observer. Newton's passage from the falling apple to the falling moon, was at the outset, a leap of the imagination. When William Thompson tries to place the ultimate particles of matter between his compass points, and to apply to them a scale of millimetres, he is powerfully aided by this faculty. And in much that has been recently said about protoplasm and life, we have the outgoings of the imagination guided and controlled by the known analogies of science. We should still believe in the succession of day and night, of summer and winter; but the soul of Force would be dislodged from the universe; causal relations would disappear, and with them that science which is now binding the parts of nature to an organic whole.—*Fragments of Science.*

THE COLORS OF THE SKY.

The cloud takes no note of the size on the part of the waves of æther, but reflects them all alike. It exercises no selective action. Now the cause of this may be that the cloud particles are so large in comparison with the size of the waves of æther as to reflect them all indifferently. A broad cliff reflects an Atlantic roller as easily as a ripple produced by a sea-bird's wing; and in the presence of large reflecting surfaces, the existing differences of magnitude disappear. But supposing the reflecting par-

ticles, instead of being very large, to be very small, in comparison with the size of the waves. In this case, instead of the whole wave being fronted and in great part thrown back, a small portion only is shivered off. The great mass of the wave passes over such a particle without reflection. Scatter then a handful of such foreign particles in our atmosphere, and set imagination to watch their action upon the solar waves. . . . An undue fraction of the smaller waves is scattered by the particles, and, as a consequence, in the scattered light, blue will be the predominant color. . . .

We have here a case presented to the imagination, and assuming the undulatory theory to be a reality, we have, I think, fairly reasoned our way to the conclusion, that were the particles, small in comparison to the size of the æther waves, sown in our atmosphere, the light scattered by those particles would be exactly such as we observe in our azure skies. . . .

Let us now turn our attention to the light which passes unscattered among the particles. How must it be finally affected? By its successive collisions with the particles the white light is more and more robbed of its shorter waves; it therefore loses more and more of its due proportion of blue. The result may be anticipated. The transmitted light, where short distances are involved, will appear yellowish. But as the sun sinks towards the horizon the atmospheric distances increase, and consequently the number of scattering particles. They abstract in succession the violet, the indigo, the blue, and even disturb the proportions of green. The transmitted light under such circumstances must pass from yellow through orange to red. This is exactly what we find in nature. Thus, while the reflected light gives us at noon the deep azure of the Alpine skies, the transmitted light gives us at sunset the warm crimson of the Alpine snows.
—*Fragments of Science.*

ALEXANDER FRASER TYTLER.—

TYTLER, ALEXANDER FRASER, a Scottish jurist and author, born at Edinburgh in 1747; died in 1813. He was the son of William Tytler of Woodhouselee, author of an *Inquiry*, in vindication of Mary Queen of Scots from charges brought against her by historians, and father of Patrick Fraser Tytler, historian and biographer.—From 1780 to 1800 he was Professor of Civil History in the University of Edinburgh; in 1790 became Judge Advocate of Scotland; in 1802 was raised to the Bench as Lord Woodhouselee, and was made Lord Justiciary in 1811. He was the author of several legal treatises; of *Lectures on History*, of *Memoirs of Henry Home of Kames*, and of the *Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern*. He also published an *Essay on the Life and Writings of Petrarch*, with translations of some of his sonnets, and an *Essay on the Principles of Translation*. To periodicals he contributed several papers after the manner of the *Spectator*.

AN OVER-ECONOMICAL WIFE.

I am a middle-aged man, possessed of a moderate income arising chiefly from the profits of an office of which the emolument is more than sufficient to compensate the degree of labor with which the discharge of its duties is attended. About my forty-fifth year I became tired of the bachelor state; and taking the hint from some little twinges of the gout, I began to think it was full time for me to look out for an agreeable help-mate. The last of the juvenile tastes which forsakes a man is his admiration of youth and beauty; and I own I was so far from being insensible to these attractions that I felt myself sometimes tempted to play the fool, and marry for love. I had sense enough, however, to resist this inclination, and in my

ALEXANDER FRASER TYTLER.—

choice of a wife to sacrifice rapture and romance to the prospect of ease and comfort.

I wedded the daughter of a country gentleman of small fortune; a lady much about my own time of life, who bore the character of a discreet, prudent woman, who was a stranger to fashionable folly and dissipation of every kind, and whose highest merit was that of an excellent housewife. I was not deceived in the idea I had formed of my wife's character. She is a perfect paragon of prudence and discretion. Her moderation is exemplary in the highest degree; and as to economy, she is all that I expected—and a great deal more too. . .

Alas how little do we know what is for our good! Like the poor gentleman who killed himself by taking physic when he was in health, I wanted to be happier than I was, and I have made myself miserable.

My wife's ruling passion is the care of futurity. She had not been married above a month before she found my system—which was to enjoy the present—was totally inconsistent with those provident plans she had formed in the view of a variety of future contingencies which, if but barely possible, she looks upon as absolutely certain. . . .

In accomplishing this economical reformation my wife displayed no small address. She began by giving me frequent hints of the necessity there was of cutting off all superfluous expenses; and frequently admonished me that it was better to save while our family was small than to retrench when it grew larger. When she perceived that this argument had very little force (as it grew every day weaker), and that there was nothing to be done by general admonition, she found it necessary to come to particulars. She endeavored to convince me that I was cheated in every article of my family expenditure. . . .

This I found was but a prelude to a more serious attack; and the battery was levelled at a point where I was but too vulnerable. I

never went out to ride but I found my poor spouse in tears at my return. She had an uncle, it seems, who broke a collar bone by a fall from his horse. My pointers, stretched upon the hearth, were never beheld by her without uneasiness. They brought to mind a third cousin who lost a finger by the bursting of a fowling-piece; and she had a sad presentiment that my passion for sport might make her one day the most miserable of women. "Sure, my dear," she would say, "you would not for the sake of a trifling gratification to yourself render your wife constantly unhappy! Yet I must be so while you keep those vicious horses and nasty curs." What could I do? A man would not choose to pass for a barbarian. . . .

Good claret—which I have long been accustomed to consider as a panacea for all disorders—my wife looks upon as little better than a slow poison. She is convinced of its pernicious effects both on my purse and constitution, and recommends to me, for the sake of both, some brewed stuff of her own, which she dignifies with the name of wine, but which to me seems nothing but ill-fermented vinegar. She tells me with much apparent satisfaction how she has passed her currant-wine for Cape, and her gooseberry for champagne; but for my part I never taste them without feeling very disagreeable effects; and I once drank half a bottle of her champagne, which gave me a colic for a week.

In the matter of victuals I am doomed to still greater mortification. Here my wife's frugality is displayed in a most remarkable manner. As everything is bought when at the lowest price, she lays in during the summer all her stores for the winter. For six months we live upon salt provisions, and the rest of the year on fly-blown lamb and stale mutton. If a joint is roasted one day, it is served cold the next, and hashed on the day following. All poultry is contraband. Fish, unless salt herrings and dried ling, when got at a bargain—I am never allowed to taste.—*The Lounger*, April 15, 1786.

PATRICK FRASER TYTLER.—

TYTLER, PATRICK FRASER, son of Alexander Fraser Tytler of Woodhouselee, a Scottish author, born at Edinburgh, in 1791; died at Malvern, England, in 1849. He was admitted to the Scottish bar in 1813, practiced for several years, but ultimately devoted himself to authorship. His principal works are: *Life of James Crichton of Cluny*, commonly called the *Admirable Crichton* (1819), *Life of John Wycliffe* (1826), *History of Scotland* (9 vols., 1828–1842), *Lives of Scottish Worthies* (1831), *Historical View of the Progress of Discovery on the More Northern Coasts of America* (1832), *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh* (1833), *Life of Henry VIII.* (1837), *England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary* (1839). In 1844 a pension of £200 a year was awarded to him for eminent literary services.

His sister, CATHERINE FRASER TYTLER, was the author of *Miss Judith*, *Jonathan*, and other novels; she is not to be confounded with “Sarah Tytler,” the pseudonym adopted by Miss Keddie, whose novel, *Citoyenne Jacqueline*, is a vivid description of French society during the “Reign of Terror.”

THE BETRAYAL AND EXECUTION OF WILLIAM WALLACE.

The only man in Scotland who had steadily refused submission was Wallace; and the King [Edward I.,] with that inveterate cruelty and unbroken perseverance which marked his conduct to his enemies, now used every possible means to hunt him down and become master of his person. He had already set a large sum upon his head; he gave strict orders to his captains and governors in Scotland to be constantly on the alert; and he now carefully sought out those Scotsmen who were enemies

PATRICK FRASER TYTLER.—

to Wallace, and bribed them to discover and betray him. For this purpose he commanded Sir John de Mowbray, a Scottish knight at his court, and who seems at this time to have risen into great favor and trust with Edward, to carry with him into Scotland Ralph de Haliburton, one of the prisoners lately taken at Stirling. Haliburton was ordered to co-operate with the other Scotsmen who were then engaged in the attempt to seize Wallace, and Mowbray was to watch how this base person conducted himself.

What were the particular measures adopted by Haliburton, or with whom he co-operated, it is now impossible to determine; but it is certain that soon after this Wallace was taken and betrayed by Sir John Menteith, a Scottish baron of high rank. Perhaps we are to trace this infamous transaction to a family feud. At the battle of Falkirk, Wallace, who on account of his overbearing conduct had never been popular with the Scottish nobility, opposed the pretensions of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, when this baron contended for the chief command. In that disastrous defeat, Sir John Stewart, with the flower of his followers, was surrounded and slain; and it is said that Sir John Menteith, his uncle, never forgave Wallace for making good his own retreat, without attempting a rescue. By whatever motive he was actuated, Menteith succeeded in discovering the retreat of Wallace, through the treacherous information of a servant who waited on him, and having invaded the house by night, seized Wallace in his bed, and instantly delivered him to Edward. His fate, as was to be expected, was soon decided; but the circumstances of refined cruelty and torment which attended his execution reflect an indelible stain upon the character of Edward; and were they not stated by English historians themselves, could scarcely be believed.

Having been carried to London, he was brought with much pomp to Westminster

PATRICK FRASER TYTLER.—

hall, and there arraigned for treason. A crown of laurel was placed in mockery upon his head, because he had been heard to boast that he deserved to wear a crown in that Hall. Sir Peter Mallone, the King's Justice, then impeached him as a traitor to the King of England, as having burned the villages and abbeys, stormed the castles, slain and tortured the liege subjects of his master, the King. Wallace indignantly and truly repelled the charge of treason, as he had never sworn fealty to Edward; but to the other articles of accusation, he pleaded no defence. They were notorious, and he was condemned to death.

The sentence was executed on August 23, 1305. Discrowned and chained, he was now dragged at the tails of horses through the streets to the foot of a high gallows placed at the elms of Smithfield. After being hanged, but not to death—he was cut down, yet breathing; his bowels were taken out and burned before his face. His head was then stricken off, and his body divided into four quarters. The head was placed on a pole on London Bridge; his right arm above the bridge at Newcastle; his left arm was sent to Berwick; his right foot and limb to Perth; and his left quarter to Aberdeen. "These," says an old English historian, "were the trophies of their favorite hero which the Scots had now to contemplate, instead of his banners and gonfalons which they had once proudly followed."

But he might have added that they were trophies more glorious than the richest banner that had ever been borne before him; and if Wallace had already been, for his day and romantic character, the idol of his people—if they had long regarded him as the only man who had asserted, throughout every change of circumstances, the independence of his country—now that the mutilated limbs of the martyr to liberty were brought among them, it may well be conceived how deep and inextinguishable were their feelings of pity and revenge.—*History of Scotland.*

NICHOLAS UDALL.—

UDALL, NICHOLAS, an English dramatist, born at Hampshire in 1504; died at Westminster in 1556. He was educated at Oxford. From 1534 to 1543 he was master at Eton. In 1555 he became master of Westminster School. He was rector of Braintree, and Canon of Windsor. He was known as a severe schoolmaster; but he wrote several plays for his pupils, one of which, *Ralph Roister Doister*, is the earliest specimen of English comedy. It was written before 1551, and it marks the transition from the mysteries and interludes of the Middle Ages to the comedies of modern times. The play is divided into five acts, and the plot is amusing and well constructed. The characters are of the middle class. The first edition of *Roister Doister* is not extant. It was reprinted by the Rev. T. Briggs (1818), by F. Martin (1566), by Thomas White in a series of *Old English Dramas* (1830), by the Shakspeare Society, with a memoir of Udall by W. D. Cooper (1847), and in *English Reprints*, edited by Edward Arber (1869).

FROM "ROISTER DOISTER."

MATHEW MERYGREKE. CHRISTIAN CUS-
TANCE. TRIST. TRUSTY.

M. Mery.—Custance and Trustie both, I doe you here well finde.

C. Custance.—Ah, Mathew Merygreke, ye haue vsed me well.

M. Mery.—Nowe for altogether ye must your answer tell.

Will ye have this man, woman? or else will ye not?

Else will he come neuer bore so brymme nor tost so hot.

Trist and Cu.—But why joyn ye with him?

T. Trusty.—For mirth.

NICHOLAS UDALL.—

C. Custance.— Or else in sadnesse.

M. Mery.—The more fond of you both hardly
yat mater gesse.

Tristram.—Lo, how say ye dame ?

M. Mery.—Why do ye think dame Custance
That in this wowyng I haue ment ought but
pastance ?

C. Custance.—Much things ye spake, I wote,
to maintaine his dotage.

M. Mery.—But well might ye iudge I spake
it all in mockage ?

For why ? Is Roister Doister a fittle husband
for you ?

T. Trusty.—I dare say ye neuer thought it.

M. Mery.— No, to God I vow.
And dyd not I knowe afore of the insurance
Betweene Gawyn Goodlucke, and Christian
Custance ?

And dyd not I for the nonce, by my conuey-
ance,

Reade his letter in a wrong sense for dali-
ance ?

That if you coulde haue take it vp at the
first bounde,

We should thereat such a sporte and pastime
haue founde,

That all the whole towne should haue ben the
merrier.

C. Custance.—I'll ake your heades both, I
was neuer werier,
Nor neuer more vexte since the first day I
was borne.

T. Trusty.—But very well I wist he here did
all in scorne.

C. Custance. But I feared thereof to take
dishonestie.

M. Mery.—This should both haue made sport,
and shewed your honestie,
And Goodlucke I dare sweare, your witte there-
in would low.

T. Trusty.—Yea, being no worse than we
know it to be now.

M. Mery.—And nothing yet to late, for when
I come to him,

NICHOLAS UDALL.—

Hither will he repair with a sheepes looke full
grim.

By plaine force and violence to drive you to
yelde.

C. Custance.—If ye two bidde me, we will
with him pitch a felde,

I and my maids together.

M. Mery.— Let vs see, be bolde.

C. Custance.—Ye shall see womens warre.

T. Trusty.— That fight wil I behold.

M. Mery.—If occasion ferue, takyng his parte
full brim

I will strike at you, but the rappe shall light
on him

When we first appeare.

C. Custance.— Then will I runne away.
As though I were afeard.

T. Trusty.— Do you that part wel play
And I will sue for peace.

M. Mery.— And I wil set him on.
Then wil he looke as fierce as a Cotssold
lyon.

T. Trusty.—But when gost thou for him?

M. Mery.— That do I very nowe

C. Custance.—Ye shal find vs here.

M. Mery.— Wel God haue mercy on you.
[*Exit.*]

T. Trusty.—There is no cause of feare, the
least boy in the streete.

C. Custance.—Nay, the least girle I haue,
will make him take his feete.

But hearke, me thinke they make prepara-
tion.

T. Trusty.—No force it will be a good rec-
reation.

C. Custance.—I will stand within, and
steppe forth speedily,
And so make as though I ranne away dread-
fully.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.—

UHLAND, JOHANN LUDWIG, a German poet, born at Tübingen, Germany, in 1787; died there in 1862. He was educated in his native town, studied law, and practiced in Stuttgart where he was connected with the Ministry of Justice. In 1819 he became a member of the Württemberg Assembly. He was professor of German Language and Literature at Tübingen from 1830 to 1833. He resigned the professorship to take more active part in the diet as a liberal leader, but withdrew in 1839. In 1848 he became a member of the Frankfort Assembly. He wrote poetry which appeared in periodicals as early as 1806. His works include: *Gedichte* (1815), the dramas *Ernst von Schwaben* and *Ludwig der Bayer* (1817-19; 3d ed. 1863), *Alte hoch und nieder deutsche Volkslieder* (1844-5), and *Schriften zur Geschichte der Dichtung und Sage* (8 vols., 1865-73). His poems have been translated by Longfellow; by Alexander Platt (1844), and his *Songs and Ballads* by W. W. Skeat (1864).

A CASTLE BY THE SEA.

Hast thou the castle seen,
That towers near the sea?
In golden rosy sheen
The clouds above it flee.

Methinks it fain would bend
Down o'er the crystal main,
Methinks it fain would rend
The golden clouds in twain.

“Yes I have seen it oft,
That castle on the strand,
The silver moon aloft,
And fogs upon the land.”

Did wind and Ocean's wave
Breathe forth refreshing sound?
And in those halls above,
Did harp and song resound?

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.—

“ The winds, the billows all
In deepest stillness slept,
I heard within that hall
A song of wail, and wept.”
And sawest thou up there
The monarch and his queen ?
The waving mantles’ glare ?
The crown and jewels’ sheen ?
With rapture led they none ?
No gentle maiden fair,
In beauty like the sun,
Beaming with golden hair ?
“ I saw them pacing slow,
No crown its pomp displayed,
They wept in weeds of woe ;
I saw no lovely maid.”
Transl. of ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

Of Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet’s call ;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, ’mid the drunken revellers all,
“ Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall ! ”

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house’s oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall ;
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord : “ This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal ! ”
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light :
“ This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite ;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall !

’Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall !

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.—

Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And, willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild,
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right.
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift, the wild flames start,
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night has scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall!

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

Transl. of LONGFELLOW.

THE PASSAGE.

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.—

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried,—
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought ;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend ?
Soul-like were those hours of yore ;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—
Take, I give it willingly ;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

Transl. of LONGFELLOW.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

A grave, oh, Mother has been dug for thee
Within a still, to thee, a well-known place.
A shadow, all its own, above shall be,
And flowers, its threshold too, shall ever
grace.

And, even, as thou died'st, so in thy urn
Thou'lt lie unconscious of both joy and
smart ;

And, daily, to my thoughts shalt thou return,
I dig, for thee, this grave within my heart.

Transl. of FREDERICK W. RICORD.

LOUIS ULBACH.—

ULBACH, LOUIS, a French author, born at Troyes in 1822; died in 1889. For many years he was connected with the *Indépendance Belge*; in 1852 he became editor of the *Revue de Paris*, and in 1876 of the *Ralliement*. In 1877 he was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. Among his works are: *Gloriana*, a volume of poems (1844), *Lettres d'une Honnête Femme*, written under the name of Madeleine (1873), *Le Sacrifice d'Aurélien* (1873), *La Ronde de Nuit* (1874), *Le Livre d'une Mère* (1875), *Aventures de trois grandes Dames de la Cour de Vienne* (1876), *Le Baron Américain* (1876), *Le Comte Orphée* (1878), *Mme. Gosselin* (1878). Several of his works have been translated into English, among which is *The Steel Hammer*, translated in 1888.

THE VERDICT.

Emilienne listened to it all. Her ears caught the dreadful words. People near her lowered their voices a little, but she heard them through the hum; and the pale Christ over the seat of judgment, smitten afresh by the dreadful talk around Him, seemed to her to sweat drops of blood in His oaken frame.

She had remained leaning on the balustrade, her elbows resting on the wood, silent, motionless, savage, and embittered, thinking how she could visit her anger on all mankind, and on the law itself, if the blow she apprehended should fall on her innocent husband.

The platform, now quitted by the judges, left full in her view Madame de Monterey; and now the two wives looked at each other.

Gabrielle knew nothing of what was being said around Emilienne, but she observed upon her face the reflection of each horrible word. She saw her petrified by a horror that froze all her limbs, and she herself quivered with anxiety.

LOUIS ULBACH.—

Gaston, nailed as it were upon his seat, for he had not dared to leave the court-room, was biting his nails furiously. He looked every minute or two at his watch, or cast suspicious glances to right and left of him, as if he were afraid that somebody would feel astonished at his keeping his seat, now that he had no more part in the trial, but carefully avoiding looking straight before him in the direction of the platform. A judge sat there for him, and him alone, and that judge was Gabrielle.

He thought the court-room suffocating. Drops stood upon his forehead. He did not wipe them off; so that he might have been said to weep at every pore.

At the end of three-quarters of an hour, the ringing of a bell made everybody start. Gaston folded his arms, Gabrielle clasped her hands tighter, and Emilienne clutched more firmly the balustrade.

The jurors came back.

They did not look so very terrible. None of them were pale. That, at least, was a good sign.

The foreman of the jury held with dignity before his breast a large sheet of paper, on which the verdict was written. If the paper had been bloodstained, surely so good a man (a worker in bronze, he was in the Marais) could not have pressed it, as he was doing, to his heart.

The judges came in.

All these details, which I have not invented, and which form part of the every-day proceedings in a law-court, seem to me indispensable to the atmosphere of the drama.

There was a deep silence—a silence as if everything held its breath, and the presiding judge requested the foreman of the jury to read the verdict.

Jean, who had been brought in at the same time as the judges entered, stood up, with his eyes fixed on his wife, and pale as death.

The foreman of the jury placed his hand up-

LOUIS ULBACH.—

on his heart, which seemed to have an escutcheon or placard over it, for the pocket-book in his pocket made a square outline on the left side of his coat, and, in an official voice he read:

“On my honor and my conscience, before God and before men, the verdict of the jury is—Yes; the majority decides that the prisoner is guilty!”

As a murmur rose, the artisan in bronze, who was not of bronze himself, hastened to add:

“The majority of us consider that there are extenuating circumstances in favor of the prisoner.”

Jean fell back in his seat, utterly overcome.

Emilienne had been about to utter a cry, but she restrained herself with all her strength. What was the use of giving those spectators who had come there to look on grief, the pleasure of seeing her despair? . . .

The imperial prosecutor demanded sentence. The presiding judge then asked the prisoner's counsel if he had anything more to say.

“I recommend Jean Mortier to the indulgence of the court,” said the lawyer, gathering up his papers, and in the commonplace tone in which a priest, accustomed to death-beds, says a requiem over a dead body as he is about to go away.

The judges had no need to retire to their chamber to consult together. They rose, drew somewhat apart, and talked in whispers. The chief judge, like the officiating priest when he says the confession in the beginning of the mass, bowed right and left to those around him, and they, like the lesser clergy in the service bent toward him and bowed to him.

After that Jean Mortier's affair was ended.

The judge went back to his place, put on his cap (the cap adds to his infallibility), and after reading the articles of the code sufficiently abridged for the purpose, gave sentence,

LOUIS ULBACH.—

condemning Jean Mortier to fifteen years hard labor at the galleys.

This was not a severe sentence for so great a crime.

"Prisoner you have three days left to make your appeal for a new trial to the *cour de cassation*," said the chief judge mildly.

Jean remained standing, not stupefied, but thunderstruck, and trying to care nothing for the thunderbolt. He remembered the words of the verdict; it had hit him like an arrow in his face, and imitating, unconsciously, the formula of the foreman of the jury, he laid his hand upon his heart and said loudly :

"On my honor and my conscience, before God and before men, I swear that I am innocent. I refuse any extenuating circumstances, I refuse to appeal, I refuse the galleys. I commit my cause to God who will judge you all, and will some day make manifest the real murderer when it is too late."

Some newspapers blamed this speech, saying it was too theatrical not to be the utterance of a hypocrite.

Jean turned toward his wife.

"Farewell, *my* Emilienne !"

That possessive pronoun uttered at the moment when wife and child and property and all things else ceased to be his, appeared also a bravado.

Jean quickly left the court-room, dragged out by the gendarmes, not hearing or not listening to his wife, who cried after him :

"*Au revoir ! Au revoir !*"

The crowd heard her, and were differently impressed by this supreme protest.

People stood aside to let Emilienne pass. She had come there alone, and alone she went away. All her limbs trembled, but she did not faint, and without supporting herself by the wall she went down the staircase of the *cour d'assizes*, and hastened with a quick step toward the *conciergérie*.—*The Steel Hammer*, Transl. of E. W. LATIMER.

GEORGE PUTNAM UPTON.—

UPTON, GEORGE PUTNAM, journalist, critic and translator, was born in Roxbury, Mass., October 25, 1834. He was educated in the schools of Roxbury and at Brown University, from which he graduated in 1854. In October, 1855, he went to Chicago and became connected with the Chicago *National Citizen*, later with the Chicago *Evening Journal*, and from 1862 to 1871 was literary, art, musical, and dramatic critic on the Chicago *Tribune*. Since 1871 editorial writer on that paper. Among his earlier publications are *Letters of Peregrine Pickle* (1869), and *History of the Chicago Fire* (1872). His later works include *Woman in Music* (1880); Translation of Max Müller's *Deutsche Liebe* (1880); Translations of Ludwig Nohl's *Lives of Beethoven, Haydn, Liszt, and Wagner* (1884); *Standard Operas* (1885); *Standard Oratorios* (1886); *Standard Cantatas* (1887); *Standard Symphonies* (1888). Mr. Upton has also been a frequent contributor to periodical literature.

WOMAN NOT A COMPOSER.

Why is it, then, that woman, who possesses all these attributes in a more marked degree than man, who is the inspiration of love, who has a more powerful and at the same time more delicate emotional force than man, who is artistic by temperament, whose whole organism is sensitively strung, and who is religious by nature,—why is it that woman, with all these musical elements in her nature, is receptive rather than creative? Why is it that music only comes to her as a balm, a rest, or a solace of happiness among her pleasures and her sorrows, her commonplaces and her conventionalities, and that it does not find its highest sources *in* her? In other fields of art woman has been creative. Rosa

Bonheur is man's equal upon canvas. Harriet Hosmer has made the marble live with a man's truth and force and skill. Mrs. Browning in poetry, Mary Somerville and Caroline Herschel in science, George Sand, Charlotte Brontë and Madame de Staël in fiction, have successfully rivalled man in their fields of labor ; while George Eliot, with almost more than masculine force, has grappled with the most abstruse problems of human life, and though an agnostic has courageously sifted the doubts of science and latter-day cultured unbelief, and plucked many a rose of blessing for suffering humanity from amid its storms of sorrow and pain.

There is another phase of the feminine character which may bear upon the solution of this problem ; and that is the inability of woman to endure the discouragements of the composer, and to battle with the prejudice and indifference, and sometimes with the malicious opposition of the world, that obstruct his progress. The lives of the great composers, with scarcely an exception, were spent in constant struggle, and saddened with discouragements, disappointments, the pinching of poverty, the jealousies of rivals, or the contemptuous indifference of contemporaries. Beethoven struggled all his life with adverse fate. Schubert's music was hardly known in his lifetime, and his best works were not fairly recognized until after his death. Schumann is hardly yet known. There is scarcely a more pitiable picture than that of the great Handel struggling against the malicious cabals of petty and insignificant rivals for popular favor, who now are scarcely known even by name. Mozart's life was a constant warfare ; and when this wonderful child of genius went to his grave in the paupers' quarter of the church-yard of St. Marx, he went alone,—not one friend accompanied him, and no one has known to this day where

GEORGE PUTNAM UPTON.—

he sleeps. Berlioz's music is just beginning to be played in his native country. Wagner fought the world all his life with indomitable courage and persistence, and died before he had established a permanent place for his music. There is scarcely a composer known to fame, and whose works are destined to endure, who lived long enough to see his music appreciated and accepted by the world for what it was really worth. Such fierce struggles and overwhelming discouragements, such pitiless storms of fate and cruel assaults of poverty, in the pursuit of art, woman is not calculated to endure. If her triumph could be instant; if work after work were not to be assailed, scoffed at, and rejected; if she were not liable to personal abuse, to the indifference of her own sex on the one hand and masculine injustice on the other,—there would be more hope for her success in composition; but instant triumphs are not the rewards of great composers. The laurels of success may decorate their graves, placed there by the applauding hands of admiring posterity, but rarely crown their brows.—

Woman in Music.

BEETHOVEN.

A general sketch of the life and musical accomplishments of Beethoven has already appeared in the companion to this work, *The Standard Operas*. In this connection, however, it seems eminently fitting that some attention should be paid to the religious sentiments of the great composer and the sacred works which he produced. He was a formal member of the Roman Church, but at the same time an ardent admirer of some of the Protestant doctrines. His religious observances, however, were peculiarly his own. His creed had little in common with any of the ordinary forms of Christianity. A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* some years ago very

GEORGE PUTNAM UPTON.—

clearly defined his religious position in the statement that his faith rested on a pantheistic abstraction which he called "Love." He interpreted everything by the light of this sentiment, which took the form of an endless longing, sometimes deeply sad, at others rising to the highest exaltation. An illustration of this in its widest sense may be found in the choral part of the Ninth Symphony. He at times attempted to give verbal expression to this ecstatic faith which filled him, and at such times he reminds us of the Mystics. The following passages, which he took from the inscription on the temple of the Egyptian goddess Neith at Sais, and called his creed, explain this : "I am that which is. I am all that is, that was, and that shall be. No mortal man hath lifted my veil. He is alone by Himself, and to Him alone do all things owe their being." With all this mysticism his theology was practical, as is shown by his criticism of the words which Moscheles appended to his arrangement of "Fidelio." The latter wrote at the close of his work : "*Fine*, with God's help." Beethoven added : "O man ! help thyself." That he was deeply religious by nature, however, is constantly shown in his letters. Wandering alone at evening among the mountains, he sketched a hymn to the words, "God alone is our Lord." In the extraordinary letter which he wrote to his brothers, Carl and Johann, he says : "God looks into my heart. He searches it, and knows that love for man and feelings of benevolence have their abode there." In a letter to Bettina von Arnim, he writes : "If I am spared for some years to come, I will thank the Omniscient, the Omnipotent, for the boon, as I do for all other weal and woe." —*The Standard Oratorios.*

DAVID URQUHART.—

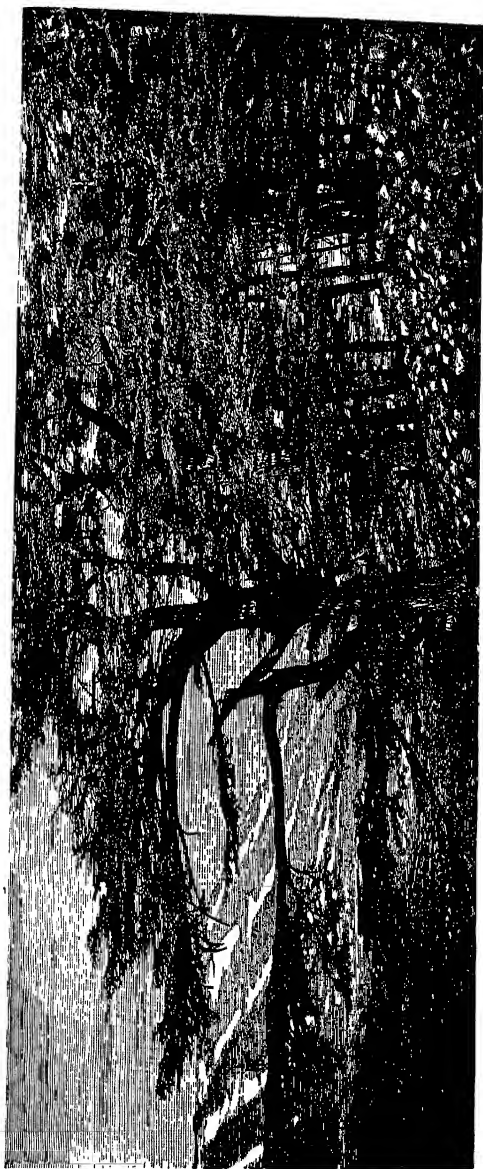
URQUHART, DAVID, a British author, born in Bracklanwell, Scotland, in 1805; died 1877. He was educated at Oxford, travelled in the East, and was appointed Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, returning to England in 1836. In 1847 he was elected to Parliament from Stafford, but was not re-elected in 1852. Among his works are: *Observations on European Turkey* (1831), *Turkey and its Resources* (1833), *Spirit of the East* (1838), *The Pillars of Hercules, a Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco* (1850), *Progress of Russia* (1853), and *The Lebanon* (1860).

THE CEDARS OF GOD.

How accurate the Prophet's description, "A Cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, with a shadowy shroud and of high stature, and his top was among the *thick boughs*."

In presence of our ancient British oaks, I have felt awestruck with the thought that the tread of Roman legions had echoed from their boughs. What then must one feel beneath tabernacles of verdure planted at the beginning of time, and standing now; in vigor equal to attempting a race with futurity, as long as that which they have already run. Then, too, insects of human spawn, hatched and harvested in a day, may snatch an hour from their scanty reckoning amidst their noisy fellows, to wander in the shade or shadows of 12,000 years, and wonder at the story of 400 generations which they have seen and will see.

I have spoken as yet but of one cedar. What then was the grove? It was of trees of the same species indeed, but of ordinary dimensions, and these shot straight up as we see in the so-called cedars brought to Europe: there was no block and no parting off of branches; this peculiarity belonged only to the antediluvian breed. The Titans only had the arms of Briareus. Elsewhere I found more of these



THE CEDARS OF GOD.

From a photograph.

DAVID URQUHART.—

vast vegetable polypi: they are chiefly on the top of the hill, perhaps ten in all. Of these two approach their fall; one by being burnt at the root, the other breached by the storm. Three more are unsound; two only are in their prime, and to them it belongs to convey to future times an idea of the giant brood; if indeed they be not soon killed while the miscreant habit obtains of stripping off the bark for fools to write their names. . . . The way these Franks proceed is, to slice off the bark with a hatchet, and then to smooth the surface of the trunk. For this purpose the ancient trees are chosen, and of course it is only at the height of the man and eye that these tablets are prepared. The finest trees are at present two-thirds barked, at about six feet from the ground. With the influx of travellers, a few years will suffice to ring them completely. . . .

A French writer, in 1725, whose work I saw at the Jesuit convent at Gazir, estimates then the old trees at 20. Thus one-half have been used up in a century by tourists for an album. There are perhaps 30 more which would take four men to girth, and which may be 2,000 or 3,000 years old. The remainder, which may amount to 5,000, are of smaller dimensions, though none seem to be younger than a couple of centuries. These are the character of the old species.

The trunk dividing at from 10 to 20 feet from the ground; the branches contorted, and snake-like, spreading out as from a centre, and giving to the tree the figure of a dome. The leaf-bearing boughs, spread horizontally; the leaves are spiculæ, point upwards, growing from the bough like grass from the earth. These spiculæ are thick and short, about an inch in length. The cones stand up in like manner, and are seen in rows above the straight boughs. The cones contain seeds like the cone of the snow-bar. The timber is in color like the red pine, with a shade of brown. It is close-grained and extremely hard. No worm touches,

DAVID URQUHART.—

and the centre of the largest trees seems solid. It is considered the most durable of woods. In the destruction of Antioch, Tyre, and other places, in the time of the Crusaders, the beams of Cedar are enumerated and mourned over, as are the vessels of gold and silver and the glass of Tyre. Many of these must have been from the time of Hiram and Solomon. It burns without smoke, and emits the perfume of frankincense.

I confess I did make a fire of cedar-wood; but I touched no living twig; with the fragments around, and half-burned trunks, I lighted a flame amid the snow, which filled the wood with its own perfume. The light smoke hung in the boughs, as vapor of amber and opal, and then from the clear flame a perpendicular mirage arose, through which danced snow, foliage, and sky, as if seen through an atmosphere of boiling glass. Their name in Arabic is *Arz*. They are called *Arz Lebanon*, *Arz Allah*, *Arz Mobarik*; the *Arz of Lebanon*, the *Arz of God*, the blessed *Arz*.

The sacred character is, however, not solely derived from their form and position: it must be attributed also to their solitariness. Were they spread far and near they could scarcely be venerated. At present, to visit them constitutes a pilgrimage. There is besides the mystery. A plant that stands alive before you and yearly produces its seed, and which yet cannot be reproduced by means of that seed, is something out of the order of nature. That in the time of the Prophets they were confined to this district, the Old Testament informs us; that to-day they are to be found nowhere else, any traveller's eyes may tell him.—*The Lebanon*.

JAMES USHER.—

USHER, JAMES, Archbishop of Armagh, was born at Dublin in 1580 ; died in 1656. He gave up his succession to his father's estate to his brother, in order to devote himself to study, especially theology. From 1607 to 1620, he was Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin. A charge of Puritanism was brought against him in view of his Calvinism, and his opinion that bishops were not a distinct order from presbyters in kind ; but he convinced the king, to whom he had been accused, of his innocence, and so completely that he was appointed Bishop of Meath, and, in 1624, Archbishop of Armagh. In a treatise on *The Power of the Prince, and Obedience of the Subject*, he condemned all resort to arms against the crown. The Irish rebellion drove him to Oxford. The most of his writings relate to ecclesiastical history, and were aimed at the Roman Catholics. His name is chiefly associated with Biblical chronology, his system having been generally adopted ; it gives much shorter time than the Septuagint, and was set forth in his universal history entitled *Annals*, and explained in his *Chronologica Sacra*. He published anonymously a treatise, *Clio, or a Discourse on Taste*, which exhibits well his philosophical and literary accomplishments.

TASTE UNIVERSAL.

It is easily conceived, that the arguments which conclude against intrinsic worth and excellency in objects of taste, are equally conclusive against a fixed, determined taste ; and that if beauty depends on mode or custom, then the taste is as variable and unsettled as the mode, and has no fixed rules in nature.

All the confusion this ingenious and subtle author [Mandeville] has shown within the

JAMES USHER.—

boundaries of beauty, may be taken away, by distinguishing between real beauty, that is forever engaging, and the adjuncts, or habitual associates of beauty. If we can show this difference in the objects that please us, the confusion he has found will clear up. An elderly lady likes the dress she wore in her youth, not because it is really more becoming than the present fashion, but because that dress bears an intimate relation to her days of joy, and brings them back to her imagination in all the gay colors of that happy season of her life. In this instance you will find the nature of those immutable charms revealed, that depend upon fancy and the mode. Youth is ever beautiful, and casts a glossy light over all the images of that season, and the dress only pleases by its association. There is in fact, no arbitrary beauty; and what are called agreeable of this kind, are only the adjuncts, or companions that happen accidentally to be joined to real beauty; and by appearing constantly together, to be united to it in idea, and to please merely by association. The mind places in one connected complex idea, different things that happen to come to it together; memory recollects them together; and a circumstance that has constantly attended on pleasure or pain, will in some degree renew those sensations. . . .

As there are no limits to the adjuncts or circumstances of real beauty, there is an inexhaustible variety in arbitrary beauty or fashion. It is the admission of those casual adjuncts, amongst which are comprehended dress, ceremonies, and furniture, into the same class with things permanently agreeable, and the confusion of them, that have given foundation to objections, and furnished examples against the absolute nature of beauty and universal unchangeable taste. When these adjuncts are seen alone they appear indifferent, and when joined to disagreeable ideas, they become disgusting.

When it is said that good judges have ad-

JAMES USHER.—

mired blemishes in works of art, and that nothing is more inconsistent than fancy, they say right ; but those truths will not bear the conclusions drawn from them : good judges never admired the blemishes separately, but on account of association with some superior beauty, in which they lay so united and blended that the imagination took all together as they appeared in the sum, and passed a verdict upon the whole in gross, which if divided would have been distinguished. I have seen a mole that has looked very pretty in a fine face, because it was unable to cast the least dimness over the blaze that surrounded it, or to make any manner of resistance to the united force of beauty, that altogether surprised and overpowered the judgment. The admirers of Homer have idolized his faults, not because they were destitute of real taste, but because Homer is on the whole so amazingly fine, and his faults are incorporated with such infinite and superior beauties. If these blemishes were in works that had no excellencies, or but a few of a low style, then they would not impose thus on the judgments of men. The same train of reasoning will help to end the old and great dispute, about the stability of moral virtue, and a moral sense. When it is alleged that actions called immoral are in some nations approved of, and even make part of religious worship in another ; it may be answered that no nation ever approved of the crimes that are generally reckoned so, for their own sakes, and taken alone, but on account of an association with something of transcendent worth and excellency.

Immoralities have mixed with religion, and were revered on account of the union. Human sacrifices were offered at Carthage ; the rites of Venus admitted lasciviousness, of Bacchus drunkenness ; and idiots, however vicious, are accounted saints by Mahometans ; but all history testifies that murder, prostitution, and drunkenness, taken alone, were vices amongst the heathen, and are looked upon as crimes by

JAMES USHER.—

the Turks ; that they bore the same individual characters amongst them as with us ; and that even the sanction of religion did not alter the landmarks of nature. If you desire to see what kept guilty deeds in repute in heathen worship, you must take into view the sublime majesty and reverence of religion with which they were incorporated.

From what I have said it appears that the arguments alleged do not prove against the unalterable sense of virtue and beauty ; since when you separate ideas that have been casually associated, the judgments of men of beauty and virtue, are steadfast and uniform throughout all nations and ages. . . .

There is a supposition that runs through Mandeville, and several other writers on this subject, who undoubtedly copy one from the other, that beauty is of one kind, and differs only in degree ; and therefore if there be such a thing as real beauty in objects, we can compare it, and always discover the most excellent, as men are able to determine the longest cane, or the highest steeple : thence they proceed to conclude, from the confusion of men, and from the variety of their choice and judgment, that there is no real beauty, whereas, in fact, beauty is an exceeding general term, that comprehends very distinct and various kinds that have no common measure ; and consequently, cannot be compared. . . . I do not call taste a species of judgment, although it is actually that part of judgment whose objects are the sublime, beautiful and affecting ; because this kind of judgment is not the issue of reason and comparison, like a mathematical inference, but is perceived instantaneously, and obtruded upon the mind, like sweet and bitter upon the sense, from which analogy it has borrowed the name of *taste*. Good taste is the inward light or intelligence of universal beauty. True taste discovers with delight the image of nature, and pursues it with a faithful passion.—*Clio, or a Discourse on Taste.*

ARMANDO PALACIO VALDES.—

VALDES, ARMANDO PALACIO, Spanish novelist and critic. He was born in 1500 and died in 1541. He lived in Oviedo, and usually passed three months of the year at the capital, Madrid. A good representative, though not in all respects the highest, of the new school of Spanish fiction, he is natural, graphic, full of life and color, and might be called an idealizing realist. His novels are *El Senorito Octavio*, *Marta y Maria* (translated with title *Marquis of Peñalta* in 1886), *El Idilio de un Enfermo*, (Invalid), *Aguas Fuertas* (Strong Waters—stories and sketches), *José, Riverita, Maximina* (translated in 1888—a sequel to *Riverita*, and commended as a book that makes goodness interesting), *El Cuarto Poder* (The Fourth Estate), *La Hermana San Sulpicio* (Sister St. Sulpice—translated in 1890), and *Espuma* (Froth). The translations here noted are well done by Nathan Haskell Dole, of Boston. In explanation of the following extract, it should be stated that Sister St. Sulpice, her own name Gloria, had taken but a temporary vow of two years in the convent. The critical works of Valdes are *Los Oradores del Ateneo*, *Los Novelistas Españoles*, *Neuve Viaje al Parnaso*, and *La Literatura en 1881* (in collaboration).

SEVILLE.

Walking through the streets of Seville at that time of the evening was like visiting at the houses. Families and their callers gathered in the patios, and there was an excellent view of the patios from the streets through the screen doors. I saw young ladies in thin dresses, rocking back and forth in their American chairs, their black hair braided and deco-

ARMANDO PALACIO VALDES.—

rated with some bright-colored flower, while their beaux, lolling unceremoniously in easy-chairs, chatted with them in low tones or fanned them. I heard their cries, their laughter, their piquant phrases.

In some of the courtyards they were playing the guitar and singing merry malagueñas or melancholy poteneras, with prolonged mournful notes, interrupted by the *oles!* and clapping of hands among the hearers.

In others, two or three young girls would be dancing seguidillas; the castanets clacked merrily; the silhouettes of the dancers floated back and forth across the screen door in attitudes now haughty, now languid and languishing, always provocative, full of voluptuous promises.

Those were the patios which might be called traditional.

There were others also in modern style or modernized, where fashionable waltzes were played on the pianoforte or the more popular pieces from the zarzuelas or operettas recently performed in Madrid, unless, indeed, they sang the *Vorrei morir*, or the *La Stella confidente*, or some other of the pieces composed by the Italians for the enjoyment of sympathetic families of the middle classes.

There were, finally, also those of mysterious character, where the light was always soberly reduced to a minimum, silent and sad in appearance; by close attention one might see by the half light that reigned amid the leaves of the plants the form of some loving couple, and if the passer-by walked softly or paused, perhaps his ears might catch the soft, tender sound of a kiss, though I would not vouch for it.

Everywhere the strong floods of light that poured out from the patios, the noise and uproar that came from out the grated doors, filled the street with animation, and spread through the city an atmosphere of cordiality and gayety.

It was the life of the south, free, gushing, expansive, unafraid of the curious gaze of the

ARMANDO PALACIO VALDES.—

passer-by, rather desirous of it, and proud of satisfying it, where still is spread abroad, although so many centuries have passed, the sentiment of hospitality, the religion of the Arabs.

At such a time Seville presents a magic spectacle; an enchantment disturbing to the mind and conducive to visions. It seemed as if one were present in a strange, transparent city, an immense cosmorama such as disturbs our fancy when we are children, and awakens in the heart irresistible desires to fly to other mysterious and poetic regions.

I breathed intoxicating odors; not the slightest stir cooled the brow. My steps grew shorter and slower as I wandered dizzily through the confused labyrinth of streets, all lighted up with gushing floods of light, echoing gayly with sounds of music, vibrating with shouts and the merry laughter of women.

When it was eleven o'clock my feet would turn swiftly towards the Calle de Argote de Molina, till I reached Gloria's house. Mystery gave our interviews an infinite enchantment. With my forehead leaning against the iron bars of the grating, feeling my mistress's gentle breath on my cheek and the touch of her perfumed hair, I let hours pass uncounted, which will perhaps be the happiest of my existence.

Gloria talked, talked an endless stream; dazzled by the light of her eyes, which, like two electric accumulators, were slowly and gently magnetizing me, I listened to her without moving an eyelash, delighted by her sweet and piquant Andalusian accent, the remembrance of which makes more than one Englishman sigh amid the fogs of Britain.

What did she talk about?

I hardly know:—about the insignificant happenings of the day, of the trifles of life; sometimes of the future, inventing a thousand contradictory plans which made me laugh; sometimes again of the events that had taken place in the convent. I enjoyed immensely

ARMANDO PALACIO VALDES.—

hearing her tell about the tricks which she had performed during her school days, the thousand and one comic or melancholy incidents that had taken place while she was at the college.

As a girl she had been full of the mischief, she frankly confessed. Scarcely a day passed without her playing some trick on the Sisters. The sad and monotonous life of the convent was not for her. They arose very early and spent half an hour in prayer in the class-room; they then heard mass. On going out they were allowed to speak to each other, but simply to exchange the greetings of the day. At recess, or the hour of recreation as they called it, they were also allowed to talk. Outside of these hours they were forbidden to communicate, but she never had obeyed this order, either when she was a student or after she became a Sister.

"I could not, my son, I could not; the words would crowd upon my tongue and would have to be spoken, or I should burst."

On one occasion, for having made fun of the Sister San Onofre, they had shut her up in the garret; from there she could look down into the barracks, and hearing the sentinel cry: "Sentinel on guard," she replied at the top of her voice, "On guard! (*¡alerta está!*)."

This caused a genuine scandal, and brought upon her condign punishment. But she laughed at punishments, just as she did at the Sisters. Many times she had been obliged to do penance by entering all the classes, dropping on her knees in the middle of the room and making crosses on the floor with her tongue. She had done so, but she made the other girls laugh with her grimaces.

I wanted to know something about Mother Florentina, for what the French nun told me about her had aroused my curiosity.

"Ah! the Mother Florentina was very kind; she always called us *filletas*, and let us do what we pleased, except when we were set to work. . . . Oh, then there was nothing else to do but to put in with all our might; she

ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS.—

would not allow the least particle of dust in our rooms; she kept us sweeping until the floors shone like a mirror. You know, don't you, that she had to pay dearly for that little dance at Marmolejo? She was retrograded and obliged to ask pardon on her knees of the whole Sisterhood. Poor Mother! for our fault, I should say,—for yours!”

“I knew that she was no longer Mother Superior; the nun who came to open the door for me told me so; a smart nun, certainly, with very stern eyes and a foreign accent.”

“Oh, yes, Sister Desirée.”

“She must be a hard one to get along with.”

“Most trying! We are no friends. When I was an interne she left me to peace; till one day came the thunder-clap, you know;—I mean I almost broke her head. From that time she became as pliable as a glove.” . . .

The hours swiftly sped, but we heard them not, nor wished to hear the strokes of the clock solemnly sounding in the silence and loneliness of the night. Still the ill-mannered stroke of one would startle us, and fill us with anxiety. We still remain for some little time talking. Half-past one sounds.

“Go, go!”

“Only just five minutes more.”

The five minutes pass, and then five more, and still I do not move. Then Gloria suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, springs up, vexed with her own sweet self, and says abruptly,—

“Adios! hasta mañana—till to-morrow!”—
Sister Saint Sulpice.

JOHN VANBRUGH.—

VANBRUGH, JOHN, an English dramatist, supposed to have been born in London in 1666; died there in 1726. He was of Flemish ancestry, and was educated in France. He entered the army and became Captain, but resigned and devoted himself to architecture. He designed Castle Howard, in Yorkshire, and built Blenheim, the residence of the Duke of Marlborough. He was knighted in 1714 and made Comptroller of the royal works, and in 1716 became surveyor of the works at Greenwich Hospital. His plays are well written and give amusing pictures of contemporary life, but their coarseness has caused them to be banished from the stage. Their titles are: *The Relapse* (1697), *The Provoked Wife* (1697), *Æsop* (1698), an adaptation of Fletcher's *Pilgrim* (1700), *Confederacy* (1705), adaptations from Molière's comedies, and an unfinished comedy, *The Journey to London*, completed by Colley Cibber.

LOVELESS AND AMANDA.

Love.—How true is that philosophy, which
says
Our heaven is seated in our minds !
Through all the roving pleasures of my youth,
(Where night and days seem all consumed in
joy,
Where the false face of luxury
Display'd such charms,
As might have shaken the most holy hermit,
And made him totter at his altar,)
I never knew one moment's peace like this.
Here, in this little soft retreat,
My thoughts unbent from all the cares of life,
Content with fortune,
Eased from the grating duties of dependence,
From envy free, ambition under foot,
My life glides on, and all is well within.

JOHN VANBRUGH.—

ENTER AMANDA.

How does the happy cause of my content,
My dear Amanda ? [*Meeting her kindly.*
You find me musing on my happy state
And full of grateful thoughts to Heaven and
you.

Aman.—Those grateful offerings Heaven
can't receive
With more delight than I do.
Would I could share with it as well
The dispensations of its bliss !
That I might search its choicest favors out,
And shower 'em on your head forever.

Love.—The largest boons that Heaven thinks
fit to grant,
To things it has decreed shall crawl on earth,
Are in the gift of woman form'd like you.
Perhaps when time shall be no more,
When the aspiring soul shall take its flight
And drop this ponderous lump of clay behind
it,
It may have appetites we know not of,
And pleasures as refined as its desires—
But till that day of knowledge shall instruct
me,
The utmost blessing that my thought can
reach, [*Taking her in his arms.*
Is folded in my arms, and rooted in my heart.

Aman.—There let it grow forever !

Love.—Well said, Amanda—let it be for-
ever—

Would Heaven grant that—

Aman.— 'T were all the heaven I'd ask.
But we are clad in black mortality,
And the dark curtain of eternal night,
At last must drop between us.

Love.— It must.
That mournful separation we must see,
A bitter pill it is to all ; but doubles its
ungrateful taste,
When lovers are to swallow it.

Aman.—Perhaps that pain may only be my
lot.

The Relapse.

HENRY VAUGHAN.—

VAUGHAN, HENRY, an English poet, born in Brecknockshire, South Wales, in 1621; died there in 1693. He was descended from noble ancestors, was educated at Oxford, studied medicine, and practised in his native town. His poems, which are chiefly religious, have much strength, but are touched by gloomy sectarianism. Many of them resemble those of George Herbert, who was much admired by the serious and devout Vaughan. His publications include: *Poems, with the Tenth Satyre of Juvenal Englished* (1646), *Olor Iscanus*, poems and translations (1647), *Silex Scintillans* (Sparks from the Flint-stone, 1650), *The Mount of Olives*, devotions in prose (1652), *Flores Solitudinis* (1652), and *Thalia Rediviva; The Pastimes and Diversions of a Country Muse* (1678).

PEACE.

My Soul, there is a Countrie
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingéd Sentie
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits, crowned with smiles,
And one born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
And (O my Soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There growes the flowre of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN.—

THE MORNING WATCH.

O Joyes ! Infinite Sweetness ! with what
flowers

And shoots of glory my soul breakes and buds !

All the long houres

Of night and rest,

Through the still shrouds

Of sleep and clouds,

This dew fell on my breat ;

O how it *Blouds*,

And *Spirits* all my Earth ! Hearn ! In what
Rings

And *Hymning Circulations* the quick world

Awakes and sings !

The rising winds,

And falling springs,

Birds, beasts, all things

Adore him in their kinds.

Thus all is hurled

In sacred Hymnes and Order the great *Chime*

And Symphony of nature. Prayer is

The world in tune,

A spirit-voyce,

And vocall joyes,

Whose *Eccho* is heaven's blisse.

O let me climbe

When I lye down. The pious soul by night

Is like a clouded starre, whose beames though
said

To shed their light

Under some cloud,

Yet are above,

And shine and move

Beyond that mistic shrowd.

So in my Bed,

That curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes,
hide

My lamp and life, both shall in thee abide.

Silex Scintillans.

THE VEDAS.—

VEDAS, the sacred books of Brahmanism, of the earliest or Vedic period, supposed by Max Müller to have extended from 1200 to 200 B. C. Excluding the Brâmanas and Sûtras, which are of the nature of commentaries, and are referred to 1000 to 200 B. C., the Vedas or sacred hymns, assumed to date 1200 to 1000 B. C., exist in four collections: the Rig-Veda, Sâma-Veda, Yajur-Veda, and Atharva-Veda—the first, which is the most prized, containing 1,028 hymns and 10,580 verses. Many translations of portions of these have been made in German and English, e. g., accompanying Muir's *Original Sanskrit Texts* (5 vols. 1863–70). Max Müller has published 6 vols. of text and translation of *Rig-Veda-Sanhita*, beginning 1869—*Sanhita* meaning text; and gives an account of the sacred writings in his *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature* (1859). The word Veda means “knowledge.” Müller speaks, of the Vedas as the oldest of human writings.

HYMN TO AGNI (THE GOD OF FIRE) AND THE MARUTS (THE STORM-GODS).

1. Thou art called forth to this fair sacrifice for a draught of milk; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

2. No god indeed, no mortal, is beyond the might of thee, the mighty one; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

3. They who know the great sky, the Visve Devas without guile; with those Maruts come hither, O Agni!

4. The wild ones who sing their song, unconquerable by force; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

5. They who are brilliant, of awful shape, powerful, and devourers of foes; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

THE VEDAS.—

6. They who in heaven are enthroned as gods, in the light of the firmament; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

7. They who toss the clouds across the surging sea; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

8. They who shoot with their darts across the sea with might; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

9. I pour out to thee for the early draught the sweet (juice) of Soma; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

HYMN TO THE MARUTS (THE STORM-GODS).

1. Sing forth, O Kanvas, to the sportive host of your Maruts, brilliant on their chariots, and unscathed,—

2. They who were born together, self-luminous, with the spotted deer (the clouds), the spears, the daggers, the glittering ornaments.

3. I hear their whips, almost close by, as they crack them in their hands; they gain splendor on their way.

4. Sing forth your god-given prayer to the exultant host of your Maruts, the furiously vigorous, the powerful.

5. Celebrate the bull among the cows (the storm among the clouds), for it is the sportive host of the Maruts; he grew as he tasted the rain.

6. Who, O ye men, is the oldest among you here, ye shakers of heaven and earth, when you shake them like the hem of a garment?

7. At your approach the son of man holds himself down; the gnarled cloud fled at your fierce anger.

8. They at whose racings the earth, like a hoary king, trembles for fear on their ways.

9. Their birth is strong indeed; there is strength to come forth from their mother, nay, there is vigor twice enough for it.

10. And these sons, the singers, enlarged the fences in their coursings; the cows had to walk knee-deep.

11. They cause this long and broad unceasing rain to fall on their ways.

THE VEDAS.—

12. O Maruts, with such strength as yours, you have caused men to fall, you have caused the mountains to fall.

13. As the Maruts pass along, they talk together on the way ; does any one hear them ?

14. Come fast on your quick steeds ! there are worshippers for you among the Kanvas : may you well rejoice among them.

HYMN TO THE MARUTS AND INDRA.

The Prologue.

The sacrificer speaks :

1. With what splendor are the Maruts all equally endowed, they who are of the same age, and dwell in the same house. With what thoughts ? From whence are they come ? Do these heroes sing forth their (own) strength because they wish for wealth ?

2. Whose prayers have the youths accepted ? Who has turned the Maruts to his own sacrifice ? By what strong devotion may we delight them, they who float through the air like hawks ?

The Dialogue.

The Maruts speak :

3. From whence, O Indra, dost thou come alone, thou who art mighty ? O Lord of men, what has thus happened to thee ? Thou greetest (us), when thou comest together with (us), the bright (Maruts). Tell us then, thou with thy bay horses, what thou hast against us !

Indra speaks :

4. The sacred songs are mine, (mine are) the prayers ; sweet are the libations ! My strength rises, my thunderbolt is hurled forth. They call for me, the prayers yearn for me. Here are my horses, they carry me towards them.

The Maruts speak :

5. Therefore, in company with our strong friends, having adorned our bodies, we now harness our fallow deer with all our might ; — for, Indra, according to thy custom, thou hast been with us.

THE VEDAS.—

Indra speaks :

6. Where, O Maruts, was that custom of yours, that you should join me who am alone in killing Ahi ? I indeed am terrible, strong, powerful,—I escaped from the blows of every enemy.

The Maruts speak :

7. Thou hast achieved much with us as companions. With the same valor, O hero ! let us achieve then many things, O thou most powerful, O Indra ! whatever we, O Maruts, wish with our heart.

Indra speaks :

8. I slew Vritra, O Maruts, with might, having grown strong through my own vigor ; I, who hold the thunderbolt in my arms, I have made these all-brilliant waters to flow freely for man.

The Maruts speak :

9. Nothing, O powerful lord, is strong before thee ; no one is known among the gods like unto thee. No one who is now born will come near, no one who has been born. Do what has to be done, thou who art grown so strong.

Indra speaks :

10. Almighty power be mine alone, whatever I may do, daring in my heart ; for I indeed, O Maruts, am known as terrible : of all that I threw down, I, Indra, am the lord.

Indra speaks :

11. O Maruts, now your praise has pleased me, the glorious hymn which you have made for me, ye men !—for me, for Indra, for the powerful hero, as friends for a friend, for your own sake and by your own efforts.

Indra speaks :

12. Truly, there they are, shining towards me, assuming blameless glory, assuming vigor. O Maruts, wherever I have looked for you, you have appeared to me in bright splendor : appear to me also now !

The Epilogue.

The sacrificer speaks :

13. Who has magnified you here, O Maruts ?

THE VEDAS.—

Come hither, O friends, towards your friends !
Ye brilliant Maruts, cherish these prayers, and
be mindful of these rites.

14. The wisdom of Manya has brought us to
this, that he should help as the poet helps the
performer of a sacrifice : bring (them) hither
quickly ! Maruts, on to the sage ! these pray-
ers the singer has recited for you.

15. This your praise, O Maruts, this your
song comes from Mandarya, the son of Mana,
the poet. Come hither with rain ! May we
find ourselves, offspring, food, and a camp
with running water.—MULLER'S *Rig-Veda-
Samhitā*, Book I., *Hymns to the Maruts*.

PRAYER FROM THE RIG-VEDA.

This new and excellent praise of thee, O
splendid, playful sun, is offered by us to thee.
Be gratified by this my speech. Approach this
craving mind as a fond man seeks a woman.
May that sun who contemplates and looks into
all worlds be our protection. Let us meditate
on the adorable light of the divine ruler ; may
it guide our intellects. Desirous of food, we
solicit the gift of the splendid sun, who should
be studiously worshipped. Venerable men,
guided by understanding, salute the divine sun
with oblations and praise.—*Handbook of
Sanskrit Literature*.

LOPE DE VEGA.—

VEGA CARPIO, LOPE FELIX DE, Spanish poet and dramatist, born in Madrid in 1562; died in 1635. He wrote poetry in his childhood, and before he was twelve years old some dramatic pieces, having become at so early an age a master of his own language and the Latin. The Bishop of Avila was interested in his education; and, at seventeen, he entered the University of Alcalá de Henares, where he distinguished himself. After many vicissitudes and domestic afflictions, and after service as a soldier in the Invincible Armada, he became a Franciscan priest. His fame was so unbounded that a brilliant diamond was called a Lope diamond; a fine day, a Lope day, etc. He is said to have been the most prolific author who ever lived, having written eighteen hundred dramas. Lord Holland gave a list of 497 still extant. Besides these, were long poems, *Arcadia*, *La Hermosura de Angelica*, etc. His miscellaneous writings were published in 21 vols. (Madrid, 1776).

FROM THE "ESTRELLA DE SEVILLA."

Sancho.—I kiss thy feet.

King.— Rise, Sancho! rise and know
I wrong thee much to let thee stoop so low.

Sancho.—My liege, confounded with thy
grace I stand;
Unskilled in speech, no words can I command
To tell the thanks I feel.

King.— Why, what in me
To daunt thy noble spirit canst thou see?

Sancho.—Courage and majesty that strikes
with awe;
My sovereign lord; the fountain of the law;
In fine, God's image, which I come to obey,
Never so honored as I feel to-day.

King.—Much I applaud thy wisdom, much
thy zeal;

LOPE DE VEGA.--

And now, to try thy courage, will reveal
That which you covet so to learn,—the cause
That thus my soldier to the presence draws.
Much it imports the safety of my reign
A man should die,—in secret should be slain ;
This must some friend perform ; search Seville
through,

None can I find so fit to trust as you.

Sancho.—Guilty he needs must be.

King.—

He is.

Sancho.—

Then why,

My sovereign liege, in secret should he die ?
If public law demands the culprit's head,
In public let the culprit's blood be shed.
Shall Justice's sword, which strikes in face of
day,

Stoop to dark deeds,—a man in secret slay ?
The world will think, who kills by means un-
known,

No guilt avenges, but implies his own.
If slight his fault, I dare for mercy pray.

King.—Sancho, attend ;—you came not here
to-day

An advocate to plead a traitor's cause,
But to perform my will, to execute my laws,
To slay a man ;—and why the culprit bleed
Matters not thee, it is thy monarch's deed ;
If base, thy monarch the dishonor bears.
But say,—to draw against my life who dares,
Deserves he death ?

Sancho.— O, yes ! a thousand times.

King.—Then strike without remorse : these
are the wretch's crimes.

Sancho.—So let him die ; for sentence Ortiz
pleads :

Were he my brother, by this arm he bleeds.

King.—Give me thy hand.

Sancho.— With that my heart I pledge.

King.—So, while he heeds not, shall thy ra-
pier's edge

Reach his proud heart.

Sancho.— My liege ! my sovereign lord !
Sancho's my name, I wear a soldier's sword.
Would you with treacherous acts, and deeds of
shame,

LOPE DE VEGA.—

Taint such a calling, tarnish such a name ?
Shall I,—shall I, to shrink from open strife,
Like some base coward, point the assassin's
knife ?

No,—face to face his foe must Ortiz meet,
Or in the crowded mart, or public street,—
Defy and combat him in open light.
Curse the mean wretch who slays, but dares
not fight,
Naught can excuse the vile assassin's blow ;
Happy, compared with him, his murdered foe,—
With him who, living, lives but to proclaim,
To all he meets, his cowardice and shame.

King.—E'en as thou wilt ; but in this paper
read,
Signed by the king, the warrant of the deed.
Act as you may my name shall set you free.

Sancho.—Does, then, my liege so meanly
deem of me ?
I know his power, which can the earth control,
Know his unshaken faith, and steadfast soul.
Shall seals, shall parchments, then, to me afford
A surer warrant than my sovereign's word ?
To guard my actions, as to guide my hand,
I ask no surety but my king's command.
Perish such deeds ! [*Tears the paper.*]
—they
serve but to record
Some doubt, some question of a monarch's
word.

What need of bonds ? By honor bound are we ;
I to avenge thy wrongs, and thou to rescue me.
One price I ask,—the maid I name for bride.

King.—Were she the richest and the best
allied
In Spain, I grant her.

Sancho.— So throughout the world,
May oceans view thy conquering flag unfurled !

King.—Nor shall thy actions pass without a
meed.

This note informs thee, Ortiz, who must bleed,
But, reading, be not startled at a name ;
Great is his prowess ; Seville speaks his fame.

Sancho.—I'll put that prowess to the proof
ere long.

LOPE DE VEGA.—

TO-MORROW.

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O, strange delusion, that I did not greet
Thy blest approach! and, O, to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet!
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
“Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt
see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!”
And, O, how often to that voice of sorrow,
“To-morrow we will open,” I replied!
And when the morrow came, I answered still,
“To-morrow.”

Transl. of LONGFELLOW.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Let the vain courtier waste his days,
Lured by the charm that wealth displays,
The couch of down, the board of costly fare;
Be his to kiss the ungrateful hand
That waves the sceptre of command,
And rear full many a palace in the air:
Whilst I enjoy, all unconfined,
The glowing sun, the genial wind,
And tranquil hours, to rustic toil assigned;
And prize far more, in peace and health,
Contented indigence, than joyless wealth.
Not mine in Fortune's face to bend,
At Grandeur's altar to attend,
Reflect his smile, and tremble at his frown;
Not mine a fond, aspiring thought,
A wish, a sigh, a vision, fraught [crown!
With Fame's bright phantom, Glory's deathless
Nectareous draughts and viands pure
Luxuriant nature will insure;
These the clear fount and fertile field
Still to the wearied shepherd yield;
And when repose and visions reign,
Then we are equals all, the monarch and the
swain.

A. V. VERESTCHAGIN.—

VERESTCHAGIN, ALEXANDER VASILYÉVITCH, Russian author and army officer, born about 1853, at Pèrtovka, in the province of Novgorod. He is a younger brother of the celebrated painter. His education was pursued at a German boarding-school at St. Petersburg, a provincial gymnasium, and a St. Petersburg military academy; and he participated in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, and the Trans-Caspian Tekke expedition of 1880-81. These wars, with his childhood and youth, he describes in *At Home and in War*, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood (1888). The extract here given is especially interesting as it brings into view the artist brother, Vassili V. Verestchagin, who has also published autobiographical sketches, and who, although accompanying the armies as an artist only, was more than once a hero in the strife.

THE FIRST VICTIM OF WAR.

The sun has just risen, not opposite Parapan, but on the left, towards Rustchuk, from behind the steep Turkish shore, and is reflected in the river like a spot of fire. The bluish summits of the mountains, illuminated by the rays of the sun, stand out sharply against the crimson heavens. The Danube is tranquil and superb. In places, fresh aggregations of moisture, like clouds, are slowly separating from the river, as though loath to part from it. The drops of dew upon the bushes on the shore and on the reeds are lighted by the sun's rays into all the colors of the rainbow. Even on the tiny island yonder, almost in the middle of the Danube, the dew sparkles like diamonds. The opposite shore and portions of the river adjoining it, which are not yet illuminated, appear as one solid, dark expanse. All is calm and quiet, and no movement is visible anywhere. . .

I return home, making up my mind, on the way, that either Skrydloff has postponed the attack, or that, if he has attempted to make the attack, he has been unsuccessful, since, in the contrary circumstances, the explosion would have been heard.

About mid-day, I am walking with some comrades along the shore, when we behold a row-boat approaching. Every one on the bank, at once hastens to learn the meaning of this. The boat comes nearer and nearer, and we can distinguish one of our naval officers, standing erect in the centre of it. Cossacks of the Ural, in their tall, shaggy caps, are seated at the oars. Their comrades, who have escorted Skobelev, Sr., from Maly-Dizhos to Parapan, press to the shore, and await with impatience the arrival of the boat.

"Was all successful?" rings a shout from the shore.

"Gorshkoff is killed," comes back the faint reply.

The crowd grows silent for a moment. This is *the first man killed*, and they will see him in a moment more. Complete silence ensues. Only the rattle of the oars and the splashing of the water are audible. The boat makes the shore. The spectators hasten there to look. I stand behind on a hillock, where I can see well. Slowly his comrades lift the body of their fellow-soldier.

"He was a fine fellow," says some one in the throng. As soon as the drooping head of the dead man became visible, bound with a blood-stained white handkerchief, it seemed exactly as though something had stung me; for a moment I realized the frightful reverse side of war. I beheld a healthy, powerful man struck down by a bullet, his pale face framed in a black beard, his strong hands hanging. I beheld standing around him his comrades as strong and healthy as he had been; I glanced at their gloomy, swarthy faces; I heard the sighs, the remarks of the crowd which had

assembled;—in a word, I beheld those details of war which it is difficult to reproduce with the pen.

Those present involuntarily bared their heads. On all faces, a heavy, oppressive feeling was manifest. The Ural Cossacks laid their comrade on their shoulders, and bore him to the tiny, yellowish church, which stood near by, on the very shore.

Wonderful fact! I afterwards took part in several great battles; I saw hundreds of the slain, but this *first man killed*, whom I had beheld in the midst of peaceful surroundings, without cannon shots and volleys of musketry, produced upon me a crushing impression. In an instant, all those joyous dreams and the charms which I had fancied that I should perceive in war took their flight, and before my eyes there flitted long the head of Gorshkoff, bound up in that white handkerchief, and with its pallid, deathly face.—*At Home and in War.* Transl. of ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

WOUNDED.

That same day, towards evening, Lewis hastily came to me, and said abruptly, as was his wont, "Go upstairs; they have brought your brother here; he is wounded. But don't be alarmed, there is no danger. Skrydloff is there too," he added as though to comfort me.

Hardly knowing what I did, I flew up to him and found, in a small chamber, two beds placed; one empty, as my brother had jumped out of it, and was standing, clad only in his blood-stained shirt, in front of Skrydloff, eagerly explaining something to him. Skrydloff was lying stretched out motionless, and requesting my brother, in a calm voice, to lie down and not to get excited.

Skrydloff was wounded severely, even dangerously, by a musket ball in both legs.

"Just imagine," says my brother, turning to me with unusual animation, "when we began to approach the steamer, they began to

A. V. VERESTCHAGIN.—

shower bullets on us ; in spite of this, we drew still nearer, and all that remained to do was to come in collision ; the boom with the torpedo was ready. Skrydloff shouts : ‘Go ahead !’ I hear, ‘Yes sir !’ but they couldn’t. Our guides from the batteries had been killed by the bullets. At that time they wounded me, Skrydloff, and several sailors besides.”

“Where are you wounded ?” I inquired.

“Here, on the right thigh. At first I did not notice it, only I felt something warm ; I touched it—it was a hole and my finger went in ; I tried two, and two went in. I looked at my finger, and there was blood on it. But as we did not succeed in blowing them up, we retreated. Then their courage revived on the steamer, and they rattled down on us with everything that came to hand ; cannons, rifles, pistols. They pierced the boat with shells. We baled out the water with our caps, with our hands.”

“How did you save yourselves ?”

“It was wonderful, wonderful !” he went on. “Now, judge for yourself ; they saw this bit of a thing bearing down upon them, under full steam. At first the Turks could not understand the meaning of it ; but when they did make out that it was a torpedo boat, they were seized with terror ; the captain and crew leaped on the rail in order to throw themselves into the water. And such a misfortune ; all of a sudden !”—Thus my brother related it, with feverish animation, and grieved sincerely. Although he looked cheerful, his too highly colored face showed that something was wrong with him. His wound had been dressed.

“Is your wound from side to side ?” I asked.

“How could it be otherwise, brother ! Some villain fired his pistol at me, almost point-blank. No, Nikolai Ilarionovitch, judge for yourself, just imagine. . . .” and my brother turns again to Skrydloff.

“Calm down, Vasily Vasilitch ; go to bed,

you can't change things now," Skrydloff entreats him, and then, all of a sudden, he springs up in bed himself, and exclaims: "And what if they were suddenly to shell out the order of Vladimir for me! hey! That would be fine!"

"It can't be," shouts Vasily; "the George, most assuredly the George! You did your work! How are you to blame if the crew were killed?"

At that moment the doctor enters, advises them both to be quiet, and to go to sleep, and requests me to go away.

A few days later they were both taken to Bukharst.—*At Home and in War. Transl. of* ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

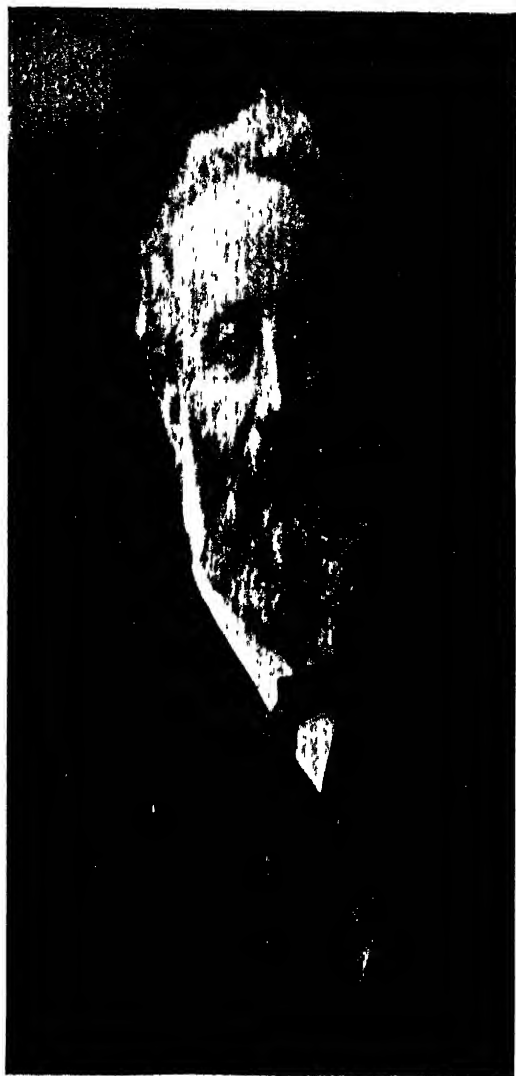
JULES VERNE.—

VERNE, JULES, a French author, born at Nantes, Feb. 8, 1828. He was educated in his native town, studied law in Paris, where he devoted much attention to dramatic literature. His comedy *Les Pailles Rompues* was performed at the Gymnase in 1850, and *Onze Tours de Liège* followed. His fame rests upon his scientific romances, which have a touch of extravagance in their treatment.

His works, which are extremely popular, have been translated into English. Their titles are : *Five Weeks in a Balloon* (1870), *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1872), *20,000 Leagues under the Sea* (1873), *Meridiana : the Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa* (1873), *From the Earth to the Moon direct in Ninety-seven Hours, Twenty Minutes ; and a Trip round It* (1873), *The Fur Country : or Seventy Degrees North Latitude* (1874), *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1874), *A Floating City and The Blockade Runners* (1874), *The English at the North Pole* (1874), *Dr. Ox's Experiment* (1874), *Adventures of Captain Hatteras* (1875), *The Mysterious Island* (1875), *The Survivors of the "Chancellor"* (1875), *Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar* (1876), *The Child of the Cavern* (1877), *Hector Servadac, or the Career of a Comet* (1877), *Dick Sands, the Boy Captain* (1878), *Le Rayon Vert* (1882), *Kéraban-le-têta* (1883), *L'Etoile du Sud* (1884), *Le Pays de Diamants* (1884), *Le Chemin de France* (1887), *Deux Ans de Vacances* (1888), *Famille Sans Nom* (1889), *César Cascabel* (1890), *Mathias Sautlorf* (1890), *Nord contre Sud* (1890), *The Purchase of the North Pole* (1890), *Claudius Bombamac* (1892), *Château des Carpathes* (1892).

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

And now, how can I retrace the impression left by me upon that walk under the waters ? Words are impotent to relate such wonders !



JULES VERNE.

JULES VERNE.—

Captain Nemo walked in front, his companions followed some steps behind. Conseil and I remained near each other, as if an exchange of words had been possible through our metallic cases. I no longer felt the weight of my clothing, or my shoes, of my reservoir of air, or of my thick helmet, in the midst of which my head rattled like an almond in its shell.

The light, which lit the soil thirty feet below the surface of the ocean, astonished me by its power. The solar rays shone through the watery mass easily and dissipated all color, and I clearly distinguished objects at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards. Beyond that the tints darkened into fine gradations of ultramarine, and faded into vague obscurity. Truly this water which surrounded me was but another air denser than the terrestrial atmosphere but almost as transparent. Above me was the calm surface of the sea. We were walking on fine, even sand, not wrinkled, as on a flat shore, which retains the impression of the billows. This dazzling carpet, really a reflector, repelled the rays of the sun with wonderful intensity, which accounted for the vibration which penetrated every atom of liquid. Shall I be believed when I say that, at the depth of thirty feet, I could see as if I was in broad daylight?

For a quarter of an hour I trod on this sand sown with the impalpable dust of shells. The hull of the Nautilus, resembling a long shoal, disappeared by degrees; but its lantern, when darkness should overtake us in the waters, would help to guide us on board by its distinct rays. Soon forms of objects outlined in the distance were discernible. I recognized magnificent rocks, hung with a tapestry of zoophytes of the most beautiful kind, and I was at first struck by the peculiar effect of this medium.

It was then ten in the morning, the rays of the sun struck the surface of the waves at rather an oblique angle, and at the touch of their light, decomposed by refraction as through

a prism, flowers, rocks, plants, shells, and polypi were shaded at the edges by the seven solar colors. It was marvelous, a feast for the eyes, this complication of colored tints, a perfect kaleidoscope of green, yellow, orange, violet, indigo, and blue; in one word, the whole palette of an enthusiastic colorist! Why could I not communicate to Conseil the lively sensations which were mounting to my brain, and rival him in expressions of admiration? For aught I knew, Captain Nemo and his companion might be able to exchange thoughts by means of signs previously agreed upon. So for want of better, I talked to myself; I declaimed in the copper box which covered my head, thereby expending more air in vain words than was, perhaps, expedient.

Various kinds of isis, clusters of pure tuft-coral, prickly fungi, and anemones, formed a brilliant garden of flowers, enameled with porplutæ, decked with their collarettes of blue tentacles, sea-stars studding the sandy bottom, together with asterophyton like fine lace embroidered by the hands of naiads; whose festoons were waved by the gentle undulations caused by our walk. It was a real grief to me to crush under my feet the brilliant specimens of molluscs which strewed the ground by thousands, of hammerheads, donacim (veritable bounding shells), of staircases, and red helmet-shells, angel-wings, and many others produced by this inexhaustible ocean. But we were bound to walk, so we went on, whilst above our heads waved shoals of physalides, leaving their tentacles to float in their train, medusæ whose umbrellas of opal or rose-pink, scalloped with a band of blue, sheltered us from the rays of the sun and fiery pelagiæ which, in the darkness, would have strewn our path with phosphorescent light.

All these wonders I saw in the space of a quarter of a mile, scarcely stopping, and following Captain Nemo, who beckoned me on by signs. Soon the nature of the soil changed;

to the sandy plain succeeded an extent of slimy mud, which the Americans call "ooze," composed of equal parts of silicious and calcareous shells. We then travelled over a plain of seaweed of wild and luxuriant vegetation. This sward was of close texture, and soft to the feet, and rivalled the softest carpet woven by the hand of man. But whilst verdure was spread at our feet, it did not abandon our heads. A light network of marine plants, of that inexhaustible family of sea-weeds of which more than two thousand kinds are known, grew on the surface of the water. I saw long ribbons of fucus floating, some globular, others tuberous laurenciæ and cladostephi of most delicate foliage, and some rhodomeniæ palmatæ, resembling the fan of a cactus. I noticed that the green plants kept nearer the top of the sea whilst the red were at a greater depth, leaving to the black or brown hydrophytes the care of forming gardens and parterres in the remote beds of the ocean.

We had quitted the Nautilus about an hour and a half. It was near noon; I knew by the perpendicularity of the sun's rays, which were no longer refracted. The magical colors disappeared by degrees, and the shades of emerald and sapphire were effaced. We walked with a regular step, which rang upon the ground with astonishing intensity; the slightest noise was transmitted with a quickness to which the ear is unaccustomed on the earth; indeed, water is a better conductor of sound than air, in the ratio of four to one. At this period the earth sloped downward; the light took a uniform tint. We were at a depth of a hundred and five yards and twenty inches, undergoing a pressure of six atmospheres.

At this depth I could still see the rays of the sun, though feebly; to their intense brilliancy had succeeded a reddish twilight, the lowest state between day and night; and we could still see well enough.—20,000 *Leagues under the Sea*.

GULIAN CROMMELIN VERPLANCK.—

VERPLANCK, GULIAN CROMMELIN, an American scholar, born at New York in 1786; died at Fishkill Landing, on the Hudson, in 1870. He graduated at Columbia College in 1801, studied law, and after being admitted to the bar went to Europe, where he resided several years. Upon his return he entered political life, and was elected to the State Legislature. In 1822 he was appointed Professor of the Evidences of Christianity in the Episcopal Theological Seminary, New York; in 1824 he published a volume of *Essays on the Nature and Uses of the Various Evidences of Revealed Religion*, and the next year a legal work on *The Doctrine of Contracts*. In 1825 he was elected a member of Congress, retaining his seat for eight years, and especially distinguished himself by procuring the passage of a Bill increasing the term of copyright from twenty-eight to forty-two years. In 1827, in conjunction with William Cullen Bryant and Robert C. Sands he put forth *The Talisman*, an illustrated miscellany. From time to time he delivered discourses, of which a collection was published in 1833, under the title, *Discourses and Addresses on Subjects of American History, Arts, and Literature*. Later lectures are: *The Right Moral Influence of Liberal Studies* (1833), *The Influence of Moral Causes upon Opinion, Science, and Literature* (1834), *The American Scholar* (1836). In 1847 he completed an illustrated edition of *Shakespeare's Plays*, for which he furnished Prefaces and Notes.

JOHN JAY.

The name of John Jay is gloriously associated with that of Alexander Hamilton in the history of our liberties and our laws. John

GULIAN CROMMELIN VERPLANCK.—

Jay had completed his academic education in Columbia College several years before the commencement of the Revolution. The beginning of the contest between Great Britain and the Colonies found him already established in legal reputation; and, young as he still was, singularly well fitted for his country's most arduous services by a rare union of the dignity and gravity of mature age with youthful energy and zeal. At the age of thirty he drafted, and in effect himself framed the first Constitution of the State of New York, under which we lived for forty-five years, which still forms the basis of our present State Government, and from which other States have since borrowed many of its most remarkable and original provisions. At that age, as soon as New York threw off her colonial character, he was appointed the first Chief Justice of the State.

Then followed a long, rapid, and splendid succession of high trusts and weighty duties, the results of which are recorded in the most interesting pages of our national history. It was the moral courage of Jay, at the head of the Supreme Court of his own State, that gave confidence and union to the people of New York. It was from his richly-stored mind that proceeded, while representing this State in the Congress of the United States (over whose deliberations he for a time presided), many of those celebrated state papers whose grave eloquence commanded the admiration of Europe, and drew forth the eulogy of the master orators and statesmen of the time—of Chatham and Burke; whilst by the evidence which they gave to the wisdom and talent that guided the councils of America, they contributed to her reputation and ultimate triumph as much as the most signal victories of her arms. As our Minister at Madrid and Paris his capacity penetrated, and his calm firmness defeated, the intricate wiles of the diplomatists and cabinets of Europe until, in illustrious association with

GULIAN CROMMELIN VERPLANCK.—

Franklin and John Adams, he settled and signed the definitive treaty of peace, recognizing and confirming our national independence.

On his return home a not less illustrious association awaited him, in a not less illustrious cause—the establishment and defense of the present National Constitution, with Hamilton and Madison. The last Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the old Confederation, he was selected by Washington as the first Chief Justice of the United States under the new Constitution. His able negotiation and commercial treaty with Great Britain, and his six years' administration as Governor of this State, completed his public life.

After a long and uninterrupted series of the highest civil employments, in the most difficult times, he suddenly retired from their toils and dignities, in the full vigor of mind and body, at a time when the highest honors of the nation still courted his acceptance, and at an age when, in most statesmen, the objects of ambition show as gorgeously, and its apparitions are as stirring as ever. He looked upon himself as having fully discharged his debt of service to his country; and satisfied with the ample share of public honor which he had received, he retired with cheerful content, without ever once casting a reluctant eye towards the power or dignities he had left. For the last thirty years of his remaining life he was known to us only by the occasional appearance of his name, or the employment of his pen, in the service of piety or philanthropy. A halo of veneration seemed to encircle him, as one belonging to another world, though yet lingering amongst us. When during the last year, the tidings of his death came to us, they were received through the nation, not with sorrow or mourning, but with solemn awe, like that with which we read the mysterious passage of ancient Scripture—"And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him."—*Address at Columbia College, 1830.*

JONES VERY.

VERY, JONES, an American poet and essayist, was born in Salem, Mass., in 1813, and died there in 1880. His father, of the same name, was a sea-captain. Entering Harvard at the end of the sophomore year, he was graduated in 1836, and was a tutor in Greek, 1836-38, while studying divinity. In 1838, he retired to Salem. By many of his eminent contemporaries, such as Emerson, Bryant, Channing, and Dana, he was regarded as a rare phenomenon of originality and spirituality; and the recorded fragments of his conversations suggest a more unique individuality than his poems, which, however are full of delicate grace and a most exalted soul-experience, comparable to that of Madame Guion, Catharine Adorna, or Edward Payson. He believed that his poems were written by a kind of Divine inspiration. The first edition was prepared by Emerson, *Essays and Poems*, 1839. Wm. P. Andrews edited the poems, with a memoir, 1883; and a complete edition with biography was published by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke in 1886.

TO HIM THAT HATH SHALL BE GIVEN.

Why readeſt thou? thou canſt not gain the
life
The ſpirit leads, but by the ſpirit's toil;
The labor of the body is not ſtrife
Such as will give to thee the wine and oil;
To him who hath, to him my verſe ſhall give,
And he the more from all he does ſhall gain;
The ſpirit's life he too ſhall learn to live,
And ſhare on earth in hope the ſpirit's pain;
Be taught of God; none elſe can teach thee
aught;
He will thy ſteps forever lead aright;
The life is all that He his ſons has taught;
Obey within, and thou ſhalt ſee its light,

JONES VERY.—

And gather from its beams a brighter ray,
To cheer thee on along thy doubtful way.

IN HIM WE LIVE.

Father! I bless thy name that I do live,
And in each motion am made rich with Thee,
That when a glance is all that I can give,
It is a kingdom's wealth, if I but see;
This stately body cannot move, save I
Will to its nobleness my little bring;
My voice its measured cadence will not try,
Save I with every note consent to sing;
I cannot raise my hands to hurt or bless,
But I with every action must conspire
To show me there how little I possess,
And yet that little more than I desire;
May each new act my new allegiance prove,
Till in thy perfect love I ever live and move.

THE CLAY.

Thou shalt do what Thou wilt with thine own
hand,
Thou form'st the spirit like the moulded clay;
For those who love Thee keep thy just command,
And in thine image grow as they obey;
New tints and forms with every hour they take
Whose life is fashioned by thy Spirit's power;
The crimson dawn is round them when they
wake,
And golden triumphs wait the evening hour;
The queenly-sceptred night their souls receives,
And spreads their pillows 'neath her sable tent;
Above them sleep their palm with poppy weaves,
Sweet rest Thou hast to all who labor lent;
That they may rise refreshed to light again
And with Thee gather in the whitening grain.

THE PRESENCE.

I sit within my room, and joy to find
That Thou, who always lov'st, art with me
here;
That I am never left by Thee behind,
But by thyself Thou keep'st me ever near.
The fire burns brighter when with Thee I look,
And seems a kinder servant sent to me;

JONES VERY.—

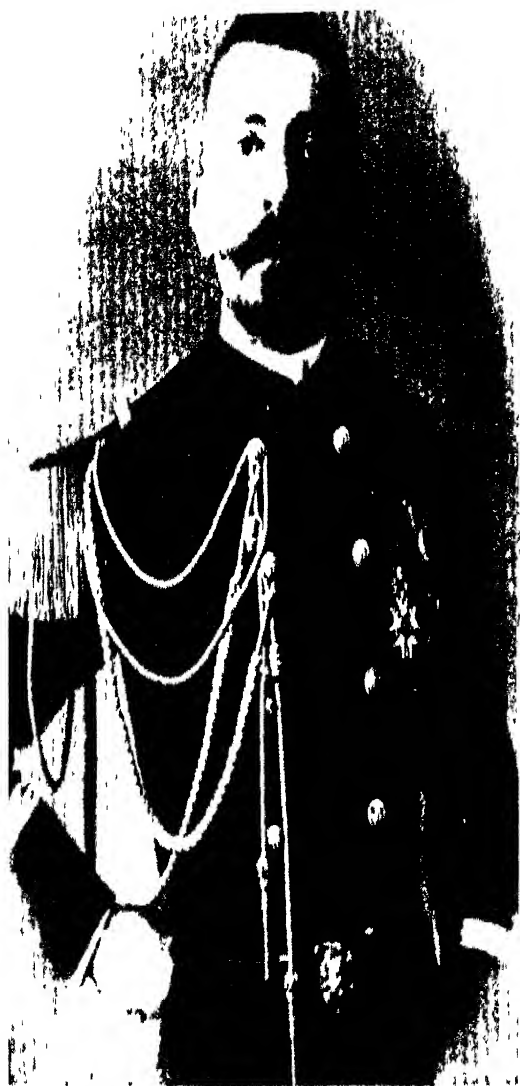
With gladder heart I read thy holy book,
Because 'Thou art the eyes with which I see ;
This aged chair, that table, watch, and door
Around in ready service ever wait ;
Nor can I ask of Thee a menial, more
To fill the measure of my large estate,
For 'Thou thyself, with all a Father's care.
Where'er I turn, art over with me there.

THE SABBATIA.

The sweet-briar rose has not a form more fair
Nor are its hues more beauteous than thine
 own,
Sabbatia, flower most beautiful and rare !
In lonely spots blooming unseen, unknown.
So spiritual thy look, thy stem so light,
'Thou seemest not from the dark earth to grow ;
But to belong to heavenly regions bright,
Where night comes not, nor blasts of winter
 blow.
To me thou art a pure, ideal flower,
So delicate that mortal touch might mar ;
Not born, like other flowers, of sun and shower,
But wandering from thy native home afar
'To lead our thoughts to some serener clime,
Beyond the shadows and the storms of time.

LOUIS MARIE JULIEN VIAUD.—

VIAUD, LOUIS MARIE JULIEN, a French romancer; pen-name *Pierre Loti* (retained by him from early nickname, given him for his modesty, referring to a flower of Polynesia that hides itself): born at Rochefort in 1850, of an old Protestant family. He was educated at home and in the naval school at Brest, 1867; became midshipman in 1873, and lieutenant in 1881; and made many voyages in Oceania and to Japan, Senegal, etc. Participating in the French war against Anam (south of China) 1883, his truth-telling letters to *Figaro* led to his suspension from active service; he painted "too black" the conduct of the French soldiers in taking the forts of Hué. He is a wonderful painter in words, making a picture with every brief stroke; and the translator of some of his works, Clara Bell, has admirably rendered the delicacy of his touch, color, and sentiment. *From Lands of Exile* (1887) seems to be a transcript of fact and scene in the Tonking cruise, the extract here given being perhaps largely imaginative. His other works are: *Aziyadé* (1879), *Rarahu, a Polynesian Idyl* (1880), reprinted under the title of *Marriage of Loti*, *The Romance of a Spahi* (Algerian Soldier), (1881), *Flowers of Ennui*, *Pasquale Ivanovitch*, *Suleima* (1882), *My Brother Yves* (1883), *The Three Women of Kasbah* (1884), *Iceland Fisherman*, *Madame Chrysanthemum* (1887), *Japoneries of Autumn* (1889), *Au Maroc* (1890), *Le Roman d'un Enfant*, an autobiography (1890), *Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort* (1891), *Fantôme d'Orient*, a sequel to *Aziyadé* (1892), *Matelot* (1893). Of the above works, *From Lands of Exile*, *Rarahu*, *Iceland Fisherman*, and *Madame Chrysanthemum*, have been published in English.



PICKEE LAYTL.

LOUIS MARIE JULIEN VIAUD.—

THE MARBLE MOUNTAIN OF ANAM.

The caverns are peopled with idols; the entrails of the rocks are haunted; spells are sleeping in these deep recesses. Every incarnation of Buddha is here—and other, older images, of which the Bonzes no longer know the meaning. The gods are of the size of life; some standing up resplendent with gold, their eyes staring and fierce; others crouched and asleep, with half-closed eyes and a sempiternal smile. Some dwell alone, unexpected and startling apparitions in dark corners; others—numerous company—sit in a circle under a marble canopy in the green, dim light of a cavern; their attitudes and faces, make one's flesh creep; they seem to be holding council. And each one has a red silk cowl over his head—in some pulled low over the eyes to hide their faces, all but the smile: one has to lift it to see them.

The gilding and Chinese gaudiness of their costumes have preserved a sort of vividness that is still gorgeous; nevertheless they are very old; their silken hoods are all worm-eaten; they are a sort of wonderfully preserved mummies. The walls of the temple are of the primeval marble rock, hung with stalactites, and worn and grooved in every direction by the trickling water oozing from the hill above.

And lower down, quite at the bottom, in the nethermost caverns, dwell other gods who have lost every trace of color, whose names are forgotten, who have stalactites in their beards and masks of saltpetre. These are as old—as old as the world; they were living gods when our western lands were still frozen, virgin forests, the home of the cave-bear and the giant elk. The inscriptions that surrounded them are not Chinese, they were traced by primeval man before any known era; these bas-reliefs seem earlier than the dark ages of Angkor. They are antediluvian gods, surrounded by inscrutable things. The Bonzes still venerate them, and their cavern smells of incense.

LOUIS MARIE JULIEN VIAUD.—

The great and solemn mystery of this mountain lies in its having been sacred to the gods and full of worships ever since thinking beings have peopled the earth.—Who were they who made those idols of the lowest caverns? . . . We came up from the subterranean regions, and when we reached the great gate once more I say to Lee-Loo; “Your great pagoda is very fine.”

Lee-Loo smiles; “The great pagoda!—you have not seen it.”

And then he turns to the left, up the ascending flight of steps. Marble steps, as before, carpeted with the pink periwinkle, overhung by lilies, drooping palms, and luxuriant rare ferns, the rocks close in on it more and more; the pink creepers grow paler and the plants more slender in the cooler shade. Tawny oranges are perched on every point of the spires that tower above us, watching with excited curiosity and moving like old men.

Another gateway in a new style rises before us, and we stop to look. It is not like the one we have left below; it is differently strange. This one is very simple, and it is impossible to explain what there is of unknown and unseen in this very simplicity; it is the quintessence of finality. That gateway strikes us at once as the gateway to *Beyond*; and that *Beyond* is *Nirvana*, the peace of the eternal void. There is a decoration of vague scroll work, shapes that twine and cling in mystical embrace without beginning or end—a painless, joyless eternity, the eternity of the Buddhist,—simply annihilation and rest in extinction.

We pass this gateway, and the walls, closing in by degrees, at last meet over our heads. The oranges have all vanished together, hurrying away as if they knew where we are going now and intend to go there, too, by a way known to them alone, and to be there before us. Our steps ring on the marble blocks with sonorous echo peculiar to underground passages. We make our way under a low vault which pene-

LOUIS MARIE JULIEN VIAUD.—

trates the heart of the mountain in the blackness of darkness.

Total night,—and then a strange light dawns before us which is not daylight: a green glimmer, as green as green fire.

“The pagoda!” says Lee-Loo.

A doorway of irregular shape, all fringed with stalactites, stands open before us, rising to about half the height of the great sanctuary within. It is the very heart of the mountain, a deep and lofty cavern with green marble walls. The distance is drowned, as it were, in a transparent twilight looking like sea-water; and from above, through a shaft down which the great monkeys are peeping at us, comes a dazzling beam of light of indescribable tint: it is as if we were walking into a huge emerald pierced by a moonbeam. And the shrines, the gods, the monsters in this subterranean haze, this mysterious and resplendent green halo of glory, have a vivid and supernatural splendor of hue.

Slowly we go down the steps of a stair guarded by four horrible idols riding on nightmare creatures. Just facing us stand two little temples, all striped with sky blue and pink; their base is lost in shadow and they look like the enchanted dwellings of earth gnomes. In a fissure in the rock a colossal god wearing a gold mitre squats smiling. And high above the shrines and images, the marble vault shuts it all in, like a stupendous and crushing curtain in a thousand green folds.

The guardian gods of the stairs glare at us with a leer in their great perfidious, greedy eyes, grinning from ear to ear with bogie laughter. They look as if they were shrinking closer to the wall to make way for us, holding in their steeds which set their teeth like tigers. And far up, perched on the great dome round the opening through which the green rays fall, the oranges are sitting, their legs and tails hanging over among the garlands of creepers, watching to see if we shall venture in.

Down we go--doubtfully, with involuntary slowness, under the influence of an unfamiliar and indescribable religious awe. As we reach the lowest step, there is a subterranean chill; we speak and rouse hollow echoes that transform our voices.

The floor of the cave is of very fine sand covered with the dung of bats, filling the air with a strange musky smell; it is dented all over with the print left by monkeys, like that of little hands. Here and there stand ancient marble vases, and altars for Buddhist rites.

Then there are numbers of what look like very long, very enormous, brown snakes hanging from the top of the vault down to the floor—or they may be cables, huge cables shining like bronze, stretched from top to bottom of this nave.—They are roots of creepers, thousands of years old perhaps, larger than any known growth. The oranges, growing bolder, seem to be about to descend by these to inspect us more closely, for they are the familiars of the sanctuary.

Presently we see a group of four Bonzes in violet robes who have followed us and are now standing on the top steps of the gap by which we came. They pause at the entrance of the underground passage in the sea-green twilight looking tiny among the gods and monsters. And then, coming towards us, they slowly descend—down, down, into the greener radiance.

It was like a scene of another world, a ritual of admission of departed spirits into the Buddhist heaven.—*From Lands of Exile. Transl. of CLARA BELL.*

ALFRED VICTOR VIGNY.—

VIGNY, ALFRED VICTOR, COMTE DE, a French novelist and poet, was born at Loches, Touraine, March 27, 1799; entered the army in 1815; became a captain in 1823; resigned in 1828; was made a member of the *Académie Française* in 1845; and died at Paris September 17, 1863. At the age of sixteen he composed the essays *La Dryade* and *Syméta*; and at twenty-three his *Poèmes Antiques et Modernes* and *Le Trappiste* were published. *Elva* (1824) is the history of a fallen seraph. *Le Déluge* and *Dolorida* were published in 1825; and in 1826 appeared his great historical novel *Cinq-Mars. Stello, ou les Diables Bleus* (1832) defines the poet's position in society; and *Servitude et Grandeur Militaires* (1835) that of the soldier. He translated several of Shakespeare's plays, and wrote *La Maréchale d'Ancres* and other historical dramas; the best being *Chatterton* (1835), based on the sad life of the unhappy young poet. He left a number of unpublished works at his death; *Poèmes Philosophiques* (1843) being among the last which appeared during his lifetime. He spent his later years in retirement; "Listening to himself," as Lamartine said of him, "and planning those works of his, full of originality and research, which cannot be classified, because they reveal a soul solitary, like his talent." The following translation is taken from Van Laun's work on French letters:

THE HORN.

I love, through the deep woods at close of
day,
To hear the horn sounding the stag at bay,
19—27

ALFRED VICTOR VIGNY.—

Or hunter's farewell note, which echo
wakes,
And the north wind through all the forest
takes.

How oft have I a midnight vigil kept
And smiled to hear it,—yet, more often
wept !
It seemed the sound prophetic, which, of
old,
The coming death of paladins foretold.

The horses halt upon the mountain brow,
Foam-whitened ; 'neath their feet is Ron-
cevaux,
By day's last dying flame scarce colored
o'er ;
The far horizon shows the flying Moor.

“Seest thou nought, Turpin, in the torrent-
bed ?”

“I see two knights ; one dying and one
dead,
Both crushed 'neath a black rock's vast
fragment lie ;
The strongest holds a horn of ivory :

His soul's last breath twice called us to his
aid !”

“God ! how the horn wails through the for-
est glade.”

FRANÇOIS VILLON.—

VILLON, FRANÇOIS, a French poet, born at Paris in 1431 ; date of death uncertain. He has been called the first poet of France—first as one who disregarded the artificial verse that reigned, and, from the depths of his personal experiences and humane sympathies, spoke out with a simple earnestness none the less true because interspersed with a cheerful though sometimes desperately ironical humor. His life was that of a poor profligate, at times criminal, vagabond. For the little that is really known of it, see introduction to *The Poems of Master Francis Villon* “now first done into English verse, in the original forms,” by John Payne (London, 1878 and 1881) ; also essay in *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*, by Robert Louis Stevenson (1887), who, however, fails to appreciate the serious undercurrent in Villon’s poetry. Villon, of poor family, was supported by a relative in the University of Paris, becoming Master of Arts in 1452. He was repeatedly imprisoned for robbery and the like, and once sentenced to the gibbet. His principal poems are the *Lesser* (1456) and the *Greater Testament* (1461), in which he discourses of life and incident, and makes humorous bequests, interspersed with ballads like the following. Some verbal changes are made in Payne’s translation, e. g., retaining the French *heaulmière*, which, referring to some kind of bonnet or cap of the time, is confusing when literally translated helm-maker, and makes a bad accent in the second line of the poem. Mr. Payne’s old-fashioned title-page and quaint translations are in happy keeping with the ancient reliques. The best French edition complete is by M. Jannet

FRANÇOIS VILLON.—

(1867), but contains verses in jargon and the *Reptes Franches*, which are not believed to be the work of Villon. An epitaph on himself gives his name as Corbier, and Villon as soubriquet; it is said to have been derived from his benefactor Guillaume de Villon. His poems were appreciated in his time, even by the nobility.

BALLAD OF OLD-TIME LADIES.

Tell me where, in what land of shade,
Hides fair Flora of Rome, and where
Are Thais and Archipiade,
Cousins german in beauty rare ?
And Echo, more than mortal fair,
That, when one calls by river-flow
Or marish, answers out of air ?
But what has become of last year's snow ?

Where did the leurn'd Heloise vade,
For whose sake Abelard did not spare
(Such dole for love on him was laid)
Manhood to lose and a cowl to wear ?
And where is the queen who willed whilero
That Buridan, tied in a sack, should go
Floating down Seine from the turret-stair ?
But what has become of last year's snow ?

Blanche, too, the lily-white queen, that made
Sweet music as if she a siren were ;
Broad-foot Bertha ; and Joan the maid,
The good Lorrainer, the English bare
Captive to Rouen, and burned her there ;
Beatrice, Ermenburge, Alys,—to I
Where are they, virgin debonnaire ?
But what has become of last year's snow ?

Envoi.

Prince, you may question how they fare
This week, or hiefor this year, I trow :
Still shall this burden the answer bear,
But what has become of last year's snow ?

FRANÇOIS VILLON.—

BALLAD OF THE OLD-TIME LORDS.

Where is Calixtus, third of the name,
That died in the purple whiles ago,
Four years since he to the tiar came ?
And the King of Aragon, Alfonso ?
The duke of Bourbon, sweet of show,
And the Duke Arthur of Brittainé ?
And Charles the Seventh, the Good. Heigh-
ho !

But where is the doughty Charlemaine ?

Likewise the King of Scots, whose shame
Was the half of his face (or folk say so),
Vermeil as amethyst held to the flame,
From chin to forehead all of a glow ?
The King of Cyprus, of friend and foe
Renowned ; and the gentle King of Spain,
Whose name, alas, I do not know ?

But where is the doughty Charlemaine ?

Of many more might I ask the same,
That are but dust that the breezes blow ;
But I desist, for none may claim
To stand against Death, that lays all low.
Yet one more question before I go :
Where is Lancelot, King of Behaine ?
And where are his valiant ancestors now ?
But where is the doughty Charlemaine ?

Envoi.

Where is Du Guesclin, the Breton prow ?
Where is the Dauphin of Auvergne lain ?
Where is Alencon's good duke ? Lo !
But where is the doughty Charlemaine ?

REGRETS OF THE BEAUTIFUL HÉAULMIÈRE.

Methought I heard the fair complain—
The fair that erst was heaulmière—
And wish herself a girl again.
“After this fashion did I hear,
Alack ! old age, felon and drear,
Why hast so early laid me low ?
What hinders but I slay me here,
And so at one stroke end my woe ? . . .

FRANÇOIS VILLON.—

“ I did to many me deny
 (Therein I showed but little guile)
For love of one right false and sly,
 Whom without stint I loved erewhile.
On whomsoever I might smile,
I loved *him* well, sorry or glad:
 But he to me was harsh and vilo,
And loved me but for what I had.

“ Ill as he used me, and how'er
 Unkind, I loved him none the less:
Even had he made me fagots bear
 And bind, one kiss and one caress,
And I forgot his wickedness.
The rogue! 'twas ever thus the same
 With him. It brought me scant liessoz:
And what is left me? Sin and shame.

“ Now is he dead this thirty year,
 And I'm grown old and worn and gray:
When I recall the days that were
 And think of what I am to-day,
And when disrobed myself survey
And see my body shrunk to nought,
 Withered and shrivelled, well-a-way!
For grief I am well-nigh distraught.

“ Where is that clear and crystal brow?
 Those eyebrows arched and golden hair?
And those clear eyes, where are they now,
 Wherewith the wisest ravished were?
The little nose so straight and fair;
The tiny tender perfect ear;
 Where is the dimpled chin, and where
The pouting lips so red and clear.” . . .

And so the litany goes round
 Lamenting the good time gone by,
Amongst us crouched upon the ground,
 Poor silly hags, all huddled by
A scanty fire of hompstalks dry,
Easy to light and soon gone out;
 (We that once huld our heads so high),
So all take turn and turn about.

Transl. of JOHN PAYNE.

FRANK VINCENT.—

VINCENT, FRANK, an American author, born at Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1848. After receiving his education at Yale, he travelled for eleven years, visiting all parts of the world. His valuable collection of Siamese and Cambodian antiquities he presented to the Metropolitan Museum of New York in 1884. Mr. Vincent is a member of many geographical and ethnological Societies, and has received decorations from the Kings of Burma, Siam, and Cambodia. His works are: *The Land of the White Elephant* (1874), *Through and Through the Tropics* (1876), *Two Months in Burma* (1877), *The Wonderful Ruins of Cambodia* (1878), *Norsk, Lapp and Finn* (1881), *Around and About South America* (1888), *The Republics of South America* (1889), *In and Out of Central America* (1890), and *Actual Africa* (1895). With A. E. Lancaster he wrote *The Lady of Cawnpore* (1891).

THE SHOAY DAGON.

The most wonderful sight in Rangoon is the great *Shoay Dagon*, or Golden Pagoda—the largest edifice of the kind in Burma, and probably the largest in the world. It is situated about a mile from the city upon a hill perhaps eighty or a hundred feet in height. The entrance, guarded by two huge griffins of brick and mortar, passes between long narrow sheds, which are beautifully carved and gaudily painted in vermilion and gold, and covered with horrid representations of the Buddhist tortures reserved for the damned, and thence, mounting a very dilapidated staircase, the immense stone terrace upon which the pagoda itself stands is reached. This terrace is nearly a thousand feet square, and the base of the structure, standing at its centre, is octagonal-shaped and fifteen hundred feet in circumference, while the entire height of the pagoda is three hundred feet. It is built of solid masonry and lime, covered

FRANK VINCENT. —

with gold leaf, and gradually tapers to a spire which terminates in a *tee* (umbrella), an open iron-work cap, twenty-six feet in height. The gold upon this pagoda is said to equal the weight of a former Burmese king, and the spire blazes so fiercely under a noonday's sun as to almost dazzle the beholder. At the base of the immense structure are broad stone steps and large griffins, and also some smaller pagodas of like design and finish.

Within the enclosure of the pagoda are many temples most of them containing huge images of Gandama (the last Buddha), made of wood, brick and lime, marble and metal, and nearly all thickly gilded; some of the sitting figures are twelve feet, and some of the standing ones as much as eighteen feet in height. I noticed that all the faces wore a humorous, contented expression, one sensual, however, rather than intellectual. Some of their drapery was made of minute pieces of glass, especially were the fringes of robes thus ornamented. This gave them the appearance of coats of mail, and when different colored glasses were used in a court dress the effect was quite gay. Some of the idols were clothed in yellow garments—yellow being the ordained color of all priestly robes. On small tables in front of many of the images were placed candles, flowers, and little flags; some of these being used in the forms of worship, and some having been presented as offerings by religious devotees. Lofty poles were planted at short intervals around the pagoda. These were crowned with *tees*, and also at several feet from their tops were fixed rudely made game-cocks—the national emblem of the Burmese—and the remainder of the pole was hung with vari-colored streamers. Burma is well-known to be one of the strongholds of Buddhism. The *Shwgy Dagon* pagoda derives its peculiar sanctity from being the depository, according to Burmese tradition, of relics of the last four Buddhas.—*The Land of the White Elephant.*



Copyright, 1898, by Hunt & Eaton.

John H. Vincent.

JOHN HEYL VINCENT.—

VINCENT, JOHN HEYL, an American Methodist Episcopal bishop, born in Tuscaloosa, Ala., in 1832. He was educated in Milton and Lewisburg, Pa., and was educated for the ministry in New Jersey. In 1855 he was ordained deacon, and in 1857 was transferred from the New Jersey into the Rock River Conference, serving as pastor in Galena, Chicago, and other western cities until 1865. In that year he founded the *Northwest Sunday-school Quarterly* and in 1866 *The Sunday-school Teacher*. From 1868 till 1884 he was secretary of the M. E. Sunday-school Union and Tract Society. He has been editor of many Sunday-school publications of his denomination. In 1873 he organized a Sunday-school teachers institute to prepare teachers for their work. This met at Chatauqua, N. Y., in 1874, and has since assembled yearly at that place. At the conference of 1888 he was elected bishop. Dr. Vincent received the degree of D. D. from the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1870, and that of L.L.D. from Washington and Jefferson in 1885. His publications include: *Little Footprints in Bible Lands* (1861), *The Chatauqua Movement* (1886), *The Home Book* (1886), *The Modern Sunday-School* (1887), *Better Not* (1887), and later for the Chatauqua textbook series, *Bible Outlines*, *Biblical Explanation*, *Christian Evidences*, *English History*, *Greek History*, *Outlines of General History*.

COLLATERAL AIDS.

The Bible is an immense book. It is as wonderful for its richness and variety as for its magnitude. There is scarcely a branch of human knowledge upon which it does not shed some light. It is a book of diverse sciences albeit its central science is that of salvation. To this all the rest bow as the sheaves of Hebron and the stars of heaven bowed to Joseph.

JOHN HEYL VINCENT.—

In the unfolding of the plan of redemption which the Bible records we find a treasure of history, of biography, of geography, of ancient, peculiar, and almost forgotten usages, of philosophy, ethics, of theology such as no other book in the world contains. Now if a man would be head master of the school in which this great volume is the text book, he must indeed give himself wholly to these things. He has no time for anything else. He must be literally *homo unius libri*.

The minister who becomes an enthusiastic pastor and teacher will find the pulpit a limited sphere and the Sabbath but a small portion of the time he needs for exposition, and for training his people in the contents of the Book. Prizing all the knowledge which God has there communicated, he seeks to awaken in his young people and among the old an intense delight in truth. He trains them in Bible history and biography, knowing how much is lost by not taking up its events in their due chronological order. He trains his people in Bible geography—for how can one adequately comprehend history without geography? Is not the Bible full of geography? And do not the lands of the Bible yet remain singularly unchanged in most of their features, as though God would preserve the land to complement and thus corroborate and illustrate the Book? The old customs—domestic, political, religious—how they are inwrought into the very texture of the divine poetry, prophecy, and precept! One cannot clearly interpret the Word unless he knows these customs. And does not the far East still hold them? Are they not glowing on granite and marble walls in Egypt? Do not the clay-books of Nineveh and Babylon perpetuate the knowledge of them? Our wholly consecrated Pastor brings land and book, custom and book, picture and book together. The one explains the other. The young people who cared little for the Bible at first have been led into the very heart of it by way of Egypt

JOHN HEYL VINCENT.—

and Sinai, and Syria and Nineveh. They looked eagerly at the "stones" he showed them, and lo! they found written on them the commandments of God.

The Bible is a book of doctrines. The Church Catechism is a systematic arrangement of these doctrines. They are these formulated. They are to be buried in the mind of childhood as the conduits and water-pipes are laid under a city. For a time they seem almost useless; hidden and forgotten. But lo! one day the gates in the reservoir are hoisted, and through the buried pipes rushes a stream of cold, refreshing, delightful, life-giving water. So our Pastor believes in the "dry-formulas" of faith; but he teaches them in so pleasant a manner that they never seem dry to *his* scholars, and betimes, and before a long time too, the streams of salvation flow through them.

The Church is also an *army*. The Pastor knows this well, and all the week keeps his people drilling, and warring, and working. He raises up from among his little people a band of willing laborers and brave soldiers. He scatters tracts by their hands. He collects by their aid missionary money. He distributes Bibles, he visits the poor, the sick, and the imprisoned through his busy people.

Knowing that service rendered is all the more zealously and efficiently performed if it be *intelligent* service he trains his people in missionary work. They know the missionary maps and the various fields of missionary labor, the peculiar difficulties to be overcome, the measure of success achieved already, the work remaining to be done.

He moreover trains his people in all kinds of Christian work, and makes them acquainted as far as possible with the history of eleemosynary institutions and brotherhoods the world over. The Church is itself a "College for Bible students and for Christian workers."

—*The Church School.*

PUBLIUS V. M. VIRGIL. —

VIRGIL, PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO, greatest of Latin poets, and one of the first poets of the world. He was born on a farm on the banks of the Mincio, in the district of Andes, near Mantua, Oct. 19, 70 B. C.; died at Brundisium, Sept. 21, 19 B. C. Though his parents were of humble origin, they were able to give him a good education, and he was sent to school at Cremona. Soon after his sixteenth year he went to Milan where he continued his studies until he went to Rome two years later. At Rome he studied rhetoric and philosophy under the best teachers of the time. His studies were probably interrupted by the civil war, for little is known of his life for the next few years. His father's farm with other lands was confiscated and given to the soldiers, and though through the influence of friends and a personal appeal to the emperor, he obtained the restitution of it, he never succeeded in getting possession of it. In 37 B. C. the *Bucolics*, a collection of ten pastorals modelled on those of Theocritus, were published and were at once received with favor. Soon after this he withdrew from Rome and went to Campania, residing at Naples or at his country house near Nola. He spent the next seven years in the composition of the *Georgics* or *Art of Husbandry*. This poem, which is in four books, and which is considered his most original and finished work, appeared in 30 B. C. The rest of his life, eleven years, was spent on the *Æneid*, a work undertaken at the urgent request of the emperor. During the years of its composition he travelled some in

PUBLIUS V. M. VIRGIL.—

Greece and occasionally visited Rome, but spent most of them in retirement. In 19 B. C. he had completed the *Æneid*, and he left Italy for Athens, intending to spend three years in Greece and Asia, and devote this time to the revision of the work. At Athens he met Augustus and was persuaded by him to return to Italy. At Megara, which he visited, he was taken ill, but continued his voyage though he constantly grew worse, and he died at Brundisium soon after landing. At his own request he was buried at Naples. In his last illness he requested to have the *Æneid* burned, but the emperor would not permit this. From this fact it has been supposed that he was dissatisfied with the poem. Virgil is represented as tall and dark, of a delicate constitution, shy and reserved in his manners, sincere in character, and of a gentle disposition. He was never married.

ÆNEAS DOTH MANY GREAT DEEDS IN BATTLE.

No dull delay holds Turnus back ; but fiercely
doth he fall

With all his host, on them of Troy, and meets
them on the strand.

The war-horns sing. Æneas first breaks through
the field-folk's band,

Fair omen of the fight—and lays the Latin
folk aflow.

There he slays, most huge of men, whose own
heart bade him go

Against Æneas : through the links of brass the
sword doth fare,

And through the kirtle's scaly gold, and wastes
the side laid bare.

Then Lichas smites he, ripped erewhile from
out his mother dead,

PUBLIUS V. M. VIRGIL.—

And hallowed, Phoebus, unto thee, because his
 baby head
 Had 'scaped the steel: nor far from thence he
 casteth down to die
 Hard Cissens, Gyas huge, who there beat down
 his company
 With might of clubs; nought then availed
 that Herculean gear,
 Nor their stark hands, nor yet their sire Mo-
 lanpus, though he were
 Alcides' friend so long as he on earth wrought
 heavy toil.
 Lo, Pharo! while a deedless word he flingeth
 'mid the broil.
 The whirring of the javelin stays within his
 shouting mouth.
 Then, Cydon, following lucklessly thy new de-
 light, the youth
 Clytius, whose first of fallow down about his
 cheeks is spread,
 Art well-nigh felled by Dardan hand, and there
 hast thou lain dead,
 At peace from all the many loves wherein thy
 life would stray,
 Had not thy brethren's serried band now thrust
 across the way,
 Even Phorcus' seed: sevenfold of tale and
 sevenfold spears they wield;
 But some thereof fly harmless back from helms-
 side and from shield;
 The rest kind Venus turned aside, that grazing
 past they flew;
 But therewithal Æneus spake unto Achiates
 true:

Æneid, Book 10.

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.—

VOGELWEIDE, WALTHER VON DER, a German poet who flourished between the years 1180 and 1230. He was of humble birth, became a minstrel at an early age, wandering from court to court, singing his songs, putting forth *Sprüche*—"Sayings" or epigrams, many of them of a political character. His later years were passed at a small estate bestowed upon him by the Emperor Frederick II. Of him Scherer says: "Germany has no lyric poet before Goethe who can be compared with Walther, and among the mediæval lyric poets of other countries he yields the palm to none. . . and the best thing which he gives us is himself: a gentle, serious, and strong soul, with a bright, lovable manner, rejoicing with them that rejoice, weeping with them that weep; inclined from childhood to be hopeful; unwavering in his lofty aspirations, fresh and cheerful even in want, thankful in happiness, gloomy only in his old age, and this with some cause, for the Spring and Summer of the Minnesang were past, and Walther felt the coming Autumn."

THREE JEWELS.

I sat one day upon a stone,
And meditated long alone
While resting on my hand my head,
In silence to myself I said—
"How, in these days of care and strife,
Shall I employ my fleeting life?"

"Three precious jewels I require
To satisfy my heart's desire:—
The first is Honor, bright and clear,
The next is Wealth and, far more dear,
The third is Heaven's approving smile."—
Then, after I had mused awhile,

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.—

I saw it was in vain to pine
For these three pearls in one small shrine ;
To find within one heart a place,
For Honor, Wealth, and Heavenly Grace ;
For how can one, in days like these,
Heaven and the World together please ?

A SUMMER VISION.

'Twas summer ; through the opening grass
The joyous flowers upsprang,
The birds in all their different tribes
Loud in the woodlands sang :
Then forth I went, and wandered far
The wide green meadow o'er ;
Where, cool and clear, the fountain played,
There strayed I in that hour.

Roaming on, the nightingale
Sang sweetly in my ear,
And by the greenwood's shady side
A dream came to me there ;
Fast by the fountain, where bright flowers
Of sparkling hue we see,
Close sheltered from the summer heat,
That vision came to me.

All care was banished, and repose
Came o'er my wearied breast,
And kingdoms seemed to wait on me,
For I was with the blest.

Yet, while it seemed as if away
My spirit soared on high,
And in the boundless joys of heaven
Was rapt in ecstasy,—
E'en then, my body revelled still
In earth's festivity ;
And surely never was a dream
So sweet as this to me.

Transl. of E. TAYLOR.

VOLNEY, CONSTANTIN FRANÇOIS CHASSEBŒUF, a French author, born at Craon in 1757; died at Paris in 1820. The family name was Chassebœuf, but his father gave him that of Boisgiras, which he himself changed to Volney, the only name by which he is known. Having inherited a moderate fortune, he studied medicine, history, and the Oriental languages, at Paris, and when twenty-five years of age he went to Egypt and Syria, where he resided several years. Upon his return he was made Director-General of Agriculture and Commerce in Corsica. In 1789 he was elected to the States General from his native province of Anjou. In 1793 he was imprisoned for several months as a Girondist, and after his release in 1794 was appointed Professor of History in the Normal School. In 1795 he went to the United States, where he remained three years. Upon his return, he was made a Senator, but declined the position of Minister of the Interior. He was made a Count by Napoleon in 1808, and was created a Peer of France by Louis XVIII. in 1814. The principal works of Volney are: *On the Chronology of Herodotus* (1781), *Travels in Egypt and in Syria* (1787), *The Ruins, or Meditations on the Revolutions of Empires*, in which he first avowed those skeptical opinions, with which his name is specially connected (1791), *Lessons of History* (1799), *View of the Climate and Soil of the United States of America* (1803), *New Researches in Ancient History* (1815), *The European Alphabet applied to Asiatic Languages* (1819).

VOLNEY.—

THE MAMLOUKS OF EGYPT.

The manners of the Mamlouks are such that although I shall strictly adhere to the truth, I am almost afraid I shall be suspected of prejudice and exaggeration. Born for the most part in the rites of the Greek Church, and circumcised the moment they are brought, they are considered by the Turks themselves as renegades, void of faith and religion. Strangers to each other, they are not bound by those natural ties which unite the rest of mankind. Without parents, without children, the past has done nothing for them, and they do nothing for the future. Ignorant and superstitious from education, they become ferocious from the murders they commit, perfidious from frequent cabals, seditious from tumults, and base, deceitful and corrupted by every species of debauchery.

Such are the men who at present (1785) govern and decide the fate of Egypt. A few lucky strokes of the sabre, a greater portion of cunning or audacity, have conferred on them this preeminence. But, it is not to be imagined that in changing fortune these upstarts change their character. They have still the meanness of slaves, though advanced to the rank of monarchs. Sovereignty with them is not the difficult art of directing to one common object the various passions of a numerous society, but only the means of possessing more women, more toys, horses, and slaves, and satisfying all their caprices. The whole administration, internal and external, is conducted on this principle. It consists in managing the Court of Constantinople so as to elude the tribute or the menaces of the Sultan; and in purchasing a number of slaves, multiplying partisans, countermining plots, and destroying their secret enemies by the dagger or by poison. Ever tortured by the anxiety of suspicion, the chiefs live like the ancient tyrants of Syracuse. Murad and Ibrahim sleep continually in the midst of carbines and sabres; nor have they any idea of police or public order.

Their only employment is to procure money ; and the method considered as the most simple is to seize it wherever it is to be found ; to wrest it by violence from its possessor ; and to impose arbitrary contributions every moment on the villages, and on the custom-house which in its turn levies them again upon commerce.

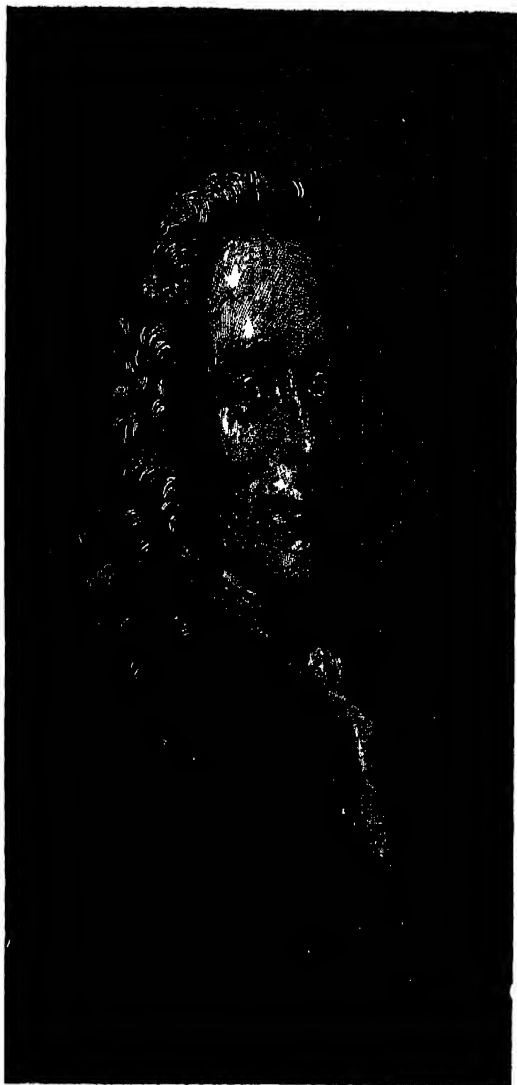
We may easily judge that in such a country everything is analogous to so wretched a government. The greater part of the lands are in the hands of the Bey, the Mamlouks, and the Professors of the Law. The number of the other proprietors is extremely small, and their property is liable to a thousand impositions. Every moment some contribution is to be paid, or some damage repaired. There is no right of succession or inheritance for real property ; everything returns to the government, from which everything must be repurchased. The peasants are hired laborers, to whom no more is left than barely suffices to sustain life.—*Travels in Egypt and Syria.*

VOLTAIRE.—

VOLTAIRE, FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET, DE, a French author, born at Paris in 1694 ; died there in 1778. His father, who had been a notary at Chatenay, received the somewhat lucrative post of Paymaster of Fees to the Court of the Exchequer. The son was educated at the Jesuit College of Louis-le-Grand, and at seventeen was set by his father to the study of law, for which he showed little inclination. "I do not care for any career but that of a literary man," said the youth. "That," replied the father, "is the condition of a man who means to be useless to society, a charge to society, and to die of starvation." He was introduced into the gay, witty and licentious society of Paris, and made himself famous by his biting satires. One of these, written at twenty-one, entitled "I have seen," excited the anger of the Regent, the Duke of Orleans. "Monsieur Arouet," said the Duke to him, "I bet that I will make you see a thing you have never seen." Two days later, the young man was shut up in the Bastille, where he remained eleven months, and wrote the first part of his epic poem, *The Henriade*. He describes his life in the Bastille in one of his cleverest poems : The Mare René apostrophized at the close is M. d'Argenson, the Chief of Police.

LIFE IN THE BASTILLE.

I needs must go ; I jog along in style,
With close-shut carriage, to the royal pile
Built in our father's days, hard by St. Paul,
By Charles the Fifth. O brethren, good men
all,
In no such quarters may your lot be cast !
Up to my room I find my way at last.
A certain rascal with a smirking face
Exalts the beauties of my new retreat



(FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET DE) VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE.—

So comfortable, so compact, so neat,
Says he, "while Phœbus runs his daily race
He never casts one ray within this place.
Look at these walls, some ten feet thick or so;
You'll find it all the cooler here you know."
Then bidding me admire the way they close
The triple doors and triple locks on those,
With gratings, bolts, and bars on every side,
"It's all for your security," he cried.

At stroke of noon some porridge is brought
in;
Such fare is not so delicate as thin.
I am not tempted by the splendid food,
But what they tell me is: "'Twill do you good;
So eat in peace; no one will hurry you."
Here in this doleful den I make ado,
Bastilled, imprisoned, cabined, cribbed, confined,
Nor sleeping, eating, drinking, to my mind;
Betrayed by every one—my mistress too!
O Mare René! whom Censor Cato's ghost
Might well have chosen for his vacant post;
O Mare René! through whom 'tis brought
about

That so much people murmur here below,
To your kind word my durance vile I owe;
May the good God some fine day pay you out!

Soon after being released from the Bastille François Arouet took the name of Voltaire, from a small estate belonging to the family. "I have been too unfortunate," he wrote, "under my former name; I mean to see whether this will suit me better." The tragedy *Œdipe*, which he had written in the Bastille was produced, and met with great favor. The Regent Orleans made him a considerable present. "Monseigneur," said Voltaire, "I should consider it very kind if his Majesty would be pleased to provide henceforth for my board; but I beseech your highness to provide no more for my lodging." Voltaire soon produced the tragedies *Artémise* and

VOLTAIRE.—

Marianne, the comedy *L'Indiscret*, continued the *Henriade*, and put forth numerous small poems. He became a favorite even at Court, received a pension from the Queen, and made money by speculating in stocks. In 1726 he became involved in a dispute with a disreputable courtier, the Chevalier Rohan-Chabot, who caused him to be severely cudgelled. Voltaire challenged him to a duel. He procured the arrest of Voltaire and his confinement in the Bastille, whence he was released after a month on condition of leaving the country. He went to England, where he remained three years. Here he finished the *Henriade*, which was published in London, under royal patronage. He lived in that literary society of which Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift held sway. In 1729 he was permitted to return to France. Before three years had passed he published the commencement of his *History of Charles XII. of Sweden*; produced the tragedies of *Brutus*, *Eriphyle*, *The Death of Cæsar*, and *Zaire*, held to be the greatest of his dramas. But he soon fell into disfavor at Court and among the clergy by the publication of his *Lettres philosophiques sur les Anglais*, which was filled with satirical attacks upon the clergy, and upon some of the dogmas of the Church. The Sorbonne directed the book to be burned, and the Parlément of Paris ordered the arrest of the author. Voltaire managed to escape arrest, and took refuge in one place and another; sometimes in a French province, sometimes in Switzerland, Holland, or Lorraine. He wrote numerous works during these years, notable among which are the tragedies of *Alzire*, *Mérope*, and *Mahomet*, and the series of essays on the

Philosophy of History—the best of all his prose works. He made innumerable enemies in every quarter. The clergy were scandalized by his attacks upon religion; the Court—which grew more devout, the more debauched it became—took sides with the Church. In 1746 he barely succeeded in his candidature for membership in the French Academy; in 1750 he offered himself for the Academy of Sciences and the Academy of Inscriptions, and was rejected by both. Other rebuffs were added, and he resolved to shake the dust of France from his feet.

Frederick the Great of Prussia had long urged Voltaire to take up his abode with him, offering him a residence in a royal palace, the gold key of a Chamberlain, the jewelled cross of a noble order, and a liberal pension. This last was especially acceptable to Voltaire, who had lost in stock-jobbing the considerable fortune which he had acquired by the same means. He went to Berlin in 1750—he being then approaching threescore. His residence there continued nearly four years. It forms a curious episode in personal and literary biography, in which neither of the parties played a creditable part. How the King of Prussia and the King of Letters billed and cooed and quarrelled, how they mutually blackguarded each other, has been told in part by Macaulay in his paper on “Frederick the Great.”

Voltaire lived a quarter of a century after this Prussian episode. He made another ample fortune by new stock-jobbing operations, and finally took up his residence at Ferney, on the lake of Geneva in Switzerland. Within these years were written

VOLTAIRE.—

most of his serious attacks upon religion ; or, as he would phrase it, against religious superstitious. These years were also marked by many noble and benevolent actions which of themselves would entitle him to a high place among philanthropists. He left Paris in 1750, and never saw it again until 1778. He arrived at Paris on the 10th of February. Never had a great writer received such an ovation as awaited him. He died on May 30. His last appearance in public was at the representation of his own tragedy of *Irène*.

The following poems of Voltaire exhibit him at his best.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON, 1755.

Can we conceive a God beneficent,
Upon his children's happiness intent,
Yet on them sorrows sparing not to heap ?
What eye can penetrate designs so deep ?
Through the All-perfect how can ill befall,
Yet how have other source, since he rules all ?
Still Evil's everywhere ; confusion dense !
Sad puzzle, still too hard for human sense !
A God came down to shed some calm around,
Surveyed the earth, and left it as he found !
His power to mend the sophist loud denies ;
He wanted but the will, another cries.
And while the disputants their views proclaim,
Lisbon is perishing in gulfs of flame,
And thirty towns with ashes strew the lea.
From Tagus's ravaged borders to the sea.

Does God with evil scourge a guilty race ?
Or does the Lord of Being and of Space,
Unswayed by pity's touch or angers force,
Of his fixed will just watch the changeless
course ?

Does from him Matter, rebel to its lord,
Bear in itself the seeds of disaccord ?
Maybe God proves us, and our sojourn here
Is but a passage to the eternal sphere.

VOLTAIRE.—

Fleeting, though sharp, the griefs that on us
press,
And death in ending them, but comes to bless.
Yet when we issue from his dreadful gate,
Who may presume to claim a happier fate ?
Tremble we must, howe'er the riddle's read ;
And knowing nothing, we have all to dread.
Nature is mute ; we question her in vain,
And feel that God alone can make all plain.
None other can expound His mysteries,
Console the feeble, and illumine the wise.
Left guideless everywhere, no way is seen ;
Man seeks in vain some reed on which to
lean. . . .

What of all this can wisest minds explain ?
Nothing : the Book of Fate must closed remain.
“ What am I ? whence have come, and whither
go ? ”

Thus men still ask, and this can never know—
Atoms tormented on this heap of earth,
Whom Death devours, whom Fate finds stuff
for mirth,
Yet atoms that can think ; whose daring eyes,
Guided by thought, have measured out the
skies ;

Depths of the infinite our spirits sound,
But never pierce the veil that wraps us round.

This scene of pride and error and distress
With wretches swarms, who prate of happiness,
Waiting they comfort seek ; none wish to quit
This life ; nor, quitting, would re-enter it.
Sometimes, while sighing our sad souls away,
We find some joy that sheds a passing ray ;
But pleasure, wandering shadow, rests not long,
While griefs and failures come in endless
throng.

Mournful the past, the present veiled in gloom
If life and thought be ended in the tomb.

“ One day all will be well ! ” our hope these
see.

“ All now is well ! ”—behold a phantasy !
“ Humble in plaint, and patient to endure,
I doubt not Providence, because obscure,”
In strains less mournful did I erewhile raise,

VOLTAIRE.—

As Pleasure's bard, the song of praise.
But time brings change : taught by my length-
ening span,
Sharing the feebleness of feeble man,
Amid the darkness seeking still for day,
I only know to suffer and obey.

Once on a time a Caliph, nigh to death,
To Heaven thus offered his expiring breath :
"I bring, O sole King, almighty Lord !
All that thy boundless realm can e'er afford—
Sins, Ignorance, and Efforts vain !"—
He might have added, "Hope !" to cheer the
pain.

Transl. of E. B. HAMLEY.

SESOSTRIS.

Written in honor of Louis XVI.

Each man a Guiding Spirit has, they say,
Whose province is to give him strength and
light
Throughout life's dark and devious way ;
And though this Spirit may be hid from
sight,
He will his presence oftentimes betray.
And they who search have made 'midst old
and curious things
Will recollect that times existed when
Good Genii lived and even talked with men,
And were kind friends especially to kings.
Near Memphis, and beneath the palms that
waved
Long since above the banks made sweet and
green
By Nile's old god, who kept them daily laved,
Young King Sesostris walked one quiet e'en
Alone, in order naught might intervene
To make his converse with his Guide less free.
"My friend," said he, "to be a King is much,
And of my kingdom I would worthy be ;
What shall I do ?" The Angel, with a touch
Said, "Come ! To yonder labyrinth be our
way,

VOLTAIRE.—

And there to great Osiris homage pay ;
Then thou shalt learn."

Anxious his Guide to please
The Prince obeys ; and in the court he sees
Two deities of very different mien :
The one a beauty of most dazzling sheen,
In smiles all wreathed ; with Loves, and Graces
 hovering round,
In deepest depths of dear delight all drowned.
Three worshippers stood some way from her
 throne,
Dry, pale, and trembling—nought but skin and
 bone.

The King astonished bids his Guide confess
" Who is this nymph of such rare loveliness ?
And who these three of ugliness intense ?
His Guide in whispered words replies : " My
 Prince,

 This beauty know you not indeed ? Her
 fame
Is great at Court ; there all for her evince
 Profoundest love ; and Pleasure is her name.
These haggard three, who give you so much pain,
March always close behind their Sovereign :
Disgust, Fatigue, Repentance, you must call
This trio—Pleasure's horrid offspring all."
Pained by the sight, and by the story grieved,
He turned, and then the other form perceived.
" My friend, be pleased to let me know," said
 he,

" Yon goddess's name, whom further off we see ;
And who presents a much less tender mien,
Although her air, so noble and serene,
Delights me much. Close by her side appear
A sceptre made of gold, a sword, a sphere,
A balance too, and in her hands she holds
A scroll, the which she reads as she unfolds ;
Of every ornament her breast seems free,
Except a shield. A temple made of gold
Flies open at her voice ; and there I see
Upon its front—Oh, wondrous to behold !—
These blazing words : ' To Immortality ! '
And may I enter there ? "

VOLTAIRE.—

“Yes,” said the Guide;
“But chiefly on yourself you must depend,
And obstacles encounter without end.

This goddess hath no facile, tender side
By which you may approach her grace to steal.
In Pleasure, though more charms may be
descried,
The other will a truer love reveal;
To please this being of immortal birth
Both mind and heart must be of sterling
worth.

Her name is Wisdom; and this brilliant
fane,
Just shown to you, to glorious deeds she gives;
And he who lives well, here forever lives;
And here may you a dwelling-place obtain.
Then let your choice between the two be made;
True service to them both cannot be paid.”

The Prince replied: “If mine then be the
choice,

A single moment will I not defer.
I might in either of the twain rejoice.

The first a moment’s bliss could in me stir;
The second, through me others’ bliss com-
mand.”—

The first, then, greeting with a gracious
word,
The Prince two kisses flung her from his hand,
And on the second all his love conferred.

Transl. of F. W. RICORD.

Voltaire’s theory of the aim and scope
of history, as set forth in his *Philosophy of
History*, is better than his execution of it,
either before or afterwards. His best work
of this class—though by no means a master-
piece—is the *History of Charles XII. of
Sweden*.

ON HISTORY.

My object has been the history of the human
intellect, and not the detail of facts, nearly al-



THE DEAD BODY OF CHARLES XII. CARRIED ON THE SHOULDERS OF HIS BRAVE MEN FROM FREDERICKSHALL.

Painting by G. Cederstroem.

VOLTAIRE.—

ways distorted. It was not intended, for instance, to inquire of what family the lord of Puiset, or the lord of Montlheri may be, who made war on the kings of France; but to trace the gradual advancement from the barbarous rusticity of those days, to the polish of ours. . . .

There is no object in knowing in what year a prince unworthy of remembrance succeeded a barbarous ruler in a rude nation. The more important it is to know of the great actions of sovereigns who have rendered their people better and happier, the more we should ignore the herd of kings who only load the memory.—*The Philosophy of History.*

THE DEATH OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

In October, 1718, Charles departed a second time for the conquest of Norway. He hoped within six months to make himself master of that kingdom. He chose rather to go and conquer rocks amidst ice and snow in the depth of winter than to retake his beautiful provinces in Germany from the hands of his enemies. These he expected he should soon be able to recover in consequence of his alliance with the Czar of Russia; and his vanity, moreover, was more flattered at ravishing a kingdom from his victorious enemy, the King of Poland.

At the mouth of the river Tistendall stands Frederickshall, a place of great strength and importance, and considered as the key of the kingdom. Charles formed the siege of this place in the month of December. The soldiers, benumbed with cold, could scarcely turn up the earth, which was so hardened by the frost that it was almost as difficult to pierce it as if they had been opening trenches in a rock; yet the Swedes could not be disheartened while they saw at their head their king, who partook of all their fatigues. Charles had never before undergone so many hardships. His constitution, hardened by eighteen years of severe labors, was fortified to such a degree that he

slept in the open field in Norway, in the midst of winter, either on a truss of straw or a plank, covered only with a cloak, without the least injury to his health.

On the 11th of December, being St. Andrew's day, he went at nine in the evening to visit the trenches; and not finding the parallel so far advanced as he expected, appeared very much displeased. M. Megret, a French engineer who conducted the siege, assured him that the place could be taken in eight days. "We shall see," said the king, and went on with the engineer to survey the works. He stopped at a place where a branch of the trenches formed an angle with the parallel. Kneeling on the inner talus, and resting his elbow on the parapet, he continued in that posture for some time, to view the men who were carrying on the trenches by starlight.

Almost half of the king's body was exposed to a battery of cannon, pointed directly against the angle where he was. There was no one near his person at this time but two Frenchmen, M. Siquier, his aid-de-camp, and the engineer Megret. The cannon fired upon them, but the king, being the least covered by the parapet, was the most exposed. At some distance behind them was Count Schwerin, who commanded in the trenches; Count Posse, a captain of the guards, and an aid-de-camp named Kulbert, were receiving orders from him.

Sequier and Megret saw the king the moment he fell, which he did upon the parapet, with a deep sigh. They immediately ran to him. He was already dead. A ball of half a pound weight had struck him on the right temple, and made a hole sufficient to receive three fingers at once; his head was reclined upon the parapet; his left eye beat in, and the right one entirely out of its socket. The instant of his wounding had been that of his death; but he had the force, whilst expiring in so sudden a manner, to place his hand upon

the hilt of his sword, and he remained in that attitude. At the sight of this spectacle Megret, a man of peculiar and callous disposition, said nothing but these words: "There! the play is over; let us be off!" Siquier ran immediately to inform Count Schwerin. They all agreed to conceal the news from the soldiers, till they could acquaint the Prince of Hesse, the husband of Charles's sister, with the death of the king. They wrapped the body in a gray cloak; Siquier put his hat and wig on the king's head; and in this condition they carried Charles, under the name of one Captain Carlberg, through the midst of the troops, who saw their dead king pass them, without ever dreaming that it was he. The Prince instantly gave orders that no one should go out of the camp; and that all the passes to Sweden should be strictly guarded, that he might have time to take the necessary measures for placing the crown on his wife's head, and excluding the Duke of Holstein, who might lay claim to it.

Thus fell Charles XII., King of Sweden, at the age of thirty-six years and a half, after having experienced whatever is most brilliant in prosperity, and all that is most poignant in adversity, without having been enervated by the one, or having wavered in the other. Almost all his actions—even those of his private life—bordered on the marvellous. He is perhaps the only one of all mankind—and hitherto the only one among kings—who has lived without a single frailty. He carried all the virtues of heroes to an excess at which they are as dangerous as their opposite vices. His resolution, hardened into obstinacy, occasioned his misfortunes in the Ukraine, and detained him five years in Turkey; his liberality, degenerating into profusion, ruined Sweden; his courage, extending even to rashness, was the cause of his death; his justice sometimes extended to cruelty; and during the last years of his reign the means he employed to support his authority differed little from tyranny.

VOLTAIRE.—

His great qualities—any one of which would have been sufficient to have immortalized another prince—proved the misfortune of his country. He never was the aggressor; yet in taking vengeance he was more implacable than prudent. He was the first man who ever acquired the title of conqueror without the least desire of enlarging his own dominions; and whose only end in subduing kingdoms was to have the pleasure of giving them away. His passion for glory, for war, for revenge, prevented him from being a good politician: a quality without which the world had never before seen any one a conqueror. Before a battle and after a victory, he was modest and humble; and after a defeat firm and undaunted. Inflexible toward others as well as toward himself; rating at nothing the fatigues of his subjects any more than his own; rather an extraordinary than a great man; and more worthy to be admired than imitated. His life ought to be a lesson to kings how much a pacific and happy government is preferable to so much glory.—*History of Charles XII.*

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.—

VONDEL, JOOST VAN DEN, a Dutch poet, born at Cologne, in 1587; died in 1659. His parents were Anabaptists, and removed to Amsterdam, during his childhood. He was the most celebrated Dutch poet and dramatist of the seventeenth century. His works include metrical translations of the Psalms, of Virgil, of Ovid, and satires and tragedies. The most celebrated plays are: *Gijsbrecht van Aemstel*; *Lucifer*; and *Palamedes*. The best edition of his works contains 21 volumes (Amsterdam, 1820). In his *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Néerlandaise*, Gravenweert says: "In spite of the defects which criticism has pointed out in his numerous works, the name of Vondel is still honored in Holland, as that of Shakespeare in England, and all the efforts of every and of too severe criticism have served only to augment the brightness of a reputation which counts more than two centuries of glory."

CHORUS FROM "PALAMEDES."

The thinly sprinkled stars surrender
To early dawn their dying splendor;
The shades of night are dim and far,
And now before the morning-star
The heavenly legions disappear:
The constellation's charioteer
No longer in the darkness burns,
But backward his bright courser turns.
Now golden Titan, from the sea,
With azure steeds comes gloriously,
And shines o'er woods and dells and downs,
And soaring Ida's leafy crowns.
O sweetly welcome break of morn!
Thou dost with happiness adorn
The heart of him who cheerily,
Contentedly, unwearily,
Surveys whatever Nature gives,
What beauty in her presence lives

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.—

And wanders oft the banks along
Of some sweet stream with murmuring song.

O, more than regal is his lot,
Who, in some blest secluded spot,
Remote from crowding cares and fears,
His loved, his cherished dwelling rears !
For empty praises never pining,
His wishes to his cot confining,
And listening to each cheerful bird
Whose animating song is heard :
When morning dews, which Zephyr's sigh
Has wafted, on the roses lie,
Whose leaves beneath the pearl-drops bend ;
When thousand rich perfumes ascend,
And thousand hues adorn the bowers,
And form a rainbow of sweet flowers,
Or bridal robe for Iris made
From every bud in sun and shade.
Contented there to plant or set,
Or snare the birds with crafty net ;
To grasp his bending rod, and wander
Beside the banks where waves meander,
And thence their fluttering tenants take ;
Or, rising ere the sun's awake,
Prepare his steed, and scour the grounds,
And chase the hare with swift-paced hounds ;
Or ride beneath the noontide rays,
Through peaceful glens and silent ways,
Which wind like Cretan labyrinth ;
Or where the purple hyacinth
Is glowing on its bed ; or where
The mead red-speckled daises bear :
Whilst maidens milk the grazing cow,
And peasants toil beneath the plough,
Or reap the crops beneath their feet,
Or sow luxuriant flax or wheat.
Here flourishes the waving corn,
Encircled by the wounding thorn ;
There glides a bark by meadows green ;
And there the village smoke is seen ;
And there a castle meets the view,
Half fading in the distance blue.

How hard, how wretched is his doom
Whom sorrows follow to the tomb.

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.—

And whom, from morn till quiet eve,
Distresses pain, and troubles grieve,
And cares oppress ! for these await
The slave, who, in a restless state,
Would bid the form of concord flee,
And call his object liberty :
He finds his actions all pursued
By envy or ingratitude.
The robe is honoring, I confess ;
The cushion has its stateliness ;—
But, O, they are a burden too !
And pains spring up, forever new,
Beneath the roof which errors stain,
And where the strife is,—who shall reign ?

But he who lives in rural ease
Avoids the cares that torture these :
No golden chalices invite
To quaff the deadly aconite ;
Nor dreads he secret foes, who lurk
Behind the throne with coward dirk,—
Assassin friends,—whose murderers' blow
Lays all the pride of greatness low.
No fears his even life annoy,
Nor feels he pride, nor finds he joy
In popularity,—that brings
A fickle pleasure, and then—stings.
He is not roused at night from bed,
With weary eyes and giddy head ;
At morn, no long petitions vex him,
Nor scrutinizing looks perplex him :
He has no joy in others' cares ;
He bears,—and while he bears, forbears ;
And from the world he oft retreats
Where learning's gentle smile he meets.
He heeds not priestcraft's ban or praise,
But scorns the deep anathemas
Which he, who in his blindness errs,
Receives from these,—*Gods messengers !*
Transl. of LONGFELLOW.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Who sits above heaven's heights sublime,
Yet fills the grave's profoundest place,
Beyond eternity or time

JOOST, VAN DEN VONDEL.—

Or the vast round of viewless space :
Who on himself alone depends,
Immortal, glorious, but unseen,
And in his mighty being blends
What rolls around or flows within.
Of all we know not, all we know,
Prime source and origin, a sea
Whose waters pour'd on earth below
Wake blessing's brightest radiancy.
His power, love, wisdom, first exalted
And waken'd from oblivion's birth
Yon starry arch, yon palace vaulted,
Yon heaven of heavens, to smile on earth.
From this resplendent majesty
We shade us, 'neath our sheltering wings,
While awe-inspired and tremblingly
We praise the glorious King of Kings,
With sight and sense confused and dim.
O name, describe the Lord of Lords !
The seraphs' praise shall hallow him :—
Or is the theme too vast for words ?

RESPONSE.

'Tis God ! who pours the living glow
Of light, creation's fountain head :
Forgive the praise, too mean and low,
Or from the living or the dead !
No tongue Thy peerless name hath spoken ?
No space can hold that awful Name ;
The aspiring spirit's wing is broken ;—
Thou wilt be, wert, and art the same.
Language is dumb,—Imagination,
Knowledge, and Science, helpless fall ;
They are irreverent profanation,
And thou, O God ! art all in all.
How vain on such a thought to dwell !
Who knows Thee ? Thee, the All-unknown !
Can angels be Thy oracle,
Who art, who art Thyself alone ?
None, none can trace Thy course sublime,
For none can catch a ray from Thee,
The splendour and the Source of Time
The Eternal of Eternity !
The light of light outpour'd conveys

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.—

Salvation in its flight elysian,
Brighter than even Thy mercy's rays ;—
But vainly would our feeble vision
Aspire to Thee. From day to day
Age steals on us, but meets Thee never :
Thy power is life's support and stay,—
We praise Thee, sing Thee, Lord ! forever.
Holy ! holy ! holy ! Praise,
Praise be His in every land !
Safety in His presence stays,
Sacred is His high command.
Transl. of JOHN BOWRING.

RICHARD WACE.—

WACE, RICHARD, an English ecclesiastic and poet, born on the island of Jersey about 1090, died at Caen, France, about 1180. His father was one of the barons who accompanied William of Normandy in his invasion of England, and seems to have received large possessions in the conquered country. He speaks of himself as a *clerc-lisant*, "reading clerk," and seems to have resided mainly in France, though sometimes in England, and near the close of his life was made Canon of Bayeux, by Henry II., great-grandson of William the Conqueror. Wace wrote in Norman French, his principal poem being *Le Roman de Brut*, "The Romance of Brutus," and *Le Roman de Rou*, "The Romance of Rollo," the first Duke of Normandy. The *Roman de Brut* is essentially a metrical translation of the Latin *History of Britain* by Geoffrey of Monmouth, in which the line of British kings is traced down from the legendary Brutus of Troy, grandson of Æneas, to Cadwallader, King of Wessex, who died A. D. 688.

Wace's *Brut* was translated into Anglo-Saxon by LAYAMON a nearly contemporary ecclesiastic of Worcestershire, who also made large additions, more than doubling the 15,000 lines of Wace's poem. This *Brut* of Layamon, from which the subjoined is taken, is of special philological interest as showing how the Anglo-Saxon language was spoken in Middle England about the year 1200. The accompanying rendering into more modern English will serve the purpose of a glossary. Layamon thus speaks of himself and his master, Wace :—

RICHARD WACE.—

LAYAMON AND HIS WORKS.

He nom tha Englisca boc.
He took the English book
 Tha makede Seint Beda ;
That Saint Beda made ;
 An other he nom on Latin,
Another he took in Latin,
 Tha makede Seinte Albin,
That Saint Albin made,
 And the feire Austin,
And the fair Austin,
 The fulluht broute hider in.
That baptism brought hither in.
 Boc he nom the thridde,
The third book he took,
 Leid ther amiddén,
Laid there in midst
 Tha makede a Frenchis clerc,
That made a French clerk,
 Wace was ihoten,
Wace was he hight,
 The wel couthe writen ;
That well could write ;
 And he hoc gef thare æthelen
And he it gave the noble
 Aelinor, the wes Henriés quene,
Eleanor that was Henry's queen.
 Thes heyes kinges.
The high king's.
 Layamon leide theos boc,
Layamon laid these books,
 And tha leaf wende.
And the leaves turned,
 He heom leofliche bi-heold ;
He them lovingly beheld ;
 Lithe him beo Drihten.
Merciful to him be the Lord.
 Fetheren he nom mid fingren,
Feather he took with fingers,
 And fiede on boe-felle,
And wrote on book-skin,
 And tha sothe word
And the sooth words
 Sette to-gathere
Set together,
 And tha thre boc
And the three books
 Thrumde to ane.
Compressed into one.

NANCY PRIEST WAKEFIELD.—

WAKEFIELD, NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY (PRIEST,) an American poet, born at Royalton, Mass., in 1836 ; died at Winchendon, Mass., in 1870. Her maiden name was Priest, and in 1865 she was married to Lieut. Arlington C. Wakefield. Her fame rests upon the popular poem, *Over the River*, published in the *Springfield Republican* in 1857. Her poems were published by her mother, Mrs. Francis D. Priest, with a memoir by the Rev. Abijah P. Marvin (Boston, 1871).

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me
Lov'd ones who've crossed to the further side ;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue,
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there,
The gate of the city we could not see,
Over the river—over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet,
Her brown curls wav'd in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie, I see her yet,
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark.
We felt it glide from the silver sands
And all of our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side
Where all the ransomed angels be ;
Over the river—the mystic river
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail.

NANCY PRIEST WAKEFIELD.—

And lo ! they have pass'd from our yearning
hearts,

They cross the stream and are gone for aye,
We may not sunder the veil apart,

That hides from our vision the gates of day
We only know that their barks no more

May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore
They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,

I shall one day stand by the water cold

And list for the sound of the boatman's oar,

I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,

I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand.

I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale

To the better shore of the Spirit land ;

I shall know the loved who have gone before

And joyfully sweet will the meeting be.

When over the river—the peaceful river,

The angel of death shall carry me.

LUCY BETHIA WALFORD.—

WALFORD, LUCY BETHIA (COLQUHOUN), an English novelist, born in 1845. She began early to write, but it was not until after her marriage in 1869 that she published anything. In 1873 her first novel, *Mr. Smith, a Part of his Life*, was sent anonymously to Mr. John Blackwood, who published it immediately, and soon requested its author to write for *Blackwood's Magazine*. Her short stories, first published in the magazine, were subsequently issued collectively under the title, *Nan: a Summer Scene*. Most of her novels have first appeared serially in *Blackwood's*, *Good Words*, and other periodicals. Among them are: *Pauline* (1877), *Cousins* (1879), *Troublesome Daughters* (1880) *Dick Netherby* (1881), *The Baby's Grandmother* (1885), *The History of a Week* (1885), *Without Blemish*, *The Bar-Sinister*, and *The New Man at Rossmere* (1886), *A Mere Child* (1888), *A Sage of Sixteen* (1889), *A Garden Party* (1890), *The Mischief of Mornica* (1891), *Twelve English Authoresses* (1892), *The Match-maker* (1894).

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A short, stout, gray man.

Mr. Smith.

The butcher was disappointed that he wasn't a family. All the time that house was building he had made up his mind that it was for a family. There was rooms in it as ought to have been family rooms. There was rooms as meant roast beef, and there was rooms as meant saddles of mutton and sweetbreads. In his mind's eye he had already provided the servants' hall with rounds, both fresh and salt; and treated the housekeeper to private and confidential kidneys. He had seen sick children ordered tender knuckles of veal, and growing ones strong soup. He had seen his own car at the back door every morning of the week.

LUCY BETHIA WALFORD.—

After all, it was too provoking to come down to—Mr. Smith.

The butcher set the example, and the grocer and the baker were both ready enough to follow. They were sure they thought there was a family. Somebody had told them so. They couldn't rightly remember who, but they were sure it was somebody. It might have been Mr. Harrop or it might have been Mr. Jessamy.

Harrop was the innkeeper, and, with an innkeeper's independence, denied the imputation flat. He had never said a word of the sort. He had never mentioned such a thing as a family. Leastwise, it would be very queer if he had, seeing as how he had never thought it. He always knew Mr. Smith was Mr. Smith, a single gentleman with no encumbrances; but he must confess that, as to the gentleman himself, he had been led to expect that he was somehow or other different. Some one had told him—he couldn't rightly remember who at the moment—that he was a young, dashing spark, who took a deal of wine, and kept a many horses. Likewise, his informant had stated, he had a valet.

J. Jessamy, hairdresser and perfumer, 39 High Street, corroborated the last statement. He didn't know about his being young, but he understood that he had been one as cared about his appearance. At the very first sight of Mr. Smith, with his thick iron-gray whiskers and clean-shaven lip, Jessamy threw down the box of sponges he was arranging, and exclaimed aloud, "A man can't make his bread off whiskers!"

Mrs. Hunt, the doctor's wife, from her window over the way, saw the sponges fall, and caught sight of Mr. Smith. In her private mind she was very much of the innkeeper's opinion. The doctor might wish for a family, but her desires took a different form. A Mr. Smith satisfied them very well, but he should have been another sort of Mr. Smith. A Mr.

LUCY BETHIA WALFORD.—

Smith of twenty or thirty, amiable, handsome, unmarried, was the Mr. Smith she had fondly hoped to welcome.

But this old gentleman? *No*. Neither Maria nor Clare would ever look at him, she was sure of that; girls were so foolish. Those silly Tolletons would laugh at him, as they did at everybody, and Maria and Clare would join in with them. Her face grew gloomy at the prospect, as she looked after Mr. Smith walking down the street.

Many pairs of eyes followed Mr. Smith walking down the street that day. He had arrived the previous night, and had not been seen before. The disappointment was universal. This Smith was not the man for them. That was the conclusion each one arrived at for the present. The future must take care of itself.

The short, stout, gray man entered the post-office, and inquired if there were any letters for him.

“What name, Sir?”

“Mr. Smith.”

Mr. Smith got his letters, and then the post-master came out to a lady who was sitting in her pony-carriage at the door.

“Beg pardon for keeping you, my lady; but had to get such a number for Mr. Smith.”

“So that is Mr. Smith,” thought she, taking her letters. “And very like a Mr. Smith, too.”

It was but a glance; but the glance which enabled her to ascertain so much, caused her to let slip a letter from the budget, and it fell on the pavement. Mr. Smith, coming out at the moment, saw it fall. Slowly and somewhat stiffly, but still before the nimble groom could anticipate him, he stooped and picked it up; then slightly raising his hat, presented it, seal uppermost, to the lady in the carriage.

Lady Sauffrenden felt a faint sensation of surprise. There was nothing in the action, of course, but there was something in the manner of performing it, which was not that of a vulgar

LUCY BETHIA WALFORD.—

man ; and a vulgar man she had predetermined the new proprietor to be. She had to pass the house on the Hill every time she drove into the village, and when she heard that it was being built by a Mr. Smith, and that Mr. Smith himself was coming to live in it, she thought she knew exactly the sort of person he would be. A short, stout, gray man, and vulgar.

Then she saw him face to face, and he answered to the portrait precisely, except—no, not vulgar, odd.

After the affair of the letter she never called him vulgar.

Others saw the incident, but it caused no change in their opinions. It by no means altered Mrs. Hunt's, for instance. Mr. Smith looked none the younger when he stooped down, and his age was her only objection to him. The butcher recommenced his grumbling. What was a Mr. Smith to him ? He didn't want no Mr. Smiths. Mr. Smith indeed ! Why, the very name Smith had a family sound. A Mrs. Smith, a young Smith, the Miss Smiths, Bobby Smith, Jack Smith, Joe Smith, the Smiths's baby, and the Smiths's governess, seemed to him the only proper Smith connection.

Then the grocer and the baker recurred afresh to their ideal, a Mr. Smith of servants. Children they set little store by, except as they gave rise to servants. Harrop lamented anew the Mr. Smith of his imagination, a mixture of the stable and the cellar ; and Jessamy took up his sponges with a sigh, and strove to efface from his memory the lost anticipations of waxed mustachios and scented pocket-handkerchiefs.

Dr. Hunt met Mr. Smith, and but that his house of cards had long before this tumbled in the dust, it would have done so on the spot. Here was the man whom he had been looking to as the embodiment of human ailments ! The Mr. Smith of measles, whooping-cough, and chicken-pox ; winter sore throats, and summer chills ; a Mr. Smith of accidents it might be ; best of all, an increasing Mr. Smith. The fam-

LUCY BETHIA WALFORD.—

ily so ardently desired by the villagers he would have been proud to present to them.

There was the man, and where was such a prospect? Tough as leather and as unimpressible. He would neither prove a patient himself, nor take to him one who would. A place like that, too! Why the practice of that house on the Hill ought to have been a cool hundred a year in his pocket. Pish! . . .

One thing, however, told in favor of the new-comer. He was rich. He had not met their expectations in any other way, but he had not failed in this. He really and truly was rich. His fortune was there. It had not melted, as money usually does, when too curiously pried into. The amount, indeed, had been difficult to settle. At first it was thirty, but it had passed through the different gradations of twenty-five, and twenty, to ten thousand a year. His servants deponed to its being ten. Several of them had heard Mr. Smith say so.

Upon investigation, it proved to have been, not Mr. Smith who said so, but his lawyer. The lawyer's phrase was, "A man like you with ten thousand a year." And this, of course, as lawyer's evidence, was even more conclusive than if it had been given by their master himself. The money was therefore secure, and they must make what they could out of it. It, at least, had not cheated them. They bowed low to the fortune. Although it had been reported at thirty, it was held to have stood the test well, when proved to be ten.—*Mr. Smith.*

JAMES BARR WALKER.—

WALKER, JAMES BARR, an American clergyman and author, born at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1805 ; died at Wheaton, Ill., in 1887. He was a factory hand, a store-boy, a printer in Pittsburg, a clerk of the editor, M. M. Noah, in N. Y., a teacher in New Durham, N. J., a law student in Ravenna, O., and, 1831, a graduate of Western Reserve Coll. For a time he edited journals at Hudson and Cincinnati, O., and 1841, became a Presbyterian minister. He established an orphan asylum at Mansfield, O., acted as pastor at Sandusky, and was lecturer on the relations of science and religion, at Oberlin and the Chicago Theological Seminary. About 1843 he published *The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation*, which has been translated into five foreign languages. His other works are: *God revealed in Nature and Christ* (1855), opposing the development theory of that day; *Philosophy of Scepticism and Ultraism* (1857), *Philosophy of the Divine Operation in the Redemption of Man* (1862), *Poems* (1862), *Living Questions of the Age* (1869), *Doctrine of the Holy Spirit* (1870).

CHRISTIAN FAITH TEMPERS IMAGINATION.

There are few exercises of the mind fraught with so much evil, and yet so little guarded, as that of an evil imagination. Many individuals spend much of their time in a labor of spirit which is vain and useless, and often very hurtful to the moral character of the soul. The spirit is borne off upon the wings of an active imagination, and expatiates among ideal conceptions that are improbable, absurd and sinful. Some people spend about as much time in day dreams as they do in night dreams. Imaginations of popularity, pleasure, or wealth, employ the minds of worldly men ; and perchance the Christian dreams of wealth, and

JAMES BARR WALKER.—

magnificent plans of benevolence, or of schemes less pious in their character. It is difficult to convey a distinct idea of the evil under consideration, without supposing a case like the following:

One day, while a young man was employed silently about his usual pursuits, he imagined a train of circumstances by which he supposed himself to be put in possession of great wealth; and then he imagined that he would be the master of a splendid mansion, surrounded with grounds devoted to profit and amusement—he would keep horses and conveyances that would be perfect in all points, and servants that would want nothing in faithfulness or affection—he would be great in the eyes of men, and associate with the great among men, and render himself admired or honored by his generation. Thus his soul wandered, for hours, amid the ideal creations of his own fancy.

Now, much of men's time, when their attention might be employed by useful topics of thought, is thus spent in building "castles in the air." Some extraordinary circumstance is thought of by which they might be enriched, and then hours are wasted in foolishly imagining the manner in which they would expend their imaginary funds. Such excursions of the fancy may be said to be comparatively innocent, and they are so, compared with the more guilty exercises of a great portion of mankind. The mind of the politician and the partisan divine is employed in forming schemes of triumph over their opponents. The minds of the votaries of fashion, of both sexes, are employed in imagining displays and triumphs at home and abroad, and those of them who are vicious at heart, not having their attention engaged by any useful occupation, pollute their souls by cherishing imaginary scenes of folly and lewdness. And not only the worthless votaries of the world, but likewise the followers of the holy Jesus, are sometimes led captive by an unsanctified imagination. Not that they in-

dulge in the sinful reveries which characterize the unregenerate sons and daughters of time and sense ; but their thoughts wander to unprofitable topics, and wander at times when they should be fixed on those truths which have a sanctifying efficacy upon the heart. In the solemn assemblies of public worship, many of those whose bodies are bowed and their eyes closed in token of reverence for God, are yet mocking their Maker by assuming the external semblance of worshippers, while their souls are away wandering amid a labyrinth of irrelevant and sinful thought.

It is not affirmed that the exercises of the imagination are necessarily evil. Imagination is one of the noblest attributes of the human spirit ; and there is something in the fact that the soul has power to create, by its own combinations, scenes of rare beauty, and of perfect happiness, unsullied by the imperfections which pertain to earthly things, that indicates not only its nobility, but perhaps its future life. When the imagination is employed in painting the beauties of nature ; or, in collecting the beauties of sentiment and devotion, and in grouping them together by the sweet measures of poetry, its exercises have a benign influence upon the spirit. It is like presenting “apples of gold in pictures of silver” for the survey of the soul. The imagination may degrade and corrupt, or it may elevate and refine the feelings of the heart. The inquiry, then, is important. How may the exercises of the imagination be controlled and directed so that their influence upon the soul shall not be injurious, but ennobling and purifying ? Would faith in Christ turn away the sympathies of the soul from those gifted but guilty minds,

“ Whose poisoned song
Would blend the bounds of right and wrong,
And hold, with sweet but cursed art,
Their incantations o’er the heart,
Till every pulse of pure desire
Throbs with the glow of passion’s fire,
And love, and reason’s mind control,
Yield to the simoon of the soul ” ?

JAMES BARR WALKER.—

When the conscience had become purified and quickened, it would be a check upon the erratic movements of the imagination ; and when the disposition was corrected it would be disinclined to every unholy exercise ; so that, in the believer, the disinclination of the will and the disapprobation of the conscience would be powerful aids in bringing into subjection the imaginative faculty. But, more than this, faith in Christ would have a direct influence in correcting the evils of the imagination. It is a law of mind, that the subject which interests an individual most, subordinates all other subjects to itself, or removes them from the mind and assumes their place. As in a group of persons, who might be socially conversing upon a variety of topics, if some venerable individual should enter and introduce an absorbing subject in which all felt interested, minor topics would be forgotten in the interest created by the master subject ; so when "Christ crucified" enters the presence chamber of the believer's soul, the high moral powers of the mind bow around in obeisance ; and every imagination folds her starry wings around her face, and bows before Immanuel. When the cross of Christ becomes the central subject of the soul, it has power to chasten the imagination, and subdue its waywardness by the sublime exhibition of the bleeding mercy in the atonement. The apostle perceived the efficacy of the cross in subduing vain reasoning and an evil imagination, and alludes to it in language possessing both strength and beauty, as "casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and [mark] bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

That these views are not idle speculations, but truthful realities, is affirmed by the experience of every Christian. When the imagination is wandering to unprofitable or forbidden subjects, all that is necessary in order to break the chain of evil suggestion, and in-

JAMES BARR WALKER.—

troduce into the mind a profitable train of thought, is to turn the eye of the soul upon the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." By the presence of this delightful and sacred idea every unworthy and hurtful thought will be awed out of the mind. Thus does faith in the blessed Jesus control and purify the imagination of believers.—*Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, Enlarged Edition.*

NEED OF AN OBJECTIVE REVELATION.

Without aiding himself by written language, man cannot ascend even to the first stages of civilization. . . . Man can receive moral culture only by the aid of signs of moral truth embodied in written language. Man may have by nature an intuition of the being of God, but he has no knowledge of the character of God. . . . Both faith and conscience look to God for authority; and until faith sees God in truth, conscience will not convict the soul of disobedience. Hence in the moral culture of the soul, every thing depends on the revealment of the truth. But this truth must come to the soul, not as human opinion, or as the utterances of philosophy, but as truth which faith and conscience may recognize as rendered obligatory upon man, by the will and authority of God.—*Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, Enlarged Edition.*

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.—

WALLACE, ALFRED RUSSEL, an English naturalist, born at Usk, Monmouthshire, 1822. After education at the grammar school of Hertford, he became a land-surveyor and architect. In 1848, he traveled in the valley of the Amazon; and from 1854 to 1862, in the Malay Islands, where he independently originated the theory of natural selection. His paper *On the Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type* was read before the Linnean Soc., July 1, 1888, on which occasion was read Darwin's to the same effect. Dr. Wallace, however, magnanimously yielded to Darwin the privilege of a first book on the subject. His books are: *Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro* (1852), *Palm Trees of the Amazon, and their Uses*, *The Malay Archipelago* (1869), *Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection* (1870), *On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism* (1875), *The Geographical Distribution of Animals* (1876), *Tropical Nature* (1878), *Island Life* (1880), *Land Nationalization* (1882), *Forty Years of Registration Statistics, proving Vaccination to be both useless and dangerous* (1885), *Bad Times* (1885), *Darwinism* (1889)—a book that sustains the extreme view of natural selection and *Australia and New Zealand* (1893).

TROPICAL VEGETATION.

The primeval forests of the equatorial zone are grand and overwhelming by their vastness and by the display of a force of development and vigor of growth rarely or never witnessed in temperate climates. Among their best distinguishing features are the variety of forms and species which everywhere meet and grow side by side, and the extent to which parasites, epiphytes, and creepers fill up every available

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.—

station with peculiar modes of life. If the traveler notices a peculiar species and wishes to find more of it, he may often turn his eyes in vain in every direction. Trees of varied forms, dimensions, and colors are around him, but he rarely sees any one of them repeated. Time after time he goes towards a tree which looks like the one he seeks, but a closer examination proves it to be distinct. He may at length, perhaps, meet with a second specimen half a mile off, or may fail altogether, till on another occasion he stumbles on one by accident.

The absence of the gregarious or social habit so general in the forests of extra-tropical countries, is probably dependent on the extreme equability and permanence of the climate. Atmospheric conditions are much more important to the growth of plants than any others. Their severest struggle for existence is against climate. As we approach towards regions of polar cold or desert aridity the variety of groups and species regularly diminishes; more and more are unable to sustain the extreme climatal conditions, till at last we find only a few specially organized forms which are able to maintain their existence. In the extreme north, pine or birch trees; in the desert, a few palms and prickly shrubs or aromatic herbs alone survive. In the equable equatorial zone, there is no such struggle against climate. Every form of vegetation has become alike adapted to its genial heat and ample moisture, which has probably changed little even throughout geological periods; and the never ceasing struggle for existence between various species in the same area has resulted in a nice balance of organic forces, which gives the advantage now to one, now to another, species, and prevents any one type of vegetation from monopolizing territory to the exclusion of the rest. The same general causes have led to the filling up of every place in nature with some specially adapted form. Thus we find a forest of smaller

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.—

trees adapted to grow in the shade of greater trees. Thus we find every tree supporting numerous other forms of vegetation, and some so crowded with epiphytes of various kinds that their forks and horizontal branches are veritable gardens. Creeping ferns and arums run up the smoothest trunks ; and immense variety of climbers hang in tangled masses from the branches and mount over the highest tree-tops. Orchids, bromelias, arums, and ferns grow from every boss and crevice, and cover the falling and decaying trunks with a graceful drapery. Even these parasites have their own parasitical growth, their leaves often supporting an abundance of minute creeping mosses and hepaticæ. But the uniformity of climate which has led to this rich luxuriance and endless variety of vegetation is also the cause of a monotony that in time becomes oppressive.—*Tropical Nature and Other Essays.*

ORCHIDS.

These interesting plants, so well known from the ardor with which they are cultivated on account of their beautiful and singular flowers, are pre-eminently tropical, and are probably more abundant in the mountains of the equatorial zone than in any other region. Here they are almost omnipresent in some of their countless forms. They grow on the stems, in the forks or on the branches of trees ; they abound on fallen trunks ; they spread over rocks, or hang down the face of precipices ; while some, like our northern species, grow on the ground among grass and herbage. Some trees whose bark is especially well adapted for their support are crowded with them, and these form natural orchid-gardens. Some orchids are particularly fond of the decaying leaf-stalks of palms or of tree-ferns. Some grow best over water, others must be elevated on lofty trees and well exposed to sun and air. The wonderful variety in the form, structure, and color of the flowers of orchids is well known ; but

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.—

even our finest collections give an inadequate idea of the numbers of these plants that exist in the tropics, because a large proportion of them have quite inconspicuous flowers and are not worth cultivation. More than thirty years ago the number of known orchids was estimated by Dr. Lindley at 3,000 species, and it is not improbable that they may now be nearly double. But whatever may be the numbers of the collected and described orchids, those that still remain to be discovered must be enormous. Unlike ferns, the species have a very limited range, and it would require the systematic work of a good botanical collector during several years to exhaust any productive district—say such an island as Java—of its orchids. It is not therefore at all improbable that this remarkable group may ultimately prove to be the most numerous in species of all the families of flowering plants.—*Tropical Nature and Other Essays.*

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE —

WALLACE, HORACE BINNEY
American author, born at Philadelphia in 1817; died at Paris, France, in 1867. After graduation at Princeton in 1836, he studied medicine, chemistry, and law, but never adopted a profession. He spent much time in travelling and in study. His literary work produced insanity and he committed suicide. Auguste Comte said of him: "His heart, intellect, and character were in so rare a combination and harmony that, had he lived, he would have aided fully in advancing the difficult transition through which the 19th century has just passed." He edited several law-books, and was the author of *Stanley, or the Relations of a Man of the World* (1838), *Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe* (1840), *Other Papers* (1855), *Literary Criticism, and Other Papers* (1856). He aided Rufus W. Griswold in preparing *Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire* (2 vols., 1847).

ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.

There is nothing which strikes you as so different from an ordinary mountain, until you are about half-way up, when the masses of lava which lie about the roots of the volcano, as death, come upon your view. From this point, the spectacle that expands before you on the other side, as you look away from the hill, is one to which all the resources of the earth show nothing superior. I consider this one of the great views of the world. By your feet rests the arching bay of Naples, bounded by Misenum on the right and St. Eufemia on the left. From Resina, towards Naples, and on through it to Posilippo, the entire circuit of the Shore, which the Castle del'Uovo divides beautifully into a double scollop, is an unbroken, glittering range of white build-



ASCENT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Drawing by H. Speler.

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE.—

presenting a grand and regular outline. At that extremity of the line rise the pyramidical masses of Ischia and Procida, and other headlands that guard the retiring beauties of the voluptuous Baiæ. Naples sparkled forth like a cluster of signet gems set in hills, with a range of loftier heights behind it. The waters of the bay, near the circling beach—always blue—looked more deeply so from the elevation at which I stood; while on the opposite side, towards Sorrento, the sun—itsself hidden from us by clouds—streamed down in blazing effulgence upon the water, and the isle of Capri loomed up in the middle of the gulf, like an irregular mass of bronze rising out of a sea of liquid gold. On the right, behind Naples and Portici, to the line of the distant mountains, extended a vast hollow plain, in which lay a dozen white and closely-built villages, scattered about, and, in the intermediate spaces, single houses, peeping out like stars on the approach of evening; at the first glancing look you might see none, but afterwards, at every point on which your eye might rest, a villa would seem to reveal itself to your scrutiny. Beyond the hills that etched a relieving background to the plain, spread the dark, broad waters of the Mediterranean, in the Gulf of Gaeta. The air between the Bay of Naples and the sky above it, was one conflagration of azure light; upon the plain, at the side, lay a purple atmosphere, deep enough to color and illuminate the picture, not obscure it. It seemed as if I had come at last upon the very court, and home, and dwelling-place of Aurora; and the snowy villages which sparkled with brighter show amid a spectacle where all was brilliant, looked like garlands of white flowers, which the early hours had scattered beneath her forthgoing steps, and which still lay glittering on the ground. It was a treasury of the glories of earth and air.

A good carriage-road reaches to the Hermitage, and thence, there is a bridle-path half a mile further, to the base of the volcano, where

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE.—

the ascent on foot begins. You clamber straight up over fragments of hard lava of the size of paving-stones till you reach the summit. . . .

The wind was blowing from us, and the circumstances were favorable for viewing the cavity. It was filled with a dense volume of white gas, which was whirling and rapidly ascending; but the breeze occasionally drove it to the opposite side and disclosed the depths of the frightful chasm. It descended a prodigious distance in the shape of an inverted truncated cone, and then terminated in a circular opening. The mysteries of the profound immensity beyond no human eye might see, no human heart conceive. We hurled some stones into the gulf, and listened till they struck below. The guide gravely assured me, that ten minutes elapsed before the sound was heard; I found, by the watch, that the interval was, in reality, something over three-quarters of a minute;—and that seems almost incredibly long. When the vapor at intervals, so far thinned away that one could see across, as through a vista the opposite side of the crater, viewed athwart the mist, seemed several miles distant, though, in fact, but a few hundred feet. The interior of the shelving crater was entirely covered over with a bed of knob-like blossoms of brilliant white, yellow, green, red, brown,—the sulphurous flowers of Hell. I cannot describe this spectacle, for in impression and appearance alike, it resembles nothing else that I have seen before or since. It was like Death,—which has no similitudes in life. It was like a vision of the second death. As the sun gleamed at times through the white breath that swayed and twisted about the maw of the accursed monstrosity, there seemed to be an activity in the vaulted depth,—but it was the activity of shadows in the concave of nothingness. It seemed the emblem of destruction, itself extinct.—*Art and Scenery in Europe.*

LEWIS WALLACE.—

WALLACE, LEWIS, an American lawyer, soldier, and author, born at Brookville, Ind., in 1827. After receiving a common-school education, he began the study of law; but on the breaking out of the Mexican war he volunteered in the army as lieutenant in an Indiana company. In 1848 he took up the practice of his profession in his native State, and was elected to the Legislature. Near the beginning of the civil war he became colonel of a volunteer regiment; was made a brigadier-general of volunteers in Sept., 1861, and major-general in March, 1862. He was mustered out of service in 1865; resumed the practice of law at Crawfordsville, Ind.; was made governor of Utah in 1878; minister to Turkey in 1881; and in 1885 resumed the practice of law at Crawfordsville. The works of Gen. Wallace are: *The Fair God*, a story of the conquest of Mexico (1873), *Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ* (1880), *The Boyhood of Christ* (1888), *Life of Gen. Benjamin Harrison* (1888), and *The Prince of India* (1893).

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD !

"Let us stay here," said Ben-Hur to Balthasar; "the Nazarite may come this way."

The people were too intent upon what they had heard, and too busy in discussion to notice the new-comers. When some hundreds had gone by, and it seemed the opportunity to so much as see the Nazarite was lost to the latter, up the river, and not far away, they beheld a person coming towards them of such singular appearance they forgot all else.

Outwardly the man was rude and uncouth, even savage. Over a thin, gaunt visage of the hue of brown parchment, over his shoulders and down his back below the middle, in witch-like locks, fell a covering of sun-scorched hair. His eyes were burning-bright. All his right side was naked, and of the color of his face, and

quite as meagre ; a shirt of the coarsest camel's-hair—coarse as Bedouin tent-cloth—clothed the rest of his person to the knees, being gathered at the waist by a broad girdle of untanned leather. His feet were bare. A scrip, also of untanned leather, was fastened to the girdle. He used a knotted staff to help him forward. His movement was quick, decided, and strangely watchful. Every little while he tossed the unruly hair from his eyes, and peered around as if searching for somebody.

The fair Egyptian surveyed the son of the Desert with surprise, not to say disgust. Presently, raising the curtain of the houdah she spoke to Ben-Hur, who sat his horse near by :

“Is that the herald of thy King?”

“It is the Nazarite,” he replied, without looking up.

In truth, he was himself more than disappointed. Despite his familiarity with the ascetic colonists of Engedi—their dress, their indifference to all worldly opinion, their constancy to vows, which gave them over to every imaginable suffering of body, and separated them from others of their kind as absolutely as if they had not been born like them—and notwithstanding he had been notified on the way to look for a Nazarite whose simple description of himself was a Voice from the Wilderness—still Ben-Hur's dream of the King who was to be so great and do so much had colored all his thought of him, so that he never doubted to find in the forerunner some sign or token of the Royalty he was announcing. Gazing at the savage figure before him, the long train of courtiers whom he had been used to see in the thermæ and imperial corridors at Rome arose before him, forcing a comparison. Shocked, alarmed he could only answer :—

“It is the Nazarite.”

With Balthasar it was very different. The ways of God, he knew, were not as men would have them. He had seen the Saviour a child

LEWIS WALLACE.—

in the manger, and was prepared by his faith for the rude and simple in connection with the Divine re-appearance. He was not expecting a King.

In this time of such interest to the newcomers, and in which they were so differently moved, another man had been sitting by himself on a stone by the edge of the river, thinking yet, probably, of the sermon he had been hearing. Now, however, he arose and walked slowly up from the shore, in a course to take him across the line the Nazarite was pursuing, and bring him near the camel.

And the two—the preacher and the stranger—kept on till they came, the former within twenty yards of the animal, the latter within ten feet. Then the preacher stopped, and flung the hair from his eyes, looked at the stranger, threw his hands up as a signal to all the people in sight; and they also stopped, each in the pose of a listener; and when the hush was perfect, slowly the staff in the Nazarite's right hand came down, pointed at the stranger. All those who before were but listeners became watchers also.

At the same instant under the same impulse, Balthasar and Ben-Hur fixed their gaze upon the man pointed out; and both took the same impression, only in a different degree. He was moving slowly towards them in a clear space a little to their front—a form slightly above the average in stature, and slender, even delicate. His action was calm and deliberate, like that habitual to men much given to serious thought upon grave subjects; and it well became his costume, which was an under-garment full-sleeved and reaching to the ankles, and an outer robe called the *talith*; on his left arm he carried the usual handkerchief for the head, the red fillet swinging loose down his side. Except the fillet and a narrow border of blue at the lower edge of the *talith*, his attire was of linen, yellowed with dust and road-stains. Possibly the exception should be extended to the

LEWIS WALLACE.—

tassels, which were blue and white, as prescribed by law for rabbis.

These points of appearance, however, the three beholders observed briefly, and rather as accessories to the head and face of the man, which—especially the latter—were the real source of the spell they caught in common with all who stood looking at him.

The head was open to the cloudless light, except as it was draped with hair long and slightly waved, and parted in the middle, and auburn in tint, with a tendency to reddish golden where most strongly touched by the sun. Under a broad, low forehead, under black, well-arched brows, beamed eyes dark-blue and large, and softened to exceeding tenderness by lashes of the great length sometimes seen on children, but seldom, if ever, on men. As to the other features, it would have been difficult to decide whether they were Greek or Jewish. The delicacy of the nostrils and mouth was unusual to the latter type; and when it was taken into account with the gentleness of the eyes, the palor of the complexion, the fine texture of the hair, and the softness of the beard, which fell in waves over his throat to his breast, never a soldier but would have laughed at him in encounter, never a woman who would not have confided in him at sight, never a child that would not, with quick instinct, have given him its hand and whole artless trust; nor might any one have said that he was not beautiful.

The features, it should further be said, were ruled by a certain expression which, as the viewer chose, might with equal correctness have been called the effect of intelligence, love, pity, or sorrow; though in better speech, it was a blending of them all: a look easy to fancy as a mark of a sinless soul doomed to the sight and understanding of the utter sinfulness of those among whom it was passing; yet without no one would have observed the face with a thought of weakness in the man; so, at least, would not they who know that the quali-

LEWIS WALLACE.—

ties mentioned—love, sorrow, pity—are the results of consciousness of strength to bear suffering oftener than strength to do. Such has been the might of martyrs and devotees, and the myriads written down in saintly calendars. And such indeed was the air of this one.

Slowly he drew near—nearer the three.

Now Ben-Hur, mounted and spear in hand, was an object to claim the glance of a king; yet the eyes of the man approaching were all the time raised above him, and not to the loveliness of Iras, but to Balthasar—the old and unserviceable.

The hush was profound. Presently the Nazarite, still pointing with his staff, cried, in a loud voice:—

“Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!”

The many standing still, arrested by the action of the speaker, and listening for what might follow, were struck with awe by words so strange and past their understanding. Upon Balthasar they were overpowering. He was there to see once more the Redeemer of men. The faith which had brought him the singular privileges of the time long gone abode yet in his heart; and if now it gave to him a power of vision above that of his fellows—a power to see and to know Him for whom he was looking—better than calling the power a miracle, let it be thought of as a faculty of a soul not yet entirely released from the divine relations to which it had been formerly admitted, or as the fitting reward of a life in that age so without examples of holiness—a life itself a miracle. The ideal of his faith was before him, perfect in face, form, dress, action, age; and he was in its view, and the view was recognition. Ah! now if something should happen to identify the stranger beyond all doubt!

And that was what did happen. **Exactly at the fitting moment—as if to assure the trembling Egyptian—the Nazarite repeated the outcry:—**

LEWIS WALLACE.—

“Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!”

Balthasar fell upon his knees. For him there was no need of explanation; and as if the Nazarite knew it, he turned to those more immediately about him staring in wonder, and continued:—

“This is He of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me; for he was before me. And I knew Him not: but that he should be manifest to Israel, therefore am I come baptizing with water. I saw the spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon Him. And I knew Him not: but He that sent me to baptize with water said unto me, upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining upon him, the same is He that baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw and bare record, that this—” he paused, his staff still pointing to the stranger in the white garments, as if to give a more absolute certainty to both his words and to the conclusions intended— “I bare record that *this* is the Son of God!”

“It is He! it is He!” Balthasar cried, with upraised tearful eyes. Next moment he sank down insensible.

In this time, it should be remembered, Ben-Hur was studying the face of the stranger, though with an interest entirely different. He was not insensible to its purity of feature, and its thoughtfulness, tenderness, humility, and holiness; but just then there was room in his mind for but one thought—Who is this man? And what? Messiah or King? Never was apparition more unroyal. Nay, looking at that calm, benignant countenance, the very idea of war and conquest and lust of dominion smote him like a profanation. He said, as if he were speaking to his own heart, “This man has not come to rebuild the throne of Solomon; he has neither the nature nor the genius of Herod; king he may be, but not of another and greater than Rome.”

It should be understood now that this was not a conclusion with Ben-Hur, but an impression merely; and while it was forming—while yet he gazed at the wonderful countenance—his memory began to throe and struggle: "Surely," he said to himself, "I have seen the man; but where and when?" That the look, so calm and peaceful, so loving, had somewhere in a past time beamed upon him, as at that moment it was beaming upon Balthasar, became an assurance. Faintly at first—at last a clear light, a burst of sunshine—the scene by the well of Nazareth, what time the Roman was dragging him to the galleys, returned, and all his being was thrilled. Those hands had helped him when he was perishing. The face was one of the pictures he had carried in his mind ever since. In the effusion of feeling excited, the explanation of the preacher was lost by him—all but the last words—words so marvelous that the world yet rings with them:—"This is the Son of God!"

Ben-Hur leaped from his horse to render homage to his benefactor; but Iras cried to him, "Help, son of Hur! help, or my father will die!"

He stopped, looked back, then hurried to his assistance. She gave him the cap; and leaving the slave to bring the camel to its knees, he ran to the river for water. The stranger was gone when he came back.

At last Balthasar was restored to consciousness. Stretching forth his hands, he asked feebly, "Where is he?"

"Who?" asked Iras.

An intense interest shone upon the good man's face, as if a last wish had been gratified, and he answered:—

"He—the Redeemer—the Son of God, whom I have seen again."

"Believest thou so?" Iras asked in a low voice of Ben-Hur.

"The time is full of wonders; let us wait," was all he said.

LEWIS WALLACE.—

And next day, while the three were listening to him, the Nazarite broke off in mid-speech, saying reverently :—

“Behold the Lamb of God !”

Looking to where he pointed, they beheld the stranger again. As Ben-Hur surveyed the slender figure, and holy beautiful countenance compassionate to sadness, a new idea broke upon him :—

“Balthasar is right—so is Simonides. May not the Redeemer be a King also ?” and he asked one at his side :—

“Who is the man walking yonder ?”

The other laughed mockingly, and replied :—

“He is the son of a carpenter over in Nazareth.”—*Ben-Hur*.

SUSAN ARNOLD WALLACE.—

WALLACE, SUSAN ARNOLD (ELSTON), an American author, born at Crawfordsville, Ind., in 1830. In 1852 she became the wife of Gen. Lewis Wallace. She has written largely in periodicals; and several of her volumes are made up from materials which had previously appeared in the shape of letters from various countries in which she has sojourned from time to time. Her principal works are: *The Storied Sea* (1884), *Ginevra, or the Old Oak Chest* (1884), *The Land of the Pueblos* (1888), *The Repose in Egypt* (1888).

SHOPPING IN DAMASCUS.

Cairo has been termed "the Heart of the Orient;" but since the changes there by Ismail Pasha, and the advent of the locomotive, Damascus is the best place for the coloring of Haroun Al Raschid. The wealth of Damascus is immense, and there are hundreds of khans for merchandise, built round a large covered court, where kneeling and groaning camels deposit their loads. Two galleries run round this space into which open store-rooms, hardly larger than presses. The merchants, who sit cross-legged in front of the meager shops, and wait for customers, are dignified and reserved as patriarchs. One might suppose in the small stock of goods there is hardly enough profit to make both ends meet, even with Oriental frugality. Yet these silent, grave shopmen, seemingly so poor, are worth their millions, and could you visit them you would see palaces which make real the visions of Aladdin. The houses of the city are alike; plastered with yellow stucco, a dead wall to the street, giving a dreary and forbidding aspect. Enter the carven doorway into the court with tessellated pavement—a mosaic of bright marbles, where fountains laugh and sing to overhanging vines and blossoms, and the peculiar figs which made the Roman epicure rejoice that ever he was born. One such

house was built of Italian marbles, brought from the coast on mules. It had balconies despoiled from Saracenic carvings of Egypt, and was hung with shawls of Hindostan.

But this does not interest the stranger like the bazars—shadowy, arched, and picturesque. When you become used to dim lights and the gay confusion of colors, discordant voices of men and animals, you will be delighted with them. Not in a week or a month can you explore the recesses where are gathered quaint rarities, new and old, exquisitely finished, dazzling the sight. Uninviting and evil-smelling though they be, here are heaped the spoils of the East. Amber from the Baltic Sea, coral from the Caspian, shell and gold work from Cairo, filigree carvings in ivory and jade from China, coffee-cups of native work crusted with precious gems, chains and suits of armor inlaid with jewels. There are spices from Arabia Felix, ointments from Moab, and alabaster boxes from the country of its name. And such amulets of opal, iridescent and glimmering, talismans of moonstone, and turquoises of the mines of the Pharaohs, warranted to keep off the evil eye; wonderful caskets hinting of inestimable treasure, and ivory chests, delicate as frost-work.

In the dark, crowded chambers of the Turk are rugs soft as down, changeable as feathers of tropic birds, with tints toned completely as hues of the rainbow; scarfs stained with sea-purple, barred and brocaded with gold; varicolored stuffs which always harmonize. No magenta-reds and sunflower-yellows in the Damascus bazars; they would strike the eye as sharp discords pain the ear attuned to music.

Then there is the Kaan-stand, where only the holy volume may lie—the uncreated, the eternal word, subsisting on the essence of Deity, and inscribed with a pencil of light on the table of His everlasting decrees. The consecrated stands are shaped like the letter X, and are made of cedar and mother-of-pearl. Hanging

SUSAN ARNOLD WALLACE.—

overhead, in dust and gloom, are ostrich-eggs, quaintly ornamented, and ringed with hoops of gold and gems, to be suspended in sacred places—symbols of the resurrection. There are the skins of the spotted leopard, of the black-maned lion from the reedy coverts along the banks of the Euphrates, and superb tiger-robcs from the Ganges, to be thrown on divans, or consecrated as prayer-carpets. How can I tell of the Indian work of screens and cabinets; of fans, and of ancient arms, the mere mention of which stirs the ghosts of dead and gone crusaders and Paladins? Here are wonderful peacocks, with enamelled breasts, and jewels for the argus-eyes of the sweeping tail; coffee-services of brass and silver set with diamonds, in trays arabesque—old Moorish work; narghiles, with long ropes for smoking through water; amber-mouthed chibouks—every conceivable shape of pipe; meerschaum and amber-gris, rose-oil and musk; shawls, silks, table-covers, fabrics of soft wool, furs, and leather-work pliant as silk.

The experienced and enthusiastic shopper goes mad with delight in Damascus. And after the slow day's bargaining comes the pure sensuous enjoyment of cooling breeze from the snowy mountain-tops, the pomp of sunsets, the glow of starry skies, and the chirp of insect-life in restful unison. All is poetry, picture: appeals to memory and imagination such as are never found in the raw newness of western cities without a history.—*The Repose in Egypt.*

THE PUEBLOS AND THEIR COUNTRY.

The least observant traveller through the country of the Pueblos must notice that it has changed for the worse since the "Great Houses" were built. They stand on the rim of the Colorado Desert, and if we accept the theory of the geologists that this is the dry bed of an inland sea, the climate must once have been very unlike what it is now—waterless ten months of

SUSAN ARNOLD WALLACE.—

the year, and at summer noon as hot and as stifling as the air of a lime kiln. Scientists unite in saying that the rainfall west of the Rio Grande is much less than formerly. The present streams are shrunk threads of those which once flowed in their channels when forests were more abundant. Northern Arizona has hills whose bases are covered with dead cedar-trees, immense belts untouched by fire, proving that the conditions friendly to the growth of vegetation are restricted to narrowing limits. Spots that have been productive are barren; springs gushed from the ground which at present is dry and parched; and an agricultural people has lived where now no living being could maintain existence. Everything indicates that this region was formerly better watered. Many rivers of years ago are now rivers of sand; and the Gila at its best, after gathering the confluent streams, San Pedro and Salado, is not so large in volume as an Indiana creek.

Ethnologists try to prove that the town-builders came from the extreme north—perhaps even from Kamtchatka—and that the adobe houses and Montezuma-worship were of indigenous growth, founded by the monarch who bears the proudest name in Indian history. There are no Pueblos north of the 37th parallel, and the decline of the race began long before the Spanish invasion. It will be remembered that the Casas Grandes was a roofless crumbling ruin more than three hundred years ago. The Pueblos must have been a mighty nation in the prime of their strength; and legends of their ancient glory, before they passed under the hated Spanish yoke, are cherished among the different tribes. Reduced as they were in numbers and power, their battle was a long and gallant struggle. They were finally brought into subjection even to the Moquis, who lived perched in tiny houses on scarred, seamed cliffs of volcanic rock, where Nature's fires are burned

out, in a barren country, arid and inhospitable, absolutely worthless to white men.

Never was life so lonely and cheerless as in the desolate hovels of the Moquis. Their land is not a tender solitude, but a forbidding desolation of escarped cliffs, overlooking wastes of sand, where the winds wage war on the small shrubs and venturesome grasses, leaving to the drouth such as they cannot uproot. A few scrubby trees, spotting the edge of the plain as if they had looked across the waterless waste, and crouched in fear, furnish a little brushwood for the fires of the Moquis, who are fighting out the battle for existence that is hardly worth the struggle. Fixed habitation anywhere implies some sort of civilization. The flinty hills are terraced, and by careful irrigation they manage to raise corn enough to keep body and soul together. The seven villages within a circuit of ten miles have been isolated from the rest of the world through centuries, yet they have so little intercourse with each other that their tribal languages, everywhere subject to swift mutations, are entirely unlike.

Diminutive, low-set men, wrapped in blankets, passively sitting on the bare seared rocks in the sun, are the ghastly proprietors of a reservation once the scene of busy activities. They number only 1,600 souls—shreds of tribes almost exhausted, surrounded by dilapidated cities unquestionably of great antiquity. The sad heirship of fallen greatness is written in the emptiness of their barren estates. Fragments of pottery are profusely scattered about; and deeply-worn footpaths leading from village to village, down the river bank and winding up the plain, mark the ancient thoroughfares, which are now slightly trodden or utterly deserted.—*The Land of the Pueblos.*

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.—

WALLACE, WILLIAM ROSS, an American poet, born at Lexington, Ky., in 1819; died in New York City in 1881. He was educated at Bloomington and South Hanover College, Ind., studied law at Lexington, and in 1841 removed to New York, where he practised his profession. He engaged in literary work and published a poem *Perdita* in the *Union Magazine*, which was favorably criticised. His works are: *Alban*, a poetical romance (1848), and *Meditations in America, and Other Poems* (1851). His most popular poems are: *The Sword of Bunker Hill*, a national Hymn (1861), *Keep Step with the Music of the Union* (1861), and *The Liberty Bell* (1862).

THE LIBERTY BELL.

A sound like a sound of thunder rolled,
And the heart of a nation stirred—
For the bell of Freedom at midnight tolled,
Through a mighty land was heard.
And the chime still rung
From its iron tongue
Steadily swaying to and fro;
And to some it came
Like a breath of flame—
And to some a sound of woe.

Above the dark mountain, above the blue wave
It was heard by the fettered, and heard by the
brave—
It was heard in the cottage, and heard in the
hall—
And its chime gave a glorious summons to all—
The sabre was sharpened—the time-rusted
blade
Of the Bond started out in the pioneer's glade
Like a herald of wrath: And the host was
arrayed!
Along the dark mountain, along the blue wave
Swept the ranks of the Bond—swept the ranks
of the Brave;

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.—

And a shout as of waters went up to the dome,
When a star-blazing banner unfurled,
Like the wing of some Seraph flashed out from
his home,

Uttered freedom and hope to the world.

O'er the hill-top and tide its magnificent fold,
With a terrible glitter of azure and gold,
In the storm, in the sunshine, and darkness
unrolled.

It blazed in the valley—it blazed on the mast—
It leaped with its eagle abroad on the blast ;
And the eyes of whole nations were turned to
its light ;

And the heart of the multitude soon
Was swayed by its stars, as they shone through
the night

Like an ocean when swayed by the moon.

Again through the midnight that Bell thunders
out,

And banners and torches are hurried about :—
A shout as of waters ! a long-uttered cry !
How it leaps, how it leaps from the earth to the
sky !

From the sky to the earth, from the earth to
the sea,

Hear a chorus reëchoed, **THE PEOPLE ARE FREE !**
That old Bell is still seen by the Patriot's eye,
And he blesses it ever, when journeying by ;
Long years have passed o'er it, and yet every
soul

Will thrill in the night to its wonderful roll—
For it speaks in its belfry, when kissed by the
blast,

[Past.
Like a glory-breathed tone, from the mystical
Long years shall roll o'er it, and yet every chime
Shall unceasingly tell of an era sublime
More splendid, more dear than the rest of all
time,

O yes ! if the flame on our altars should pale
Let its voice but be heard, and the Freeman
shall start

To rekindle the fire, while he sees on the gale,
All the Stars and the Stripes of the Flag of
his heart !

EDMUND WALLER.—

WALLER, EDMUND, an English poet, born at Coleshill, Warwickshire, in 1605; died at Beaconsfield, 1687. He inherited wealth, and was related to the patriot Hampden and to Cromwell. At eighteen years of age he entered parliament. On the death of his wife, he unsuccessfully courted Lady Dorothea Sidney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, and addressed her in poems as Sacharissa. Prominent as a popular leader, he was nevertheless detected in a royalist plot, imprisoned and heavily fined. On his release, he lived in France, but returned and was reconciled to Cromwell, whom he exalted in verse, and, after the Restoration, execrated. At eighty years of age, he was still in parliament, under James II. His poems, published in 1645 and 1690, are some of them sweet and simple, but are chiefly remarkable for their polish, and as introducing a French style of rhymed pentameter couplets (the "heroic"), which was perfected by Dryden and Pope, but became a universal fashion of tedious see-sawing, down to this century. It has been exquisitely revived, however, in some of the poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The fourth selection is an example of this measure, from Waller.

THE BUD.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose;
I plucked it though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still, as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so would flame anon.

EDMUND WALLER.—

All that was meant by air or sun ;
To the young flower my breath has done.
If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love and music too,
When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired ;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er :
So calm are we when passions are no more :
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time
has made :

EDMUND WALLER.—

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

FROM "HIS MAJESTY'S ESCAPE AT ST. ANDREWS."

While to his harp divine Arion sings
The love and conquests of our Albion kings,
Of the fourth Edward was his noble song,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful and young ;
He rent the crown from vanquished Henry's
head,
Raised the white rose, and trampled on the
red,
Till love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick, to the conquered
side—
Neglected Warwick whose bold hand like fate,
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our state,
Wooes for his Master, and with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the princely dame,—
The Lady Bona, whom just anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns ;
Ah ! spare your sword, where beauty is to blame,
Love gave the affront, and must repair the
same,
When France shall boast of her, whose con-
quering eyes
Have made the best of English hearts their
prize,
Have power to alter the decrees of fate,
And change again the counsels of our state.

